MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

no. 242

july 20003

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pünk protest reports
anfo · snakepit zine
john wilkes booze
migra violenta
krigshot · the jackson 8
deadfall & möre

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

- BORN DEAD ICONS-Unlearn-EP
- DIALLO-EP
- ENDSTAND-Never Fall into Silence-LP
- WASTED-Can't Wash Off the Stains-10"
- RIPCORD-Dicography-LP
- V/A-Mosh Circle Jerk Punks-LP
- V/A-Decide on Change-LP
- WARHEAD-Kono Omoi Wo Dokoe-LP
- SELFISH-Cry for Love-LP
- VÄÄRINKÄSITYS-Pillerit Ja Purkit-EP

ROB COONS

- ARTIMUS PYLE/DIALLO-split EP
- CRAZY FUCKED UP DAILY LIFE-Atrocity Exhibition-LP
- DEATHREAT-Consider it War-LP
- BORN AGAINST-reissue-LPs
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Anathema Device-LP
- HISATAKA-Dirty Dog-EP
- WARHEAD-Kono Omoi Wo Dokoe-LP
- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-Null Transmission-EP
- TRAGATELO-LP
- V/A-Decide on Change-LP

ARWEN CURRY

- MAKILADORAS-10" / BORN DEAD ICONS-EP
- TRAGATELO-LP / SEXY-live
- BORN AGAINST-reissue-LPs
- WASTED-Can't Wash Off the Stains-10"
- A-FRAMES-2-LP / VENA CAVA-live
- AMEN81-Mit 3 PS-LP / DISIDENCIA-EP
- DEATHREAT-Consider it War-LP
- JOHN SCHOOLEY-Drive You Faster-EP
- GNATS SUCKER-EP / SPOTTY BOTTY-EP
- KURT OLVARS REBELLER-77-97-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- GOSSIP-LP/SEXY-live at S.P.A.M.
- SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD/ABE FROMAN-split LP
- TRAGETELO-LP / BREAD & WATER-CD
- STRUNG UP-I'd Rather be Smashing Christianity-EP
- NO ALTERNATIVE-Nights in SF '78-'82-LP
- TIGER SHOVEL NOSE-Cappucino Twist-EP
- V/A -Underground Screams-CD
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Anathema Device-LP
- THE A-TEAM-Clusterfuck-EP
- WASTED-Can't Wash off the Stains-10"

JONATHAN FLOYD

- DEATHREAT-Consider it War-LP
- AGAINST ME/FIFTH HOUR HERO-Live
- BOTTLES AND SKULLS-Born in a Blacklight-CD
- GOSSIP-Movement-LP
- RISE AGAINST-Revolutions Per Minute-LP
- ENDSTAND-Never Fall into Silence-LP
- PANIC-When Monsters Move-CDEP
- WASTED-Can't Wash Off the Stains-10"
- PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS-Spearheading-CD
- NOFX-live

JEFF HEERMANN

- DÉRAILLEURS/VIPÉRS-split EP
- THANES-Beat Down & Folked Up-LP
- FREAKS-S.S.-EP
- CHAINS-On Top of That-CD
- PEPPERMINTS-Sweet Tooth Abortion-CD
- GLASS CANDY-Love Love Love-2xEP
- A-FRAMES-2-LP
- NO ALTERNATIVE-Nights in SF '78-'82-LP
- CAREER SUICIDE-Fallout-EP
- BUZZCOCKS-Jerk-EP

KENNY KAOS

- TIGER SHOVEL NOSE-Cappucino Twist-EP
- STUPOR STARS-Bernadette-EP
- V/A-Mosh Circle, Jerk Punks-LP
- VANILLA MUFFINS-The Drug is Football-LP
- DÉRAILLEURS/VIPÉRS-split EP
- RIFFS-Poison Boys-EP
- BUZZCOCKS-Jerk-EP
- US BOMBS-Art Kills-EP
- JIM-JIMS/THEE FINE LINES-split EP
- THE EVIL THINGIES-Chante-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- JOHN SCHOOLEY-Drive You Faster-EP
- STUPOR STARS-Bernadette-EP
- A-FRAMES-2-LP
- HIROSHI HASEGAWA'S POONTANG WRANGLERS-EP
- HOSPITALS-Again & Again-EP
- GOSSIP-Movement-LP
- GLASS CANDY-Love Love Love-LP
- FREAKS-S.S.-EP/V/A-What Records-EP
- MC5-A True Testimonial-film
- Horizontal Action Blackout 2003

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DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
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Full page (7 1/4" x 10") $400

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We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads on paper, properly sized.

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See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

KILLS-live/ANGELIC UPSTARTS-CDs	TIGER SHOVEL NOSE-45/800 OCTANE-EP
SIXTY STORIES-Anthem Red-CD	GUTS-Say Goodbye-CD/CHORDVETTS-EP
HORACE GOES SKIING-Yeah Right Sure-CD	UNKNOWN-Radio-CD
GLASS CANDY-Love-LP/BUZZCOCKS-EP	BROKEN BOTTLES-Bloody Mary-EP
RUBINOOS-Crime Music-CD	GOSSIP-Movement-LP

BOBBY MANIC / WILL RISK

BOBBY MANIC	WILL RISK
COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS-Live & Deadly-2xLP	HIT ME BACK-Eight Positive Tunes-EP
BUZZCOCKS-Jerk-EP	TRAGATELO-LP
STUPOR STARS-Bernadette-EP	ENDSTAND-LP/WASTED-10"
POONTANG WRANGLERS-EP	GUYANA PUNCHLINE-EP
CHORDVETTS-My Boyfriend's Learning-EP	AGAINST ME!-live / NOFX-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

EX MODELS / THE SECONDS-split EP	KNIFED / BASTARD YOUTH-split EP
BUZZCOCKS-EP / GOSSIP-LP	V/A-Bay Area Thrash Demolition-EP
A FRAMES-LP / BORN AGAINST-reissue-LPs	RED SWAN-Michigan Blood Games-EP
DIE MONITOR BATTS-EP / WASTED-10"	RIPCORD-Discography Part II-LP
ENDSTAND-LP / HIT ME BACK-EP	TEN VOLT SHOCK-The Incident-EP

DONNA POOLE

SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD / ABE FROMAN-split LP	CHARMING SNAKES-Hang Your Head-EP
GLASS CANDY-Love Love Love-2xEP	STUPOR STARS-Bernadette-EP
A-FRAMES-2-LP	NEON KING KONG-Get What's Going Around-EP
TRANSISTOR / MANNEQUIN-split EP	HOSPITALS-Again & Again-EP
800 OCTANE-Get in the Van-EP	FOIBLES-Shoe People-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

PERKELE-Fran Flykt Till Kamp-LP	TOTALITÄR-Dom Lurar Oss-EP
DSB-Battle Into Invisible Zone-EP	V/A-Stab to Kill Vol. 1-2xEP
WARHEAD- What To Do With This Yearning-LP	STRUNG UP-I'd Rather Be Smashing-EP
VAARINKASITYS-Pillerit Ja Purkit-EP	SELFISH-LP/ DEADFALL-live
CONDITION / FED UP-split EP	DEATHREAT-Consider it War-LP

MIKE THORN

WASTED-10" / DEATHREAT12" / AMEN 81-LP	BOMB HEAVEN-EP / CAREER SUICIDE-EP
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-LP	MASS SEPARATION-EP / DISIDENCIA-EP
MAKILADORAS-10" / TRAGATELO-LP	GUYANA PUNCHLINE-EP / BORN DEAD ICONS-EP
VANILLA MUFFINS-LP / TOTALITÄR-EP	V/A-Decide on Change-LP
STRUNG UP-EP / VÄÄRINKÄSITYS-EP	DEADFALL / ABANDON / STFU-live

RYAN WELLS

STAMENS-Lost Tapes-EP	TOTALITÄR-Dum Lurar Oss-EP
DIE MONITR BATSS-Spread Your Legs-EP	CHARMING SNAKES-Hang your Head-EP
HOSPITALS-Again & Again-EP	EX-MODELS/SECONDS-split EP
A-FRAMES-2-LP	CHORDVETTS-My Boyfriend's Learning-EP
MICHAL KAHAN-Baby Escapo-CD	NEON KING KONG-Get What's Goin' Around-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Abort #12	Infiltration #20
Broken Pencil #21	Nope! #1
Dear Leisl #4	Palokka #6
The Dream is not Dead #1	Rad Party #31
Ideas in Pictures #2 and #3	Sin on Wheels #1

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. AAA, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Distemper, Enewetak, UK Subs, Luxo Champ, Jake Sayless, "Pioneers of Punk."

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y. Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#228/May '02. 3 Summers Gone, Haymaker, Killed In Action, 31G, Cheetah Chrome, Stardumb, This Computer Kills, Isso•Keh, Strong Intention, Desobediencia Civil, Caustic Christ, Lack of Knowledge.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore Fanzine, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. SOLD OUT!

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

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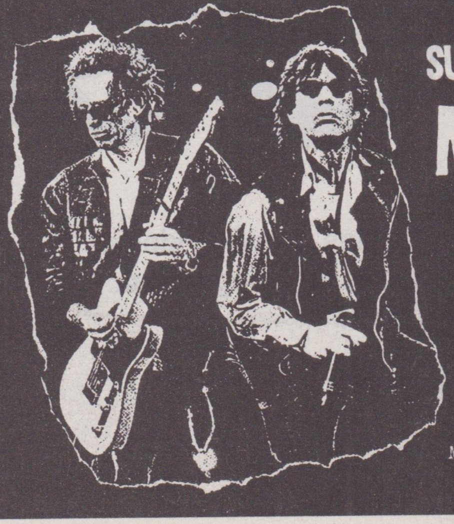
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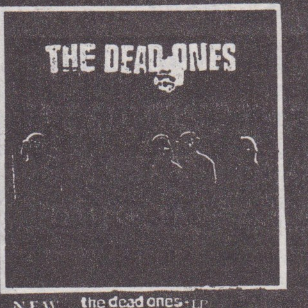

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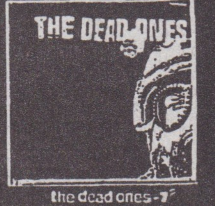

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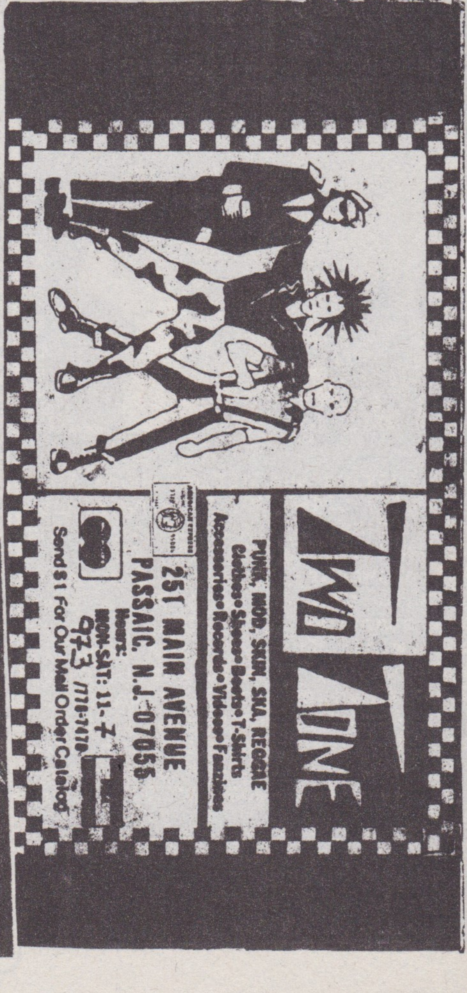

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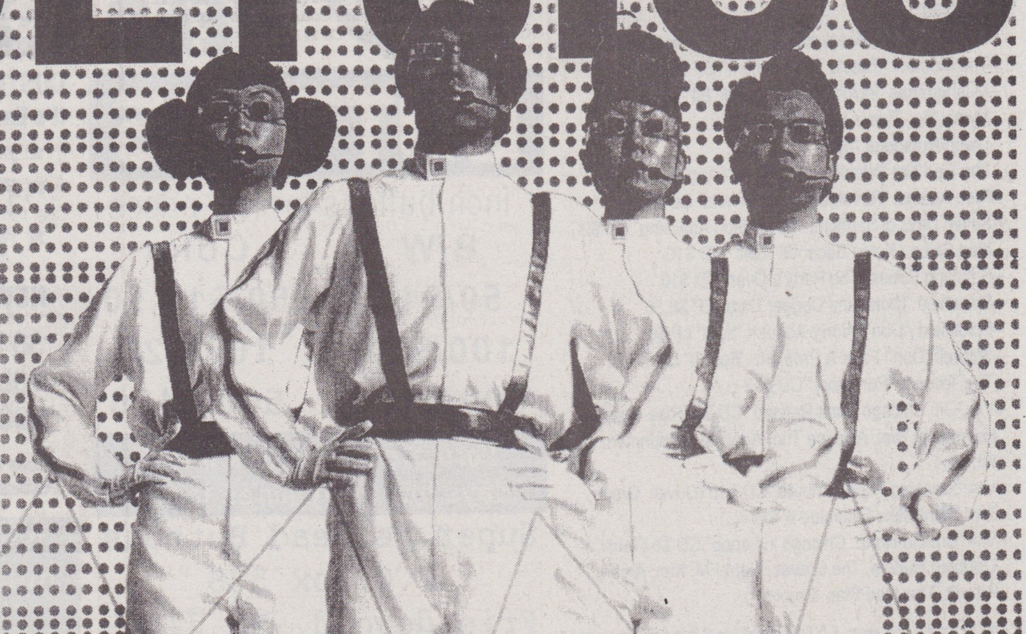

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LETTERS

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Dear *MRR*-

I would like to submit the following, as it is very true.

Thank you.

"When the prison gates slam behind an inmate, he does not lose his human quality; his mind does not become closed to ideas; his intellect does not cease to feed on a free and open interchange of opinions; his yearning for self-respect does not end; nor is his quest for self-realization concluded. If anything, the need for identity and self-respect are more compelling in the dehumanizing prison environment. Whether an O. Henry writing his short stories in a jail cell or a frightened young inmate writing to his family, a prisoner needs a medium for self-expression."

-US Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, Procunier V. Martinez, 1974

Submitted by:
Alfred J. Laurence #256371
Riverside Correctional Facility

MRR & Jeff Heermann-

Hello, Shawn Abnoxious from the *Neus Subjex* here with a couple quick things....

1) I would like to thank you for the last review you gave of *Neus Subjex* Number 50 (in *MRR* #241) and take a moment to thank you wholeheartedly for all support you have given *The Neus Subjex* in the past and future. The positive feedback you gave keeps me able to continue to publish copies of a zine that people still throw on the ground at shows I hand them out at...

2) The Drones that Jeff Heermann referred to via the same *Neus Subjex* isn't the one from the UK.... The Drones I was reviewing are from Australia. But hey, it's all good and all... I mean, *fuck*! The UK Drones are dying too... Its all pretty redundant to mention anyway.... I really just wanted to write a quick email and say thanks....

Arwen—

In reference to your column in *MRR* #241 I was just wanting to drop you a line and let you know how I am or continue, to "protest" the war. Just to give a little back ground, I am *against* the war, like I feel most people are... and in fact the company I work for had a company meeting where they said a longer war would hurt our business (but yet they still support it enough to seem "safe"). But yet, everyone wants blood and despite the war's end they still do.... "We should bomb South Arabia next... All those towel head Al-Kida fuckers are from there anyways.... Drop the nuclear bomb on 'em!" You get the point...I have taken to, and continue my personal stance (which is unpopular in the ol' white bread factory) of protest. In the lunchroom papers I used a pen to deface all the war pictures in *USA Today* and write football/sports slogans where there was war and destruction... i.e. I would write "TOUCHDOWN!" on a picture of British troops entering a presidential palace.... "OFFSIDES!" on a picture of Iraqi POWs behind a barbed wire fence.... "1st AND GOAL" on a picture of US tanks entering Bagdad.... In doing this it made the war seem even more fake to those who would read the paper after me. Some even started to look at what I had written each day.... When people would ask what I thought of the war I would usually say something like: "Well, we're going to get in there and keep pushing for the endzone and score touchdowns all the way to the state championship!" I will admit, what I did isn't much, but it's something that still fucked with those of "common America" enough to garner some good laughs and make light of a subject so dear and important as the "war effort"....Till playoffs! No War! State Champs!

Shawn Abnoxious/*The Neus Subjex*

Dear Lefty Hooligan-

I was bothered by parts of your May column. In specific, your reference to "shrugging off" "beggars"—homeless people who were panhandling—in the course of your daily walk. Even in the context of a column in which later gives a few half-hearted sentences to the cause of homeless folks, I could figure this was just thoughtlessness, but in the same pieces as you recite the old "no war but the class war" position, it's fucking offensive! Advocating class war usually implies that one is on the side of the lower classes, so where do you get off being so unconcerned and totally lacking in solidarity? Someone who can afford to live in a Victorian flat South of Market in San Francisco in these times can damn well spare a quarter to help out a poor person – as an act of political solidarity if simple human empathy isn't enough—and someone who thinks SF is currently a "renter's market" is either laughably out of touch of should drop a dollar!

I don't think "the revolution" is some war in the far off future that starts with a gunshot at a cop or something—I think if we want change, we have to start in our daily lives, now. If you plan to live like all the other non-political yuppies and so forth in your daily life until the revolution comes, and then spring into action, no revolution will ever come. And shrugging off the people hardest hit by this fucked up system rather than looking at them as potential comrades, or at least helping out to the extent that you have the privilege and ability to do, is behavior little better than that of the capitalists you claim to stand in opposition to.

—Amanda, San Francisco

Lefty responds-

I did have a pocketful of change when I left for my walk that particular day. I gave all of it away before I got to the CalTrain station, mostly to the homeless folks camped around the San Francisco Tennis Club. I do like to encourage their presence around this blatant example of South of Market yuppiedom. So I didn't 'shrug off" the homeless beggars at the train station because I'm an insensitive yuppie lout, but because I didn't have any more money left.

Aside from the buck or two a week I hand out to the homeless just walking around my neighborhood, I donate a $100 annually to the San Francisco Food Bank. They're a volunteer-run charity that guarantees that over 99% of every donation is actually spent on food for the homeless. Then, every year around Christmas time, I take another $100, break it into $5 bills, and give them away to the homeless. No doubt you'll argue that I deserve no special praise for such efforts because I'm so well off. Indeed, that's why I never mentioned giving away money to beggars in my column. I suspect, however, that I outspent your annu-

al contribution to the homeless with the first handful of coins I distributed. I don't give to the homeless out of a politics of guilt that is so evident in your letter. I give to the homeless because I was once homeless myself, something I also suspect you've never experienced, Amanda. I was a graduate student on track to become a middle-class university professor when I became homeless for nearly a year, hardly a story of the lower classes. And that's the main point of my reply. Homelessness may describe the condition of people on the streets, but it is a sociological category and a journalistic label, not an adequate tool for class analysis. Homelessness may overlap issues of social class, but they are by no means the same.

Amanda, do yourself a favor and toss most of what you learned in American schools. Read a little Karl Marx and get yourself a class analysis and some class politics, because you wouldn,t know proletariat if it bit you on your petty bourgeois ass. The homeless do not constitute a social class, nor are they strictly speaking the lower classes. Many of the homeless are veterans or mentally ill or women and children from various class backgrounds. In contrast, while many working class folks are one paycheck away from being homeless, most are not homeless. A dot com yuppie and a corporate CEO can join the lifetime wino and skid row bum in homelessness with just a simple turn of the business cycle. If Microsoft tanks and Bill Gates loses his fortune tomorrow and winds up on the streets, does that mean I have to show him political solidarity because he is now a member of the lower classes? Give me a fucking break!

My loyalties are strictly with the working class. What it means to be working class is to own nothing else except your labor, which you have to sell to those who do own everything in exchange for a wage in order to survive. What it means to be working class is to be an exploited wage slave for your entire life, to work for somebody else and their profit until you die. What it means to be working class is to understand that your parents were wage slaves and that your children will be wage slaves. Workers can make barely enough to get by, all the way up to the $100,000 earned annually by some local Longshoremen. Aside from the fact that you can barely afford to buy a house in the Bay Area with those wages, these folks are still working-class because what defines us as working-class is not the amount of our wages, but our objective relationship to the means of production.

Workers don't own the means of production, but instead work for those who do own the means of production in exchange for wages. Get it? No, the slogan "no war but the class war" does not mean that someone who is not lower class "is on the side of the lower classes." What it means is that workers around the world need to fight our real enemy--the international capitalist ruling class--and not each other in capitalist wars for capitalist profit. Because workers are at the crucial point of production, we have a lot of potential power. If we all stopped working, if we all withheld our labor at once, economic production in this country and around the world would grind to a halt. As an organized social class then, we have the potential for social revolution due to our position at the point of production. No amount of organizing the homeless is going to give you this potential for social power or social revolution. That's because the homeless are not a social class.

Lefty Hooligan

PS—A young working class couple just moved into the flat below us. He's a carpenter working in local construction, she's a bank teller, and they have two small kids. They've been wanting to move into the city for the past five years to be closer to their jobs, only they couldn't afford the rents. Now they can. A renter's market unfortunately doesn't mean the homeless get shelter, or that there are any less homeless on the streets. A renter's market does mean that working class folk can now move back into traditional working class neighborhoods in the city that up to two years ago were being heavily gentrified by dot com scum. The dot com scum are fast fleeing, and the glimmer of a renter's market is now hitting the city.

Hey there kids-

I just wanted to warn everybody of this rip-off label called Stand Alone Records in Singapore. I know that most of you out there already know of this fukking cheating bastard, but for those of you out there who don't—beware! This guy is a total liar and does not belong in DIY hardcore. Since I am kinda lazy, I am just gonna use Nick/CAH Records mass mail regarding this, so please read below. The exact same situation goes for me, only I was lucky enough to "only" get ripped off for ten copies of this never existing Totalitär CD. Nick lost forty CDs worth of shit. I know that doesn't sound that much, but in the underground hardcore world it's a fucking shit load of records.

Nick's letter;

Something has come to my attention that everyone needs to know about. There's a label in Singapore called Stand Alone Records. They had supposedly released a Totalitär Discography CD. He traded with me (forty CDs) and several other labels around the world. He keeps saying it's in the mail but it never shows up for me or for anyone else for that matter. I just found out that the CD is cancelled and has never been released. So if this guy contacts you, do not trade with him. I have also been contacted by a large, growing list of people also ripped off by him. Hell even Gemm.com has a fraud report on him for using stolen credit card numbers. Yeah I know it was dumb to trade with him and I normally don't trade with people in S. East Asia but he seemed reliable. I have had several other people contact me saying this guy ripped them off too. He does say he sent my stuff so we'll actually see if they ever arrive.

Nick/Crimes Against Humanity Records

I have also personally been in touch with Poffen of Totalitär who confirms that this CD was never even approved by the band in the first, even though Stand Alone claimed it was.You have been warned. Thanx for your time.

Sayonara-

138/Busted Heads Records

MRR-

I am Wilo from the south of Spain, Andalucia. I bought my first *Maximum* zine in the begining of the 80s (a pirate edition from Madrid), now I am happy to listen to this radio show... and sad because last year there was a free radio station, the radio don't run no more, I'm sure that *MRR* radio would play on this radio station. I like the Spanish punk you play on your radio show. On the other hand the anti-war in Spain is (was?) very strong. In my city there was a demostration with 100,000 people, just before the war, in Madrid, Barcelona, maybe millions... 90% of Spanish people is against the war. Not against the EE.UU people (this is obvious). The windows of a lot of houses have anti-war flags and some schools too.

Stay punk, stay free,

Wilo

PS. Excuse my English, I'm an ignorant Spanish.

Dear *MRR*-

Well, it seems some people don't like you to give their band a bad review. I'm referring to Barse, who had an interview in the May issue (I could stoop to their childish level and call them Arse—"oh my aching sides, someone said arse, snigger 'snigger") Their drummer, Gash, calls me Andy "child molester" Cactus, just because I gave them an honest but bad review in my zine. Now I don't know what other people think but to me, some things are just not funny, rape and child abuse being two obvious ones, and for

some sulky band member to stoop so low as to call someone a child molester just because they don't like his band—well, words fail me! I wonder if Gash has kids himself and how he would feel if someone said he were one? He also calls me a crusty PC type, and tells me; "get a bath you scruffy twat," which I really don't care about, but, either he's got a bad memory and forgot who he was talking to or he's just an out and out bullshitter. Because I dress in hooded tops, jogging bottoms, have a crew cut and bathe every two days, and have done for over ten years now! Hardly crusty. He says "If you are easily offended don't listen to punk, listen to the Human League." As he well knows, the point of my review was not to say how offensive Barse were, but how boring and daed they were. That's why he's sulking. If I said how offensive, they were, he'd have had no reason to complain because that's the sort of reaction they want. And to refer to the Human League just tells you how dated they are! Listen Gash (ooh, he even has an offensive name!) calling someone pathetic names because they don't like your band isn't shocking or funny, it's just sad, very, very sad. As I said to you the night of your Leeds gig, when you were calling me a cunt cos I gave your CD a bad review, "If you don't want bad reviews, don't be in a band."
Andy, Bald Cactus

Dear *MRR*-
Hi! Unfortunately this a letter about the band Barse, from the UK, who you featured in the May 2003 issue of your zine. Personally, I do not wish to give them the attention they seem to crave by offending people, because that's what punks all about–yeah, right, but by calling someone a "child molester," that is basically well, out of order. If they think that is "funny," "punk," "being offensive," then they're obviously on another planet. It's not "funny," nor "punk." It's just downright sad. Personally I think calling someone a "child molester" is a serious accusation and if this was true then they should be able to, and be prepared to, back it up. The fact is it is not true and the person they have levelled this comment at lives with his partner and they have a great kid between them. Barse appear to have it in for this person because he gave them three out of ten and five out of ten for their respective CDs in his zine. That's his opinion. If you don't like criticism, don't send it in for review! Obviously they have become offended because he found their music "...just boring. Most of the songs just plod along and the songs that do have supposedly "outrageous" lyrics, I just found them...well, boring. Schoolboy humour about "shagging birds" basically, played to (as you'd expect) basic '77 style punk, I guess people with a sense of humour find it funny? PC nazis hate it? And me? Well, I must just be old, humourless and boring!" "It's all about breaking the rules, not dictating them" Gash (the drummer) says. Well, I don't get a kick out of treating people like dirt by being "offensive" nor by calling them "child molesters" and if that makes me a "crusty PC type" too, then personally I'm quite glad. Barse state they "...always get a reaction. Whether they love us or hate us, we are still talked about." Well, I'm sorry I've given them any attention by writing this letter but if they really want a reaction, the best thing I can think of is that people just don't buy their records.
Thanks for your time
Steve Hyland, Leeds, U.K.

MRR/Andy Darling-
Thanks for the review but you guys fucked the address up after our review. We can be reached at Armed & Hammer, PO Box 6535, Stateline, NV 89449 ($10 ppd). You gave our address as Turn, PO Box 784 Santa Clara, CA 95952. So you might've mixed those up.
Thanks,
Rev. Danny Cockstar

MRR-
I just wanted to write a quick note to remind people to please write clearly when placing an order with a record label. Fairly often I will receive an order in the mail and cannot make out the person's mailing address. Also, please include contact information such as an email address. If people do these simple things it will really help everyone out. I've had situations where someone orders something from me by sending cash, I can't make out the mailing address, I have no other way to get in touch with them, and my package gets returned for an incorrect address. Then, the person who placed the order thinks I'm ripping them off when I actually am trying to get them the stuff they ordered. If you could print this, I would really appreciate it.
Richard/Super Secret Records

Hello-
I've noticed that there have been a lot of "asshole alerts" lately in *MRR* so I decided to take it upon myself to alert people of another asshole at large: Ryan Winke of Chicago Illinois is a fucking con artist. I won two records from him on eBay auctions and he never sent the records. Please, if anyone knows this poor excuse for a human, don't trust him for shit. It wouldn't have pissed me off so bad if it weren't for the fact that he has done this to other people besides myself and that he is giving hardcore a bad name by auctioning off records by bands who would be pissed themselves after hearing that their records are being sold without the intention of actually being mailed out after payment was made. Ryan Winke, fuck you and I hope you get yours some day.
Juan, Inglewood, CA.

MRR-
A message for Felix Havoc and Runnamucks members;
In your issue #237 you have rewiewed the single of the good band Runnamucks on Acrude Records. I say beware to the Runnamucks members because this label is in fact owned by this totally hypocritical bastard and ripoff known in Paris by the knickname of MDI, but better known by you (and especially by Felix Havoc and Brian GTA) by the name Olivier Simon Pieri. This guy is a total swindler, ripoff; they press records from Punk/HC bands and never send the records to the bands, they make clandestine bootleg repressings of these records just to make money on the back of the bands, and make trades or sales on this fucking eBay, I don't need this kind of fucking asshole in the Punk/HC international community. Recently this guy has totally ripped off some members of Heimat Los (French 80s HC pioneers); they have released a limited complete discography compilation reissue LP of this group, but the members get nothing, no money back, and don't have any copies of the records. I remember this hypocrite bastard ran some old ads in some fanzines which said: "only PC bands, no sexist, racist, homophobic bands on my label" and recently me and some of my friends of the Parisian Punk scene have heard (and it's not a rumor) that fucking same guy Olivier Simon Pieri has a clandestine sub label designed to record white power racist skinheads bands. Tor this kind of bastard any way to make money are good. I hope *MRR* in the future doesn't review any of the Acrude releases on this label, Bands, distros, fanzines; take care and boycott this asshole if they contact you.
PUNK ROCK IS OUR CULTURE AND NOT A THING TO MAKE MONEY FUCK RECORDS COLLECTORS SPECULATORS
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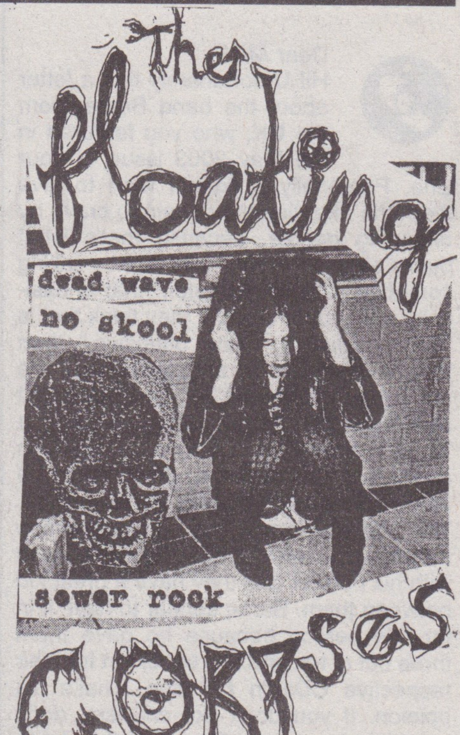
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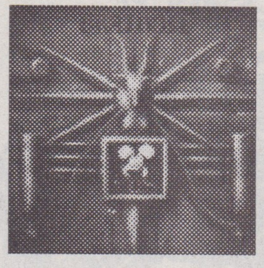

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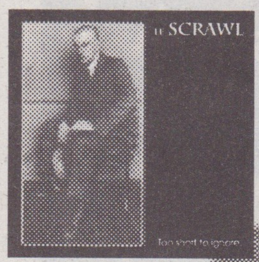

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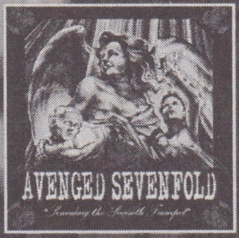

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COLUMNS

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

Little Mary Fotzeleib sits cross-legged on the couch. Yellow Pikachus dot her red pants. Blue stars dance across her yellow blouse. She watches something on television. Dad's not exactly sure what it is. It looks like a cartoon about a giant piece of bread with a chunk of cheese as a sidekick.

Dad sits down next to Mary.

"So," he says, patting the girl's knee, "what are you watching?"

Dad's smile turns to horror as his daughter slams her hand on his.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" she screams. Then, "Mommy! Mommy! Daddy tried to touch me!"

Mom comes tearing into the room. Her face is pale. White as a Klansman.

"What have you done?" she screams. "You leave her alone!"

"I just patted her knee!" says Dad, standing up.

"You touched her?" screams mom.

"He touched me!" cries little Mary.

Mom walks up to dad. They stand facing each other. Nose to nose. She whips her hand across his face. He stands there, numb.

"Get out!" she yells, pointing to the door. "Get out! Don't ever come back."

****

An exaggeration? I donno. We're entering a time where touch is sex. Sex is bad and everybody's guilty. On today's news, it was a rabbi. Accused of "fondling" a girl 19 years ago. She just happened to remember recently and file a lawsuit.

You probably know about "false memory syndrome." Legions of people have had "memories" implanted by psychiatrists willing to testify (for a fee), to reality of their patient's suppressed recollections. You can read about it at www.fmsfonline.org/.

That's not what I want to talk about today. I want to talk about *true* memory syndrome. Real events: interpreted, distorted, perverted from pleasant to painful.

I sit in *Red's Seafood Restaurant* in Coxsackie NY, somewhere on the way to Albany. I'm not eating seafood, just something yellow with something else hard, brown, and crusty over it. And a double espresso. It's my driving break. I love taking the back roads, avoiding anything with an "I" and a number. I stop in towns with weird names. If you ask, locals tell you, "It's an Indian word."

Walking into this place, I passed the paper racks: *The Albany Union Times. USA Today.* Catholics are getting all the attention these days. Mostly priests and their little boy pasts. As I retype this, a new scandal emerges. A priest with a buncha housewives. In Connecticut. He resigned.

It's so tempting—and so easy—to kick the Catholics when they're down. The Pope is such an asshole on homotude and abortion, you just love to see him get press that would embarrass Larry Flynt.

But let's really consider what happened in these cases. Let's look. Listen. Then judge.

Little Timmy McBride is alone with Father O'Hara after mass. They're in the priest's office. It's a sparse place. A desk, a chair, a padded bench along one wall. Along the opposite wall, a bookcase filled with leather-bound volumes.

Timmy's red hair and matching cheeks make him look younger than his 13 years. Father O'Hara isn't very old either, though he's double Timmy's age. He's got a long face topped by a thick crop of jet-black hair. His deepset eyes catch Timmy's wandering blue ones.

"Yes, Timmy," says Father O'Hara, "what's the problem? You look bothered."

Timmy breaks his gaze away from the man and looks down at the floor. He scrapes his Adidas against the carpet, like an impatient bull.

"This is hard to talk about," he says. "It's something..." His voice drifts off.

Father O'Hara sits down on the bench. He pats the seat next to him.

"Come here, Timmy," he says. "Sit down here and tell me about it."

Timmy walks to the bench and sits next to the priest. Still staring at the floor, he stutters.

"I...it... it.. it's my body," he says. "It's doing things I don't understand. It's making me think things... touch myself... I don't know. I think it's a sin."

Father O'Hara looks at the boy, his eyes finally pulling the gaze of the young redhead toward his own.

The older man rests his hand on the boy's knee.

"Now Timmy," he says, "you're not strange. What's happening to you is normal. It happens to all boys your age. It happened to me."

"To you?" asks Timmy, blinking back tears.

The priest nods.

Timmy puts his hand on the priest's. A little shiver runs up his spine. "But I'm afraid," he says. "I'm afraid God will punish me. I'm afraid he'll be mad at my body for this!"

Protestants, it's a sin. For us, it's God's blood. Look..."

Timmy's body shakes violently with his first orgasm ever. He rolls his eyes, leans his head back, breathes heavily.

"I'm going to pee! I'm going to pee!" he says.

"It's not pee," says Father O'Hara. "Go!"

A tiny seminal drop comes out of the uncircumcised tip of Timmy's young stalk.

"That was God," says the priest. "What you felt was God."

"Oh Father," breathes the boy, barely able to talk, "bless you. Bless you! I feel God."

Father O'Hara smiles. Timmy zips up and leaves the priest's office.

Twenty years later, Timmy remembers something different when testifying in court.

"Did he touch you?" asks Marjorie Shyster, his lawyer.

"Yes, he did." answers Timmy, now Timothy, owner of a small fleet of carting trucks.

"Did he touch your penis?" asks the attorney.

"Yes, he did." answers the 33-year-old man.

"Why didn't you complain about this at the time? Why haven't you mentioned it before now?" asks the attorney, speaking to the jury more than to Timothy.

"The doctor said I suppressed it. She said that it was such a horrible strain on me that I forgot about it... But it stayed, giving me nightmares. Making me impotent. Robbing my peace of mind." A pained look crosses his face as he speaks. Tears come to his now slightly less-blue eyes.

"It was awful," he continues. "I was innocent. I came to the priest in innocence... I left in horrible guilt. He abused me. My therapist told me. I didn't realize it until now. I dropped out of college. Started drinking. Got divorced. All of this because I was abused."

Timothy stands shaking in the witness box. He glares at the priest sitting in across from him at the defendant's table.

"That man! That man!" he says pointing wildly at the now elderly man. "I trusted him and he destroyed me."

Let's leave Father O'Hara, Timothy, and Red's Seafood and enter cyberspace. Here's a forwarded email from my pal Ted. I've condensed the article, originally from the *NY Times*:

In 1999, Dr. Harris Mirkin published an article in an obscure academic journal likening the "moral panic" surrounding pedophilia to the outrage of previous generations over feminism and homosexuality. Now, Dr. Mirkin, the chairman of the political science department at the University of Missouri's Kansas City campus, finds the panic swirling around him.

Last week, the Missouri Legislature voted to cut $100,000 from the university's budget, saying taxpayers did not want to finance such perversity.

The university chancellor Martha W. Gilliland, issued a strong statement supporting "the right to hold unpopular views," as did the president of the four-campus University of Missouri system. The faculty senate passed a resolution on his behalf, as did the American Association of University Professors.

Dr. Mirkin questioned whether some people accusing priests these days were making up stories in search of a payday,and he said he believed that much of what was called molestation was really harmless touching.

He said he resented that teachers were leery of hugging children for fear they might be accused of abuse. He imagines, he said, most adolescent males have fantasies similar to his, as a 12-year-old delivery boy, of being seduced by a female customer, and he wondered whether it would have been so bad had it come true.

In the article, an 18-page essay with 38 footnotes published in the Journal of Homosexuality, Dr. Mirkin argued that the notion of the innocent child was a social construct, that all intergenerational sex should not be lumped into one ugly pile and that the panic over pedophilia fit a pattern of public response to female sexuality and homosexuality, both of which were once considered deviant.

"Though Americans consider intergenerational sex to be evil, it has been permissible or obligatory in many cultures and periods of history," he wrote.

"I don't think it's something where we should just clamp our heads in horror," he said of pedophilia. "In 1900, everybody assumed that masturbation had grave physical consequences; that didn't make it true."

"These things that you're sure of," he added, "you really ought to check out and test."

I've been saying as much for years. But now a college professor—a department head—has climbed with me on granpa's lap... and seems to be enjoying the ride.

Human beings are the only species that can achieve orgasm before puberty. We're the only ones who fuck in any season. Who have no time "in heat." Who enjoy the nook from birth to death.

Now I sit in Antarctica. The bar, not the continent. It's on Hudson and Spring Street in Manhattan. My laptop is on the table in front of me. In my right hand is a Sierra Nevada. Half of the six TVs show the Yankee game. The other half, The Mets.

As I sip the tasty pale brew, I wonder about this age thing. Someone, maybe you, would not be allowed to sit next to me drinking the same thing I'm drinking. Too young.

During the 1970s, here in NY, McSorley's was a *man's bar*. Not homo, but no girls allowed. It was a place where women were "protected." They couldn't enter because they'd be bothered, molested. Watch out for the boisterous fratboys! Who knows what they'd do to a lady? Besides, there's only one bathroom. What are they going to do? Piss in the same room the boys piss in?

Ho ho, those bra-burning women's libbers. They didn't like being protected. Oh no. They went into the little bar. Sat on those well-worn stools. Folded their arms. Waited to be served. And waited. They would not be moved. And McSorleys changed. It opened. Now girls-a-plenty drink with the boys.

Why is it different for kids? Why aren't there sit-ins? Why aren't there marches? Protests? Why don't kids organize for their rights?

The most cynical of the answers is that kids can't vote. That means nobody will listen to them. Except the small block between 18 and 21 kids can't exert political pressure. And even that small block has an awful voting record.

Still, kids can make noise. Sometimes they do. Every time NAMBLA marches, 15 and 16 year olds march with them. But that's rare and it never makes the papers.

Kids aren't supposed to do that. Our society says there's something GOOD in kids. Something BAD in sex, drinking and those other things Protestants don't like. The two shouldn't mix.

Our society thinks it's OK to prevent kids from doing "adult" things because they won't always be kids. They'll have *time* to do "bad things" later. Now, they shouldn't. Sex is a nasty dirty activity and only adults should be allowed nasty dirty activities.

Then, there are the psychologists. Those smarmy psychopaths implant thoughts of exploitation and abuse where there was joy and hope. They're muckrakers who don't rake muck, but create it in the first place. Unlike the kids themselves, people listen to the psychologists.

Let's get this straight, buckaroos. *Most* cases of adult-child sex are initiated by the child. The law, in its infinite

stupidity, won't realize this. Psychologists, and others tainted by the Protestant hatred of sexuality, won't realize this. More likely, they realize it and ignore it because it's more profitable to sue and collect. Who has deeper pockets than the Catholic Church?

I end this column with two quotes. One is from my pal, David Steinberg.

There is a fundamental, passionate cultural war going on between the people who see sex primarily as a marvelous, expansive, vitally pervasive, diverse opportunity for relationship, self-expression, and personal growth, and the people who see sex primarily as a dark and dangerous force, largely responsible for the ongoing decline in traditional family patterns, gender roles, and moral absolutes—a dangerous force that will envelop us all in moral and social chaos unless it is firmly and strictly constrained and controlled by church and state alike.

As for quote number 2: I never thought I'd be quoting G.W. Bush. But like him, I gotta say. "Pick your side. This is war."

ENDNOTES:

[*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

-->*Speaking of kids dept:* I'm back from the UNDERGROUND PRESS CONFERENCE in Bowling Green, Ohio. You'll read more about it next month. But right away you should know one of my discoveries: a band from Portland called the DISKORDS. They're 12-13 year-old punkrockers who think they sound like the Ramones, but actually sound like the Sex Pistols. Great stuff in any case. Their single costs $4 (including postage). You can get it from Vinyl Warning POB 2991, Portland Oregon 97208. And you should.

-->*Wrath of G-d dept:*

This was sent to the BISEXUAL LIST. I've edited it slightly. *Here in the Metroplex of Dallas/Ft. Worth, we observed very unstable clouds all afternoon Tuesday, which finally rotated during "rush hour" into three tornadoes, one touching down less than a half mile from a string of CUSTOMER FILLED "porn shops" on the eastern boundary of Ft.Worth, in what formally was an unincorporated area of the County.*

About the same time, another tornado demolished much of the old downtown section of another eastern Ft. Worth neighboring community less than five miles from the porn epicenter, and leveled a church in the process. Thanks to the "Grace of God," as quoted by the news media, no one was in the church at the time, and there were no injuries.

The point of all this, is my question: if things had been reversed, and the tornado had struck the cluster of porn shops instead of the church, how quickly would that same media have called it, the "Wrath of God?"

-->*Speaking of bisexual dept:* The bisexual list has been really anemic lately. The stimulating discussions of the past have dwindled to almost nothing. The list needs some... er... prodding. Join it by sending a message to LISTSERV@LISTSERV.BROWN.EDU the entire content of the message should be: SUBscribe BISEXU-L

-->*Government supported kiddie sex dept:* Look in your newsgroup reader. You'll find a strangely named newsgroup called: ALT.BINARY.PICTURES.ASPARAGUS. Who would click on that? Wanna see green stalks? Well, the stalks aren't exactly green, but they are young, sapling-esque and obviously illegal. Why would legit services like Earthlink carry such a newsgroup? Why aren't they busted? I'm not saying they SHOULD be busted. I'm talking about the law, not what's right.

Easy answer: It's a setup. A government plant. The US Government is the world's largest distributor of child pornography. All reproduced to put you in jail.

Many of the pictures have website addresses attached to them. See how many cookies pop into your browser before your own fleshy pop-up pops up. You have been warned.

-->*Gym-listening CDs dept:* I've been goin' wild with SPOITS "Free Sex" CD, especially the funny first 10 songs. OK, there's a bit too much poetry, but it's worth it for stuff like "Dead Girls Don't Say No!"

My only complaint is that the lyric sheet says "all words & Music ©2000 Scott Corkern."

Uh uh! "Double-fucked by Two Black Studs?" I know a KING MISSILE tune when I hear one. Come on Scott, give it where it's due!

-->Oh yeah, I should mention you can subscribe to David Steinberg's sex writing. Send your name and email address to: eronat@aol.com. Past columns are archived at: www.sexuality.org/davids.html

It should be fairly obvious by now that if someone were to attempt to buy all the records mentioned in this column from month to month, they'd be broke and trapped underneath a pile of colored vinyl. I'm broke and trapped underneath a pile of colored vinyl. You're drinking Snapple and relaxing with a cigarette. I'm trying to figure out a way to get a copy of that super-limited leather cover version of the new TURBONEGRO album, only so I can say how much of a rip off it is and point you toward a DIRTBOMBS single instead. What the fuck is wrong with me? Wouldn't I rather take a walk or something? It's only a matter of time before I have to start rearranging my record collection in order to get out of my apartment. Wait...I'd probably have to have an apartment first. SEE WHAT I MEAN?!?! I'm the world's biggest loser for you, the *MRR* record dork reader. It's far too late to turn back now...

The "Old Shit" section will appear first this time around, as there are many noteworthy reissues and boots this month. The logical place to start is with fucking SUICIDE, if only because I know it's gonna piss some people off. Suicide's much-famed *Half Alive* album, a cassette-only live and demos collection released by Roir in 1981, has just been re-released on a limited vinyl pressing. What does this mean to you? Well, if your mind has already been made up in regards to this band, then this is probably the only record that can make you come around and appreciate Suicide as (gasp!) a punk rock band. The material on *Half Alive* is probably the most diverse and raw Suicide release I've come across. Maybe you have to have a sufficiently fucked up and "arty" set of tastes to appreciate stuff like this, but I suspect any reader of this column would be impressed by this record. Beautifully packaged with LESTER BANGS liners and pressed on blue vinyl, this glimpse at Suicide might just be the one that gives you the swift kick in the ass you've been in such dire need of. You know, this is the kind of band us ultra-professional rock journalist types shit over...

The Shape Of Things collects two 1976 live-sets by proto-punk kingpins PERE UBU. This CD-only release features over an hour of prime Ubu...Peter Laughner in tow! While I was initially scared to hear the products of cassette dubs from nearly thirty years ago, the sound quality here is more than passable and the performances are absolutely incredible. Yes, there are great versions of "Heart Of Darkness", "Final Solution", and "30 Seconds

Over Tokyo"...along with STOOGES and VELVET UNDERGROUND covers! This is available from Hearpen/Morphius...go get one.

I better switch gears before I get sacked. Hopefully you've already caught wind of the sensational boot of the first 45 by THE FIX. I apologize for omitting this from last month's column; hopefully the reviews hipped you to it. Originally released in a pressing of 200 in 1980, this single has come to be regarded as one of the most sought-after and influential records of the early hardcore era. Although the extraordinarily tiny pressing has a lot to do with its collectable status, this is some fucking genius early hardcore punk that anyone with half a brain will shit over. If you can score a copy of this boot (again, only 200 colored vinyl copies pressed), you'll be absolutely dumbfounded as to how something this stellar has gone unavailable for this long. On a semi-related note, I really wish I could bring myself to buy those "Reagan Era HC" bootleg singles...expect a report on some of those next column.

Reflex Records resurrects classic Boston hardcore...again! This time, we're treated to F.U.'S *Kill For Christ/My America*, both on one handy LP. Negative party-boy hardcore classics, these are. Pay out the ass for original copies or snatch this LP up...your choice.

I don't know about you, but if I see another record that says "Featuring SONNY VINCENT" on it, I might just fucking kill someone. Anyway, everyone knows that the TESTORS were an amazing band. To further pound this simple fact in your brain, Swami Records has just released a well-assembled 2xCD reissue of the Testors' *Complete Recordings 1976-79*. It says "Featuring Sonny Vincent" on it too...go figure. The import vinyl versions of most of this stuff are still floating around out there, but everything you'd need is all right here.

Maybe I'm just fucking asking for it here, but yeah...Rave-Up Records has released four new installments in their "America Lost Punk Rock Nuggets" series. As stated many times before, this series is very much a "love it or hate it" gamble in my book. I've been pissed off far too many times by the quality of these releases, but in the interest of journalism (hardy-har-har), I trotted down to the record shop and threw my money into the fire. Maybe it's because I was expecting to get kicked in the nuts *again* by this series, but I'm surprised to say that this new batch is all quality shit! This time around, you get the COMMANDOS (Massachusetts, 78-83), WHITE FLAG (earliest recordings and first ever live show), the SUICIDE COMMANDOS (the only one I wasn't nervous about...a live 2xLP which appeared on CD a couple years back), and the LUBRICANTS (Wisconsin, 77-81). I'm sure the White Flag and Suicide Commandos records will attract the most attention (rightly so), but the Commandos and the Lubricants LPs can certainly hold their own. As an added bonus, both are completely devoid of bullshit live material! Sure, the Suicide Commandos are the obvious choice here (live or not), but the rest are totally worth investigating.

As a side-note to the recent Rave-Up crop, the White Flag installment, *R Is For Rocket, U Is For Unreleased,* is available on CD from Artifix Records. I'm not mentioning this as push for the CD (no way!), but as a heads-up for you folks to watch this label closely over the next few months. They are currently assembling excavations of live and demo material for KAOS, the BAGS, and CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE! Holy...fucking...shit! Track the progress of these upcoming releases at www.artifixrecords.com.

There certainly hasn't been a shortage of UK power pop/mod reissues as of late. Vinyl Japan just released *A Flashing Blur Of Stripped Down Excitement*, a fantastic retrospective LP of Welsh power-poppers SEVENTEEN. Backstreet Records (Rave Up's power pop label) has just released LPs by the EXPLOSIVES (Texas) and the MANIKENS (Australia) that should trickle over here by the time this hits stands. Finally, the Netherlands' Low Down Kids label has also been specializing in this kind of stuff, but the high price tags and *very* limited pressings have kept their releases out of my reach (thus far). As soon as I solve this problem, I'll report on them. I can't let this shit slip by for too long...I'm sick.

"New Shit" time. Well folks, it's a whole new ballgame. The A FRAMES new LP, appropriately entitled 2, has given my ears the most powerful jolt they've had since...fuck, their last LP. I think it would be cheating to say you get more of the same with 2, because it seems now that The A Frames have refined their vision and unleashed an absolute motherfucker of an album. All the same ingredients that made the last record so killer have been concentrated here to destroy any doubts left in your head: this is a band that people will be shitting over for years to come. The A Frames are one of the most interesting combos in recent memory, utterly unclassifiable and (dare I say) important. S-S Records pressed a total of 1000 copies of 2, most of which will be gone by the time this hits stands. Don't miss out again...you *need* this record!

The next few releases all have one thing in common: Chicago. While you might be asking what Chicago punk/garage has impressed you recently, what with the BRIDES and the GUILTY PLEASURES long gone, it's safe to say that things are certainly picking up. Of course, having the BASEBALL FURIES and the TYRADES invade your city helps. The best band I've heard out of Chicago recently is the PONYS (ex-HAPPLY SUPPLY and Guilty Pleasures), who just released their debut 7"EP on Contaminated Records (which is run by Alicja of the LOST SOUNDS). *So Sentimental* is an EP that perfectly bridges the gap between UK 80s acts like JOY DIVISION and *Killed By Death* rudeness. I'd say it leans further toward the UK side, but with a song entitled "I Wanna Fuck You", it's pretty easy to see that these folks aren't your average Robert Smith wanna-bes. Along with the HOSPITALS single, this is the best debut 7" I've heard in quite a while.

Next up is the debut 7" by the much-hyped FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS. Tales of this bands greatness have reached the Bay Area, and I must say I'm very much looking forward to hearing this single. As an added enticement, it's released on the KILL-A-WATTS' Electrorock Records. Also, The Functional Blackout folks are playing a role in releasing an upcoming comp documenting current Chi-town punk entitled *Maybe Chicago*. Details are still trickling in, but bands mentioned include HOT MACHINES, Tyrades, Ponys, and many more. Stay tuned...

To round out the Chicago vinyl flurry, we get another debut single, this time by the WHITE+OUTS. "Solid State" b/w "Coffin Nails", released on Shit Sandwich Records (yes...you read right), features two buzzy and fuzzy punk-wavers. Pretty great stuff from some recently relocated ex-MOTARDS, but I suppose if you cross the manic Midwest sound with drunken Texas beer-drenched punk, this is exactly what you'd expect. Comes in a cool silk-screened sleeve too...forgive the dork commentary.

For my money, three European labels consistently belt out the finest garage punk singles available today. These labels are High School Refuse/Reject (the Netherlands), Goodbye Boozy (Italy) and Yakisakana Records (France). Their latest releases are all top fucking notch and worthy of your attention. HSR recently offered a great single by German lo-fi punkers BLOWCHUNKS. "Little Suzie" b/w "Baby's Got A Dick" is one seriously snotty and fucked up sounding platter, sure to please fans

of SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. On the Goodbye Boozy front, we get the debut 45 by the ROYAL ROUTES (a new Canadian band made up of SEXAREENOS folks!) and the latest offering from Buffalo noise-punks, the BLOWTOPS. I haven't been able to score copies of these yet, but they can't keep me away for much longer. Last but not least, Yakisakana unleashes two absolute killers: SKIP JENSEN & HIS SHAKIN' FEET (the one man band project of a SCAT RAG BOOSTERS member) and a new 45 by the MISTREATERS! The Mistreaters' single is of particular interest to me. Buy everything by them, including their new long-player on Estrus, *Playa Hated To The Fullest*.

I wouldn't be able to sleep if I didn't make mention of the COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS new live 2xLP on Sympathy. Yes, a live 2xLP. Die-hard fans (which I am) should be the only folks going bonkers over this record. I think it would benefit all the recent REIGNING SOUND fans to check Compulsive Gamblers out, as I think Greg (and Jack) both do (did?) their finest songwriting in this band.

Miss the REDS? Who fucking doesn't? I was sad to hear of their demise, but a new combo featuring 3 ex-Reds, the MARKED MEN, are just about to release their self-titled debut LP on Rip Off Records! I was lucky/sneaky enough to hear some tunes off this fucker a few months ago and let me tell you: prepare to be dazzled…again. Doesn't sound like they've missed a beat. It should be out NOW!

Kapow Records seems determined to introduce me to new bands from Southern California that I don't hate. Their tactics seem to be working, as the new singles by the ROLLING BLACKOUTS and the ORPHANS both impress. Can't say that I'll be visiting anytime soon though…

Somebody please fill me in on the BEDPANS! Wait…nobody fill any bedpans…just tell me what fucking planet this band is from! I stumbled upon this single a month ago and have been doing the dunce dance since. Like their Northwest neighbors, the SPITS, Portland's Bedpans have that caveman attitude and no-frills punk sound that makes me bounce and drink uncontrollably. This three-song EP, *80's Mod*, is a moronic winner: totally DIY hand-written sleeves, one side left blank, and complete with one hilarious piss-take on parka-clad mods who shine their scooter mirrors and pretend to be Brits! This is probably a few months old (recorded in 2001), but that's no reason not to hunt it down.

The latest band to launch a campaign to gain dominance over your turntable: the STUCK-UPS! Two new singles this month: a killer 45 on the great Johnny Cat label and a decent split 7"EP with the HIGH BEAMS on Dirtnap. They come across as a punker version of the EPOXIES, if that gets you going. There's new wave punk a plenty here folks…go crazy.

The RUBBER CITY REBELS have returned! Their new album, *Pierce My Brain*, shows that they have stayed true to form. I'd say this album stands up against the most recent DICTATORS album, which has to be the highpoint of all these reformed classic bands current output. *Pierce My Brain* is out now on Smog Veil, fine purveyors of punk rock vault plundering.

ANDRE WILLIAMS has a new live album on Norton, backed by the extraordinarily capable European garage barons, GREEN HORNET. Recorded on a 2001 European tour, *Holland Shuffle* features all his early classics and many of his recent dirty old' man shakers. Mr. Rhythm will always be the king in my book. He wrote "Shake A Tail Feather" *and* went horseback riding with the DEMOLITION DOLL RODS! That's so much cooler than anything I'll ever do, it's not even funny.

How is it possible that Load Records is being mentioned in this column? Care to hear what some of your favorite punks and garage monsters are doing in their spare time? Well, Load has just released an LP by NEON HUNK, a crazy fucking electro-weirdo band that features Jennifurball, late of the Kill-A-Watts! Load also brings forth the swan song from PINK & BROWN, which, of course, was John of the COACHWHIPS' other band. I can't wait until RUSSELL QUAN dresses up like a moose and buys a synth…

That's all for this month. I'm leaving out the little blurb on hardcore because I'm about to blow a bunch of money ordering records that I wasn't smart enough to pick up months ago. Yes, Kick'N'Punch Records has made a new fan. Lastly, I was privileged enough to attend the live album recording/party for HAROLD RAY LIVE IN CONCERT. HO...LY…SHIT! This record is going to knock everyone right on his or her ass! Where else in *MRR* would you see Danish hardcore and garage/R&B in the same paragraph? I demand a raise…

Mitch Cardwell <letsgethurt@yahoo.com>

I've spent the past few weeks driving around listening to the same mixed tape over and over again; every means of playing music is damaged but the tape players, and they are everywhere: my car, my alarm clock, my kitchen, my regular stereo. I spend time alone, driving through the darkness, repeating plans in my head, and thinking about what makes a great rock song. How can you just not take yourself too seriously to write down oooh baby oooh they're'll always be a place for you oooh baby oooh oooh ooh it's not over. That's fucking great. It's about having the humility to conform to the structure of the song. Realizing that simplicity can be perfection. Learning the patterns and playing along. I'm no expert at just going with things, letting things move forward without trying to take control and rationalize them, but I'm trying.

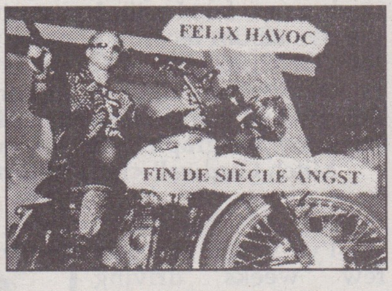
So yeah, trust, faith, whatever. Letting yourself take risks in order to get what you want. Risks are terrifying. It's the exposure that kills me. Saying what you think, showing that you give a shit, working hard on something, all of these risks expose the vulnerability we are supposed to suppress at all costs. I have to say I believe with all that's in me that the risk is worth it, that believing that this world is worth saving is noble in and of itself. I can't say that I always act on instinct. But I never want the numbness that comes with suppression to take over.

I'm in the process of moving into a new bedroom. It's larger, with a window that looks out at Valencia Street. Right now all the windows are open and the smell of paint is starting to seep out. All that's in there is an enormous bookshelf and some cans of paint. Two of my housemates are leaving at the same time to move on to the next chapter in their lives. This new room is my symbolic change. It is pale green with black semi-gloss trim. My desk will face the city, so when I write I am not hidden in a dark bedroom with a trash chute outside of the window. I am vulnerable and aware of the world outside of my home. Maybe that is my way of resaturating my life with the news, with the world. I will be able to go back to reading the newspaper, waking up to Democracy Now, letting myself hear it. As I write those words, proclaiming a commitment to reconnecting with what I fear in the world, carrying it in me, acknowledging it, the anxiety that hides in the nerves in my arms comes alive and

begins to spread up to my shoulders.

The severity of our present reality can breed overwhelming fear. Unmitigated war, post-apocalyptic disease, dramatically increased police surveillance; what it there to live for? I've found my reasons, and they are good ones. I don't want to miss out on all the misguided adventures, restless conversations, wasted evenings, sweaty kisses, hysterical screams of self-validation, unmarketable art, unworthwhile causes. It's worth believing in our little world, it's worth it to be alive.

Kat Case, PO Box 401160, San Francisco, CA 94149



OK, somehow my column last month got garbled. I was talking about how Plastic Bomb had called out some US and European labels for releasing dodgy right wing and neo-nazi stuff, and adding some clarification on the dodgy status of two bands in particular: Youth Defense League and Best Defense. Somehow, after some sentences got chopped, it made it look like Plastic Bomb was releasing dodgy skinhead music, not Haunted Town and Vulture Rock. I hope no one, especially our friends at Plastic Bomb, thought I was off my rocker.

Your band can play in Canada legit! I haven't tried this yet, but Minneapolis band Season of Fire has done two Canadian tours following these general guidelines. First, check out this stuff online: http://www.cic.gc.ca/english/work/exempt-1.html performing artists here's the part you gotta pay attention to: Performing artists, foreign artists and their essential supporting staff coming to Canada to perform do not need a permit if they are only performing in Canada for a limited period of time and will not be performing in a bar or restaurant. Artists working in Canada in this category may not enter into an employment relationship with the Canadian group that has contracted for their services. Artists must also not perform for the production of a movie, television, or radio broadcast.

OK, so as far as anyone I know has interpreted this, you can legally play in Canada as long as you don't play at a bar. Since most all-ages shows are in halls or whatever, you should be set. What you need to do is have whoever booked your shows fax some sort of proof of the show and its all-ages status to the border crossing and let them know that you are expecting a this band from the USA and when they are coming. You will have to "declare" your merch for customs and pay a tax on it, so you might want to bring only what it necessary (since you pay tax on everything, whether you are going to sell it or not) and maybe set some aside as "promotional" that you are "giving away" rather than selling. Or you could mail some of your merch ahead. I've heard some pretty gnarly stories in the last few years about US bands trying to cross the border to play and having the border agents check the web and find they were playing illegally then fining and detaining them. I'd like to hear more feedback from people about their experiences using this to play in Canada. Note also, it says "foreign," so you could also book European or Japanese bands that were doing US tours, *but* you gotta make sure you got your shit straight when you cross back into the USA with those cats.

Every few months a CD R shows up in my mailbox on the No Charge No Profit label. Releases so far include Plastick CD, Jesus and the Gospelfuckers demo, *Peely*—a comp of late 70s John Peel punk radio broadcasts, and a Brazillian Hardcore comp with ACXO, Colera, RDP, Conutuores De Cadaver, Innocentes, and Olho Seco. OK, I have no idea who is doing this label, but it's a pretty rad idea. I imagine this person is a fan/enthusiast who wants to share this music with the world. I can picture them sitting around burning CD-Rs and printing covers on a home computer printer and then giving them away to people they think would appreciate them. As old punk and hardcore material becomes more obscure and collectible, the CD-R, mix tape, and MP3 archive become more and more vital in making that music accessible to non-collectors. I find myself making elaborate mix tapes like *Hail To Sweden Vol. 1-3* and I fully endorse the *Killed By Hardcore* bootleg/reissue series as a means of preserving/passing on our hardcore heritage. I wish more people had the gumption of No Charge, No Profit records and did up such comps. Related are some local comps such as the *Killed By Maine* cassette, *Orlando Didn't Always Suck* CD-R, the crucial *Louisiana Punk Rock 1978-1982* and the five volume *Minnesota Punk/New Wave Singles* collection. These are obviously not big money making releases, but attempts by those who love the music to make it available to any one interested. "It was cheap, it was easy, go and do it."

A lot of people in the DIY scene have been burned by distros, bands, labels, and kids in Southeast Asia. I know a lot of people no longer bother to take orders or respond to people who write from SE Asia anymore. I have been to SE Asia and met some really nice, dedicated DIY hardcore/punk kids in Malaysia, Philippines, and Thailand. But I have also been ripped off quite a few times by scam artists and chiselers from this area. A few things to think about. The scene in this area is still developing. There is a group out front who share our DIY ethics and are tuned into the punk scene in the rest of the world. Then there are grifters who don't give a fuck and just want to get some free records from some suckers.

A bright spot is a new DIY punk collective record store in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia called Basement Records (BASEMENT RECORDS STORE/SB-16, SUB BASEMENT /BANGUNAN CAHAYA/SURIA/JALAN SILANG /KUALA LUMPUR/ MALAYSIA, email: basementrecordstore@yahoo. com). One of the guys who started this store is Shammir of Life on the Edge Records and distro, and he's working on a scene report for Malaysia which will show people some of the positive things going on in Malaysia and also point out some of the shady creeps who you shouldn't waste your time trading records with. I've had some discussions with Shammir and there are some things I'd like to point out. SE Asia is very poor and the dollar exchanges poorly against local currency. Kids have little money to buy imported records, so trading is the only economical way to get stuff. This can work out great for both parties if all goes well. But a lot of kids get in over their head, or are just scam artists. I would recommend asking around about someone before you do a trade, or have them send their goods first before you send yours. Some ace distro/labels I can recommend are Life on the Edge records (email: dnc_collective@yahoo.com), Cactus Distro, and Karatecore Records. Beyond that, watch your back. And I would strongly advise against anyone taking an order from anywhere in SE Asia placed with a credit card. Look out for Shammir's upcoming scene report. There are some good bands and labels coming out of Malaysia especially, as well as Indonesia and elsewhere, and the scene in that part of the world is only going to grow. Hopefully the ethics will get stronger and the rip offs will be run out of town. However, before we start casting stones, look at how long Lost and Found has been able to operate with

impunity.

A few people have commented lately that the crustcore scene in the US is at a low ebb. That's not to say there aren't some good crust bands, but for the most part the torch of crusty hardcore has been passed to Europe and somewhat, to Japan. When I talk about crustcore, I mean bands that play crust-influenced *hardcore* in the tradition of State of Fear, Health Hazard, Accion Mutante, Doom, Extreme Noise Terror, and Disrupt. I hear a lot of people who look crusty talking about bands like This Bike is a Pipe Bomb, Guts Pie Earshot, Against Me, and such. OK, those bands are interesting. But they are far too eclectic to be crustcore and their popularity obscures the sheer brutality of true crustcore under layers of musical progression. So forget about your fiddle, ukulele, and keyboards, and check out the two bands that are going to save American crustcore: Consume and Resolve. Both these bands have ex-members of critical crust bands of the 90s—State of Fear, Decrepit, Destestation, etc. If you are on the fence about this style of music at all, pick up the Consume 7" and the Consume/Resolve split EP. You will be out smashing the system and lobbing 40s full of diesel fuel at the cops in minutes. A word of advice to the crust scene. Don't go down the road that hardcore went into resulting in emo and indie rock. Skip the flute lessons and string section and go back to the roots: Discharge, Amebix, Extrême Noise Terror, Doom and Nausea. Put the rage and brutality back in the music.

I was fifteen years old and enrolled in the ninth grade at Smiths Station High School when the United States first went to war to free the fine people of Kuwait from the odious Iraqi despot Saddam Hussein. This was Alabama. Our yearbook that year had a hackneyed and ill-conceived four-page spread dedicated to the soldiers and their families who were defending the free way in the Persian Gulf. Included were pictures of ambitious youngsters collected non-perishables for gift baskets to be sent our brave men and women, family photographs of better days when dad was home, and local teens wearing their patriotic vitriol on their sleeves with a sharp variety of shirts bearing such scathing witticisms as "Saddam *Insane*". I'm sure you remember.

As an isolated and fairly stupid young person, I felt that the unjust oil war our government had embarked upon would spark the better instincts of a sleeping protest culture that had lain dormant since the much-romanticized 60s. I really thought that this war would be my chance to participate in a sweeping reawakening in the American people. I took any chance I had to spout off "No blood for oil", which was a fine enough encapsulation of the matter, even though I wouldn't have been able to articulate a defense if challenged to expound on my opinion. I scrawled *Die for oil, sucker!* on my folders, because that's how you express yourself when you're fifteen and don't *really* want to get your ass kicked.

I was talking about this to my friend Jim recently, and he coolly responded, "Yeah, that hippy stuff was funny. It wouldn't have been anything without the civil rights movement." And of course it's simple enough: Hippy was a cultural movement with some fairly right-on politics, but a freakout is a freakout, right? It's not negative in any way, it's fun. But there could have been no pretense of political efficacy had both a militant and legislative movement towards black (and brown and red and yellow and gay) liberation not been in full, glorious swing. When Hippies and student radicals would speak out against institutional racism or the war in Vietnam, they were exploiting a place of privilege, which is dangerous in white society, yes, but maybe flaccid and *definitely* symbolic without a socially marginal spearhead, i.e. the Black Power movement.

So to what ends go our current sound and fury? Animal rights seem to be a pretty consistent party line. Environmental politics? Feminism? Fight war not wars? Are white punks vying for white nigger status, a reason to feel oppressed and henceforth, complain and rage and do very little real in their short, short radical lives? Or is it more a *cultural* thing (*like hippies*) in which we, coming from a station of relative and varying privilege, decide to do just a lot of *really cool shit*; you know, freak out a bit before we get too old. I suspect it's the latter, and I'm really OK with that.

If I'm satisfied with punk as a cultural, or even simply a *sub*cultural thing, it's because I don't look for every piece of my identity within its confines, and I don't look for it as a monolithic entity to come and set my opinions and landlord and salary straight. The world moves on in strange and terrible ways with or without us. We are lucky that many of us have a secular institution of which to feel a part, an anchor to humanity that comes, more or less, with a template for interdependence and ethical ambition, a respect for the wildness of human creativity and a willingness to work outside of the popular mythos, even when it can be scary as hell.

It feels strange to say that I feel like it's an exciting time to be alive. Not a necessarily *good* time to be alive, mind you—not a child-rearin', house-buildin' kind of time by any stretch. We may be currently witnessing the era that ushers in a new Western fascism, or a crucial pre-nuclear juncture which destroys the planet's capacity to sustain life, or the long-predicted melting of the polar icecaps and subsequent environmental catastrophe. And it's all fairly out in the open. Only the most steadfast optimists and profiteers can keep a straight face while defending nuclear proliferation or "liberatory" adventures on foreign soil, and even the *New York Times* ran a story last fall pretty much admitting that the environment is changing due to gross human mismanagement. So with the cards on the table, what are you gonna do, punk rocker? Is it still us against them? Does the medium being the message still hold water?

I've probably said this before in my column, but the difficulty with subcultures even remotely based around a political ideal is that eventually participants will have to come to terms with not just resistance from the power structure, but their own power. For punks in particular who see the main thrust of all the noise and action being human empowerment and respect for all life (and I wouldn't dream of putting this definition on all self-professed punk rockers; but if you're down, you know it), we get used to resistance, we get off on conflict and protest, and before we realize it, we define ourselves by losing. Maybe that's part of the program too—the romantic struggle doomed from the word go. However, there is a time for romance, and a time for meeting the world head-on: the world we hate, we will inherit quite a chunk of.

There will be no new 60s. All the Weathermen blew themselves up or sold out long ago. The Black Panthers who've survived and adapted will say that the power structure will never be attacked from the same side again. Radicals have got to stay ahead of the game, because nothing works the same twice. There is no ele-

ment of surprise, and scarcely an element of passion in much of the public protest today (and I'm not saying protest is in vain or unnecessary; it's just incomplete) because so much has been borrowed straight from the handbook. Even new handbooks are boring. If I see another puppet, I'm gonna throw shit. Real shit. My own feces. Maybe the real bore is the utter dependence on defense, how we all shrug off chances at propriety in the day-to-day, instead, waiting for the next big assembly, the next big demo (or *manifestation*, for our Euro-friends), the next big beat down.

I bet the school board is boring. Going to city council meetings is definitely boring. Applying for grants and knocking on doors and most meetings are boring, boring, boring. But then again, so is jail, and so are most of the rock shows we go to. I don't mean to represent myself as the columnist who speaks for the legit world; by all means, buy a gun and head for the hills. Or start a women's self-defense group. Flee to another country or learn another language here, so you can work against the war on immigrants. Go to jail for throwing rocks at police cars, or actually learn the laws you're supposedly violating. I know it's never either/or, but typical punk knee jerk radicalism tends to gravitate towards neither/nor, which is, again, boring.

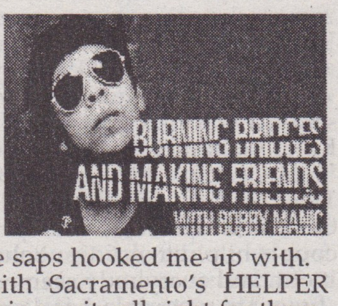
In summary:

1.) No more Beatlemania.

2.) Don't be a hippy.

3.) Why don't we all already know Spanish?

Write, or don't. Mike Taylor, PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02908



So, as it turns out, apparently people still think *MRR* staffers' opinions actually mean something (yeah, news to me too) but these suckers and chumps have been sending/ giving me free shit left and right, so I can't complain. Here is just some of the shit these gullible saps hooked me up with.

Let's kick things off with Sacramento's HELPER MONKEYS. These kids are doing quite all right for themselves in their native 916 area code, but I think they are destined for bigger things. They have a number of releases out and slipped me a copy of their unreleased material on a CD-R. These cats know how to ball. The Toker Monkeys are packing a CLETUS-fueled skate punk pogo punch, and they ain't holding back. Jazz Brown (ex-GROOVIE GHOULIES) is out from behind the drum kit and up front leading this snotty attack. Get ready because 2003 is just the precursor for 2004: The Year of the Monkey. www.thehelpermonkeys.com

Rapid Pulse just released a buttload of good stuff recently. The INVERSIONS' "Domestic Disturbance" 7" is more of that snotty '77 stuff that everyone is loving so, so much lately. Right in the vein of the FLIP TOPS, if you ask me. Three tunes, the second a slower, moodier number and the third a sing-along anti-blonde girls song (properly entitled "She's Blond, I'm Gone") are my two faves. The Saviors and their "Ruby Gloom" 7" is more of the same. Very aggro and snotty without alienating the listener. It has just enough hooks to keep my attention. It's on Rapid Pulse so you know it's worth a listen.

The PEACHY KEENS hail from Denmark and fall under the European pop punk category. They wear their Lookout! '96 influences on their sleeves and they are proud to do so.

Portland brings us another incredible combo; the MINDS, who are officially on my Christmas list from here on end. Featuring members of the Flip Tops, they can't go wrong; throw in a girl keyboard player and a solid rhythm section, you got yourself a big fucking party. These Northwestern Mofos drove all the way down to play one show at Gilman with the Apers and Ghoulies and stuck around an extra day just to party with us. That's the kind of people they are—good people. The kinda people you see on stage, wet your pants over, then they come over your place and bring you rum and Coke (the cola, not the stimulant [they may be nice, but they ain't that nice]). And did I mention how great they were on stage? Oh, boy, I tell ya, I have never seen a little fella like Joel jump that high since my cousin Pedro found out he wasn't Lupe's baby's daddy. They also brought along their limited edition *AOL Demo*. Never have I seen such a great use of DIY/Martha Stuart ingenuity (y'know those little tins AOL sends you in the mail with promo AOL software? Well, the Minds painted them sum'bitches up, spraypainted their logo on it and made it a collectors' item). Six tunes, one ADVERTS cover. It all rocks. Fans of the Flip Tops will love their agro-pop approach, and fans of that New New Wave sound will love Rachel and el Pink-o the pink Casio. Ho ho, they are quite something to shake a stick at, a trouser stick. Yowser! www.theminds.us

The BANANAS are turning ten this year, and to commemorate, Plan-It X records have released a fantastic CD that compiles every single tune they have ever released (minus their second CD but including their first). This is your one stop yellow phallic fruit stop. They are trashy, catchy, insane, and possibly retarded. Never have I heard a band that sucks this much, rocks that hard, is this dumb and that brilliant. SACRAMENTO!

Whoa Oh Records from some place called "New York" (I thought the old York was just fine, thank you) has given us the *International Language of Love* comp. Four bands from all over Europe offering four songs each; it's a pop punk love affair. Featuring the 20 BELOWS from Denmark offering a shy guy, high-voiced Geek Rock sound (a la EGGHEAD), the ZATOPEKS from the UK doing the Lookout! '96 by the numbers, pop punk formula, TWENTYEARSOLD from Spain doing more of the same, and the APERS, from Holland, doing a more aggressive and melodic sound (they take a little DESCENDENTS with their RAMONES). Not bad comp, but nothing groundbreaking enough for me to rush out and buy it. Still, pop punk fans will truly enjoy this for two reasons; 1) it's all pretty solid, and 2) these are some of the best bands in Europe right now and since it's on an American label, you won't have to pay import prices.

Speaking of those wacky Dutch bastards, the Apers finished their six-week cross-country tour with the almighty GROOVIE GHOULIES. What an amazing band they are. A live performance at Gilman St that made the most jaded of jaded pop punk naysayers say "Yay!" The energy these kids put out should be bottled and substituted for Red Bull. Charismatic frontman/bassist Kevin never stopped talking. Between songs he'd offer 90 mph crowd-heckling, false song explanations, dedications, and lame jokes. The little fucker has a mouth on him and he knows how to use it (that sounded a lot dirtier than I meant it, but oh well). Guitar gods in training Jerry and Garaf (who was filling in for the Apers' full time guitarist/co-song writer Marien for the tour) rocked the fuck out the entire time, offering their guitars up to the sky to their beloved lord and savior (you know who), while Ivo laid down the back beat so fast and hard you'd think he was out to take Marky Ramone's old gig. But the real story took place the next night in Sacramento as those Damn Dirty Apers became the Groovie Apers for just one

night. After spending six weeks on the road with Kepi, Roach, and Scampi, they not only picked up their stage maneuvers but also raided their duffel bags. Kevin stole a pair of Kepi's trade marked tapered stretch jeans and sunglasses stage apparel, whilst Jerry made a very convincing Roach in her red vinyl pants, make up, and rouge (complimented by a very well endowed and proportioned false rack), Ivo put his hair up in an itty bitty tank top (while his patch of chest moss glistened with sweat). And of course since there are only three Ghoulies to pay homage to, Garaf felt so left out that he went out and bought a nice summer dress to wear for the Ghoulies home town crowd. To see this is to believe it folks, and I have the photos. About half the crowd (most of which under the age of 12) found it hilarious, the other half hit on Jerry after the show. We partied until the break of dawn and said a heartfelt good-bye to our new Dutch brothers, wondering when we would meet again and why Roach's pants fit so loosely on Jerry. Look for the complete story in an up coming Apers US tour diary available from Stardumb records. www.stardumbrecords.com

The KIDNAPPERS are my new boyfriends. It's official, we're going steady and I think we might go to the prom. Where did this fucking band come from? Well, Germany, if you must know. Formerly known as the HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS (who produced two amazing 7"s you should track down and buy if you don't already own them), twins Beat-It and Chris, along with their drummer buddy Steve, are my vote for rock and roll's saviors. They meld everything I have ever truly loved about fast, trashy, dance-until-you-spill-your-drink rock & roll. With the boom swagger howl of the MURDER CITY DEVILS, the snot pop tactics of the BOYS, and of course the South City no-talent-needed philosophy of the MUMMIES, SUPERCHARGER, and the RIP OFFS, this band is "the Most." Alien Snatch has done the world the greatest good by releasing their debut LP, *Ransom Notes and Telephone Calls.* They can draw all these influences, write these diverse catchy tunes, and still make it flow like MC Schwab and Mr. Pronunciation. They cover LOLI & THE CHONES' "Everybody Hates Me" and believe it or not, they actually were able to improve on what was already perfect. Pick this up, then pick up another copy for when your first one gets worn down.

Screaming Apple hooked me up with a copy of the LEG HOUNDS' second LP, *Date Your Daughters.* This is what makes this gig worth the hate mail and slashed tires. If I was blindfolded and you told me "hey Bob, listen to this lost DEVIL DOGS recording," I would not only believe you, but I'd say this is probably some of their best stuff. I shit you not. This record is so damn convincing they really should have just passed it along as a bootleg. Think of the money they could have made! Get this record. Their first album left a little to be desired, to tell the truth—it was all rock and no hooks—but this album has the rock, hooks, the sing-along choruses and the ballads that made the Devil Dogs a legend.

One last band that I must mention (namely because they sent me a twenty dollar bill with their demo) is the RADIO BEATS from some place in West Virginia. Named after what may quite possibly be the best DEVIL DOGS tune ever, the 'Beats serve up a lo-fi, husky voiced, snot and snarl akin to not only the Devil Dogs but TEENGENERATE as well Even my guitar player, Carlos, had to smile and admit they had a little Finky in the mix. I am convinced that this is what Teengenerate would have sounded like with a little less distortion on the vocals. They are touring the Midwest and the east coast this summer so check them out and give them money to finance a full length.

The Bottom Line:

* It's nice to get free stuff. It really is.

* I'm going to be moving soon. Probably over the summer, so once I get my living situation uhhh, "situated," I will put my address down here so you can send me love letters, nude photos of your pets, and your new releases.

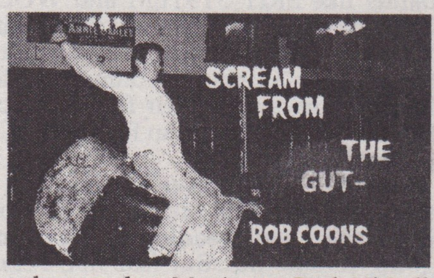
* I actually got a lot more than this, but I will save some for next month.

* I didn't have enough room to include contact info, but if you want to get in touch with and of these bands or track down any of these records, e-mail me.

* I miss the Apers. I really do.

* I miss the Minds. I really do. This just in: expect a full length and single out later this year on two of the best labels around! Which ones? Well, you'll just have to wait and see!

* revmanic@cs.com ...I like mail. I really do.



Wow, what a crazy two months it has been since my last column. I have been on overload trying to balance all of the amazing things going on in this city. One of the most important things to happen recently was that *Maximum Rock N' Roll* held a photo show here in San Francisco. We dug deep into the photo archives and pulled out over 180 of the most spectacular photos that we could find. We were looking for photos that were only from the 1980s and we wanted to present the most intense and crazy live shots we could. We had an amazing line-up of photos for the show. We had pictures of bands like STALIN, TERVEET KADET, VERBAL ABUSE, the OFFENDERS, BLACK FLAG, CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, RIISTETYT, LIP CREAM, SOCIAL UNREST, CORROSION OF CONFORMITY, and so many more! We even had a couple of photos of Tim Yohannon. A ton of people made it out, and everybody seemed to be pretty happy with the show. There is already talk of trying to have the show in other cities, so we can share this wealth of punk history that we have.

Another one of the big events of the past few months was TURBONEGRO rolling through town. Now, I was lucky enough to catch TURBONEGRO a couple of years ago here in San Francisco at this dingy little club called the Chameleon. And it is no joke when I say that particular show was one of the best ones I have ever seen. The bar they played in was about the size of a postage stamp. And they just tore everybody a new one with a raging feast of sex, drugs, and rock & roll. Guys were jumping on stage trying to make out with Euroboy, beer was flying from every direction and Hank unleashed his infamous "Ass Rocket". Needless to say, with those memories floating around in my head I was super pumped to seem them again.

The problem was, when the tickets went on sale the club only released a limited number to the public so the show sold out in like twenty minutes. Apparently tickets were held for giveaways and label promotions, so the public was getting the shaft. Well, I was determined to get in and rock to the sounds of TURBONEGRO. Fortunately, somebody was able to hook me up and I was able to get into the show. (Thanks a million!) Once we were in it seemed like we waited forever while watching the crowd below get rowdy and scream "I Got Erection" over and

over again. But just when I was beginning to think that TURBONEGRO had maybe snuck out and went back to Norway, they strolled out on stage and suddenly every dreaded moment of waiting was washed away. They rocked the house hard, feeding the crowd one hit after another. They haven't lost an ounce of charisma since their first swing through town and they can still keep the crowd wrapped firmly around their cocks. The only letdown of the evening was the lack of an "Ass Rocket" finale. I guess I can't have Hank's cake and eat it too. Rumor has it that they are coming back here in the fall. I certainly hope so!

IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE – Demo Cassette: Here we go with the new demo from the local band IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE. This is the first recorded material I have heard from them and I have only been able to catch them live once. This demo is exactly what I expected to hear. They wear their spikes and patches proudly as they tear down a path lay out by bands like SKIT SYSTEM and WOLFBRIGADE. This is hard charging crust with thundering production and harsh growling vocals spewing out some pretty bleak lyrics. All in all, this is a damn fine demo. I am definitely looking forward to their first vinyl output. (I.T.W.O.T.P., 548 Broderick Street, San Francisco, CA 94117; inthewakeoftheplague.com)

KNUT – *Challenger* LP: Damn, I was pretty nervous when I threw this on. It had the longest acoustic style intro, and I was dreading where the rest of the music was going to take me. But fear not, because right after that, this crushing wall of guitars came exploding out of my speakers and almost knocked me off my chair. Simply put, these are brutal songs made for heavy duty listening. KNUT who are from Switzerland, put together the slow, dark elements of NEUROSIS with ferocious pounding hardcore that reminded me of COALESCE. The burly bass lines and growling vocals are king throughout this release, and the production is top notch. This is available domestically on Hydra Head, but if you live in Europe and you want it one vinyl, contact... (Chrome St. Magnus, AM Bahnhof St., Magnus 10, 28203 Bremen, GERMANY; chromesaintmagnus.com)

D.S.B. – *Wait Tremblingly* CD: Wow, D.S.B. (which stands for Defiance Of Shit Bastards) just keeps cranking the releases out one after another! And as if that wasn't enough, they are coming over to the USA this summer to play a few West Coast dates with ASSAULT and FROM ASHES RISE! I can honestly say that I have not been excited to see a show in a really long time. This is a damn fine three-song release of hard charging Japanese punk that is loaded with hammering drums, driving guitars, and strong growling vocals. They seem to be branching out a tad musically, but at the core of it all this is still classic Japanese style hardcore similar to all the great stuff that is coming out of that country these days. I highly recommend picking up any of their releases, especially their jaw-dropping LP *Wings Continue To Strive With Unchanged Mind*. (Discrete, PO Box 31 Ogaki, Post Office, Ogaki-City, Gifu JAPAN; discrete@pop07.odn.ne.jp)

CATARACT – *Great Days Of Vengeance* CD: Whoa! This is some serious metalcore from this group of Germans. Everything is here for the makings of a crushing metal/hardcore release. Huge production, kickbox worthy breakdowns, pummeling drumming, major riffage, and coarsely screamed vocals all pull together for this tough-as-nails release. The thing is, for as strong as this release is, in the end I found it to be a tad boring. There just isn't enough musical variety here to keep me interested. Maybe if they mixed things up more and threw in some tempo changes I would be more into it for all 11 songs. Nevertheless, I know some of you kids eat this kind of stuff for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, so have at it. (LifeForce; lifeforcerecords.com)

CORRUPTED/INFAUST – split EP: Fuck yeah! CORRUPTED is back again with another sludge-filled assault, and this time they share the vinyl with INFAUST, from Germany. Once again, CORRUPTED drops the gate and rolls out the steamroller of doom all over your eardrums. If the slow, punishing wall of guitar noise doesn't get to you, then maybe the throat-shredding growls will. They are the kings of slow gloomy grind. INFAUST does a good job of holding their ground on the flip side of the EP. They pound through one long, thundering song that is packed with battering rhythms similar to NEUROSIS. This is the first time I have heard INFAUST and I would definitely like to hear more of them. Be sure to pick this EP up! (Blind Date, c/o Marcel Wieghaus, PO Box 100104, 79055 Freiburg, GERMANY)

OVERMARS/DONEFOR split CD: Bands with either screamo-ish or metallic styles are quite the rage in France right now, and both of these bands definitely incorporate a mix of those styles. It also appears that they share a few band members as well. Once I realized that the first song on this CD clocked in at over ten minutes, I knew this was going to be an involved listen. OVERMARS slowly stomp their way through seven tracks full of repetitive rhythms, rolling drumming, and abrasive vocals similar to bands like ISIS. DONEFOR follows down a different path, branching out and mixing in some metal-tinged hardcore and emo moments as well. Not sure what to think of that last DONEFOR song that clocks in at almost 29 minutes long, especially considering that about 25 minutes of it is ambient/electronic stuff. Hmm—with that said, it should be pointed out that the rest of this split CD is pretty much an average release. Not bad, but not great either. (Xavier Theret, Overmars, 21 Grande Rue De La Guillotiere, 69007 Lyon, FRANCE)

THE LEVELING – Demo CDR: This three-piece from Tulsa, OK rips through eleven songs of seriously blasting punk. The songs are short, with all of them hovering around a minute long. They incorporate an edge of thrash and a bit of metal and just beat the fuck out of their instruments until there isn't any more to give. The vocals sound strained as the vocalist belts out lyrics addressing topics like war, religion, capitalism, and greed. This is a quality release and has definitely perked my interest in the band. I think they are still trying to get this release out on an actual label. So keep your eyes peeled. (The Leveling, PO Box 491, Tulsa, OK 74101)

ACTITUD SUBVERSIA/TROPIEZO – split CD: This release highlights two bands from Puerto Rico that are both actually quite good. ACTITUD SUBVERSIA starts things off with some great old school styled punk rock. They mix together some catchy upbeat punk with bursts of speed and anger. And they pack in the social and political lyrics. TROPIEZO finish off this CD with a more modern style of straightforward fast hardcore with a touch of melody holding it all together. They don't fuck around and keep their songs short and to the point. There are also some live videos of both bands on this CD. This CD was released between like nine different labels. So let me try this one for contact information. (Where's Your Anger, Craig Lewis, PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134; wheresyourangerpunk@ yahoo.com)

As always, thanks for reading my column, and get in touch if you would like me to review your grind, metal, thrash, doom, hardcore or punk band in this column. Like they say, "it's all good!" Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712; xgoatcorex@hotmail.com

"Four count warning, three chord thrash. Speaker cabinets reduced to ash. Two-minute songs, single kick beats. Hyper punk attack, the weak retreat. From Gilman

to Fandango, from Sweden to Brazil. Blown heads and broken strings, thrash continues still. The fakes will grow out of it; the true will always try. No matter what it's called this month, thrash will never die."
BRODY'S MILITIA – *Global Distortion Never Die*

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Welcome to the latest installment of the CrimethInc. recipes for disaster column. This issue, we'll learn how to deploy an anarchist ice cream truck (just in time for a hot summer, I'll bet), and how to operate a literature table. Feel free to contact us for more information, free literature to give away at your table, etc. at CrimethInc. Revolutionary Baking Brigade, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402 USA. With any luck, the Black Bloc recipe will be done in time for the next issue, in time for you folks to prepare for, say, the actions against the FTAA meeting in Miami this November. Smash bad stuff, nurture good stuff, live like there is a tomorrow…the CrimethInc. Ex-Workers

ANARCHIST ICE CREAM TRUCK

The Anarchist Ice Cream Truck is perfect for hot summer days when people are hanging out on front porches, riding bikes in the street, and playing in the local swimming pool or water park. The concept is to hand out free ice cream out of your home-made shopping cart/converted ice cream truck.

I. Ingredients

A shopping cart or bike cart
A large cooler or two
Ice (dry ice works well and is fun to play with)
Ice cream
Ice cream cones
Cherries
Chocolate sauce

A lot of people biking, skateboarding, walking, juggling, stilt walking, wearing colorful clothes, telling jokes, interviewing people, taking pictures, video recording for a documentary, and helping to serve ice cream.

II. Preparation

Ice cream: Having enough ice cream to pass out is possible with the help of free coupons for ice cream brands like Tofutti and Ben and Jerry's. One might write to these companies telling a sob story about a bad ice cream eating experience, and as if by a miracle, the company sends you two free coupons for their product. Then with the help of Kinkos…well you know the rest—and if you make them right, the bar codes still even scan! So with all the coupons for ice cream you now have, share the wealth, get as much ice cream as you can the days before you plan to rock the Anarchist Ice Cream Truck.

Ice cream truck: The Anarchist Ice Cream Truck can be a walking truck made from a shopping cart or you could have it bike powered and use a bike cart. But to convert a shopping cart, just use a little imagination. You need to be seen, so possibly attach things to the side of the cart, use bright colors, and bring along a boom-box with music you can sing along to.

II. Execution

Sing, walk in the middle of the streets, meet your neighbors and be a part of your neighborhood, have a dance party in the middle of each intersection, get the media to cover your story, get video coverage and vocal recordings and cover your own story, start an ice cream fight, fly kites, bang on pots and pans, stop in local establishments and give employees a treat, eat lots and lots of ice cream!

TABLING

Materials:
Something to give away (or, worst case scenario, sell)
Optional Materials:
Table and chairs (or blanket, etc.)
Banner or other visual aid
Clown suit, military uniform, etc.
Additional table for exchanging currency (make your own currency, and refuse to accept any other currency for your wares; direct would-be purchasers to the neighboring table, at which they can exchange their dollars or francs or whatever for rainbow-colored bills printed by the "Independent Republic of Autonomy" or whatever…only do this if it sounds like a lot of fun to make things really difficult for everyone!)

Tabling is simple—take some literature and/or other material to a public place and set it up on a table, blanket, etc. Do this at punk shows, Food Not Bombs servings, hip hop concerts, showings of radical documentaries or action movies intended to cash in on dissent, speaking engagements by left wing politicians and authors and artists, gun shows, political rallies, underground dance parties, street fairs, science fiction and comic book and technology conventions, activist conferences, college cafeterias, in the park on a sunny day. If you know they won't give you permission (or free entry) to table, act like you're doing something official and enter with no questions asked or answered (except, perhaps, "oh, me? I'm here to run the table"); if they won't let you table inside, table outside.

It's a gesture of good faith, and a demonstration of anarchist economic principles, to offer at least some (preferably most) of your stuff for free, so do your best to come up with a source of free photocopies or materials—find a pilfering friend at a copy shop (or seek employment at one yourself), misreport the number of copies you made or crack their copy-counting technology, order a big stack of free papers from some wild-eyed radical collective. You can also sell things on a sliding scale according to the means of each individual. Put out a donation jar—you'll be surprised how proactive people will be about donating what they can, once they know you're not out to make a profit. At the right event, donations alone can be enough to pay gas money even if you're traveling a great distance. Anarchist bookmobiles have succeeded in crossing the country, sharing literature everywhere they go, on the strength of mere donations and book sales.

Consider setting up a banner or similar visual by your table to increase your visibility and add atmosphere; you could also develop theater or circus acts to attract attention. Don't be shy about what you're doing, don't use euphemisms about it—that just makes people suspicious. Shouting out "Subversive propaganda! Seditious literature! Dangerous stuff here, folks—protect your children from the anarchist menace!" will endear you to fence-sitters, if you do it with the right spirit—they'll appreciate your sense of humor and hyperbole, and will want to prove that they're not so old and uptight as to be afraid of a little brush with the extreme. Make a display system that that offers easy access to a number of browsers at once and also protects fragile materials until they find good homes; you could even set up the back of a truck as an infoshop on wheels. For long tours, in the course of which cardboard boxes would get dented or soaked (note that, as the boxes empty of material, they become more and more fragile), you can pack literature and so on into those plastic crates with the interlocking plate tops that are easy to find in back of drug stores.

Besides photocopied posters and pamphlets, there are a million other things you can offer at tables: silkscreened

patches, free food (as an outreach for your local Food Not Bombs group, a strategy to detract from sales at the corporate bagel store next door, or just for its own sake), healthy substitutes for tampons, video documentaries, normal-looking clothing home-altered to transform into black bloc gear and back again, miscellaneous stolen goods, items useful for commiting community-friendly crime. One anarchist traveling circus made many hundreds of dollars to fund their other projects one summer by stealing massive quantities of somewhat-radical books from corporate bookstores and selling them at cheap prices. A table to encourage graffiti could provide young people with stolen paint pens, spraypaint, gloves, and bottles of glass etching solution, and homemade stencils and stickers. An anarchist table at a liberal anti-war demonstration could give out posters using humor to push a more radical stance.

When it comes to the question of whether it's worth the trouble, always err on the side of tabling unless you have something better to do. Even if it turns out the event is attended exclusively by Young Republicans, and no one takes anything you've brought, it's still important for us to be visible as anarchists/queers/creative people/etc. That makes it all that harder for our enemies to deny our existence, which is their most powerful weapon against us; also, whether or not we win "converts" for "the cause" (a goal of dubious value at best), it's important for people to have a basic idea of what we want and what we're doing. It may take them a number of times seeing you to work up the courage to interact with you, anyway.

Account:

We were invited by a rival anarchist collective to travel many hundreds of miles up the coast to Boston for the Wake Up the Earth festival, a family-oriented all-day event at which they had reserved spaces for tables. We brought our flying circle A with the 23-foot wingspan, and set it up in the air across from our booth to make our presence known. Our table was beside the Food Not Bombs serving tent, between the other political tables (the Socialists, Democrats, independent candidates, and other bloodsuckers) and the rest of the tables—mostly small-time capitalists hawking food and crafts. It helped quite a bit that this festival already had a sort of eco-friendly, liberal slant to it; at the same time, it was unfortunate that we were from out of town, as it meant that we couldn't connect people to local networks except by proxy.

We taped copies of our posters to hang off the sides of our table, and covered it with stacks of newspapers and boxes of pamphlets and posters filed vertically. One of us offered fortune cookies to passers-by; these were vegan chocolate chip cookies wrapped in strips of xeroxed paper. I heard one father reading his son his fortune as they walked away: "Next Christmas, dress up as Santa Claus and give children free toys off the shelves in corporate…department…stores. Hmph."

We'd brought three piñatas we had made from cardboard and paper maché to add atmosphere to the event: a black box with barred windows, reading "Prison Industrial Complex" on three sides, a sneering fat cat businessman, and a big ugly pig with "police brutality" scrawled on the sides—we'd avoided making human effigies, so as to seem like nice folks to uptight parents like the one I just mentioned. All were stuffed with stolen vegan candy, and the fat cat was also stuffed with fake dollar bills with little anticapitalist slogans printed on them. As soon as the park crowded up with people, we tossed a rope over the branch of the nearest tree and hoisted the Prison-Industrial Complex aloft. To our surprise, a small crowd of kids gathered around us immediately: "What's that?" "A piñata." "A what?" "Piñata." "Ah, a *piñata*!" one little brown-skinned girl chimed in, pronouncing it properly for us white folks. "Can we break it? Can we beat it?"

Most of the punks and anarchists in the area had gathered across from us under our flying circle A, and now a small corps of them started up a rhythm on their marching drums to build excitement. I produced a blindfold: "Who wants to go first?" "Me! Me!" Now there was a small army of kids swarming around us, tugging at the baseball bat in my hands. I picked the smallest one, spun her around in circles, and gave her three tries to swing the bat into the box, while my companions barely held back the screaming, shoving crowd. It was the closest thing to a punk show environment I can remember experiencing in a public park. One of us was pulling and releasing the rope, making the piñata swung wildly—so many kids of all sizes, and a few of their mothers, got to have a turn before it was finally smashed open and its booty spilled across the grass.

We waited an hour before putting up the next piñata, then another hour again before deploying the last one, and each was greeted with the same response. All the fake dollar bills inside the fat cat disappeared along with the candy, which was encouraging—and the atmosphere in the park was definitely transformed: imagine a mixed crowd of vagabond activists, college students, and parents of all races watching a powerful black mother aggressively swinging a baseball bat at a pig with a police hat on it as her children and about a hundred others scream "Hit it! Kill it! Get the pig!" in the middle of a placid, consumerist street fair.

As for the table, we were amazed by how many people of widely varied walks of life were excited to see it, and more excited to learn everything on it was free. We'd brought hundreds of copies each of anarchist newspapers and magazines, pamphlets for student activists, bootlegged comic books with radical commentary added, seditious posters and stickers, and punk rock patches, and it was totally bare by the end of the afternoon—and we had enough donations in the can to pay for our gas all the way up and back down the coast. A few nights later I set my hair on fire while trying to demonstrate the piñata program in my home town, but that's another story.

Soviet-style Communism is a brutal, repressive, murderous social system, and it kicked American ass in Vietnam. Fundamentalist Islam is a brutal, repressive, murderous social system, and it will kick US ass in the Middle East.

But we won the war in Iraq, didn't we?

Not even according to our presidential imposter. Like a true crusader on a holy war, Junior Bush claims Iraq was but one victorious battle in the long war against terrorism. Specifically, he declared an end to major hostilities, signaling an end to the main fighting, but not to *all* fighting in the country. So I leave it to you, has the war in Iraq even ended?

That aside, American forces and government leaders proclaim again and again that we're in Iraq only to give its people democracy and get the hell out. Odds are, the Iraqi people are going to democratically elect a hardcore Islamic government, which the US government doesn't want and which the American military will try to stop. That means an indefinite American occupation to prevent

the establishment of a fundamentalist Islamic state. That also means ever escalating popular resistance to American occupation, both in Iraq and at home. The Iraqis won't actually have to defeat the US militarily. After year upon year of bloody, futile American military occupation of Iraq, with no end in sight, the American people will force a withdrawal.

Just like in Vietnam.

There might be variations on this theme. The US might succeed in quickly installing a puppet regime that mimics the façade of western-style *bourgeois* democracy before formally withdrawing, only to have to return periodically either to prop up its puppet or prevent its outright overthrow by fundamentalist Islamists. This "soft" option seems unlikely as this column goes to press however. On May 17, 2003, *New York Times* reporter Patrick Tyler confirmed that plans to turn over Iraq to the Iraqis for self-government have been put off indefinitely, ostensibly because the inevitable collapse of a weak interim government would reflect badly on the US and British occupying powers. Just as likely a reason for forestalling any national assembly picking an interim government is that both might be dominated by Islamists of one or another stripe. Tyler's article also reported that the US/British occupation has instigated a thorough purge of the Baath Party to cut off any possibility of their resurgence in power, insuring the delay in the startup of any functioning governmental apparatus dispensing social services. Shia mosques are stepping into this vacuum by providing social services on the neighborhood level in cities and towns across southern Iraq, much as Shia clergy have stepped into the leadership vacuum at the local level. Can you smell what this is becoming? Quagmire.

Junior Bush thought Iraq would be behind him by November 2004. It's going to be very much center stage because the Iraqi people, in all probability increasingly lead by Shia fundamentalists, aren't going to wait until after the American elections to begin resisting their occupiers. Which does not mean I support the Shia fundamentalists who are going to hand America its ass in Iraq. I certainly don't glorify them as some first wave of postmodernist insurrection, *ala* deaf-dumb-and-blind idiots Hardt and Negri. Nor do I have some necrophilic nostalgia for the hideous, though apparently still breathing Saddam Hussein or his goose-stepping Baath Party. I never supported the Viet Cong or the NVA or Ho Chi Minh during the Vietnam War either. It's not supporting "the enemy" to point out that the US has once again stepped ass-deep into a swamp full of alligators, and that America is going to get chewed up bad before this is all over.

Me, I like to look for the home front opportunities in Junior Bush's endless world war against terrorism and equally endless occupation of Iraq and Afghanistan. And by this I'm not talking about the very small comfort to be had from the distinct possibility that, like father like son, Junior Bush will go down in flames come November 2004 thanks to underestimating the consequences of invading Iraq and totaling the American economy in the process.

Historically, American long-term involvement in war invariably facilitates a rise in labor organizing and activity at home. This was true during the first and second World Wars under the IWW and CIO respectively, and during the Korean War under the AFL-CIO. The Vietnam War and the anti-war movement were an invisible lynchpin for the variety of other protest movements rife during the '60's and '70's, from the apolitical hippie counterculture to the insurrectionary black power movement. What is often neglected about the '60's is the decent-sized labor revolt that occurred as well, from the staid AFL-CIO through upstart but legitimate unionizing campaigns epitomized by the United Farm Workers to far more seditious black proletarian organizing around the Detroit Revolutionary Union Movement.

In these historical examples, most American workers were nothing if not gung-ho patriotic and willing to die for their country. They were also smart enough to take advantage of their increased social leverage through labor organizing, protest and direct action, what with the war effort dependent upon a smooth running economy, and thanks to the organizing efforts of small numbers of not-so-patriotic workers interested in turning imperialist war into class war. Most recently, the west coast Longshoremen were able to stave off an industry lockout and cut a sweet deal in the fall of 2002 with the help of pressure from the Feds, thanks to Junior Bush wanting a well-oiled domestic economy functioning to keep military operations in Afghanistan and the military buildup for Iraq running without a hitch.

In a word, we need to revive the class war on the home front as counterpoint to Junior Bush's world war against international terrorism. We need to hand the capitalist ruling class their collective ass through a general uprising using protest, direct action, sabotage, and class warfare, based upon an out-and-out rebellion against work itself. Just exactly how to do that will be the subject of my next column.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

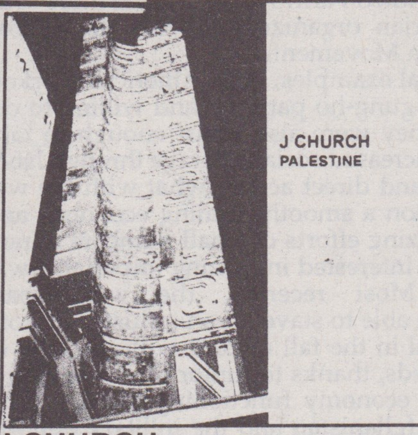
Looking at a faded photo of what once was. It's hard to believe there was so much pride and honesty in what you wrote. You're making a comeback ten years later, what the fuck should I think? You want our money? Fuck you man, you ain't getting it from me.
—CARRY ON, "What Once Was"

Back on the Edge Wagon

Well, one of my favorite bands of all time is reuniting for a European tour. YOUTH OF TODAY (Ray, Porcell, Sammy and Tim from BOLD) will be touring Europe for two weeks starting in June. You can check out the tour dates at **www.revelationrecords.com/tourdates/**. This is just sad. Let's not focus so much on the fact that they were an outspoken straight edge band whose members all went on to break their edge years ago. I would rather focus more on what this band's guarantee will be for each show. I am sure it is outrageous, and I am sure Europe is willing to foot the bill. At least Walter realizes once again how fucking lame this is. Positive Financial Outlook indeed.

Fest-fully Clean!

Everyone's got a hardcore fest these days. Some kids in Southern California are starting what will hopefully be an annual tradition called the Sink With California Festival. It will be held in Los Angeles, and the tentative dates are the 9th and 10th of August. They have about 25 bands confirmed to play so far, including a few special guests. A website is in the works, but until then email Al at sinkwithcalifest@hotmail.com.



J CHURCH
Palestine

A new CD of all unreleased material recorded as a demo for an unreleased album from back in '97. Includes "Not Proud Of The USA", "State Of Things" and the "Underground trilogy. This CD is a benefit to help pay for the losses from the fire that destroyed most of the band and record label stuff.
$10 post paid.

DFI
self-titled CD

Fourth full length release from Didonato from Illinois. This disc is a genius mixture of the Fucking Champs, Orthrelm, Ween and Fantomas. Even the song titles speak volumes: "Myopic Dystopia", "The Devil May Not Care", "Crystal With A 'K'", and "The Dudes Are Stoked".
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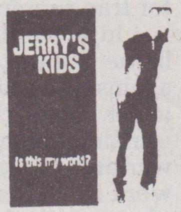

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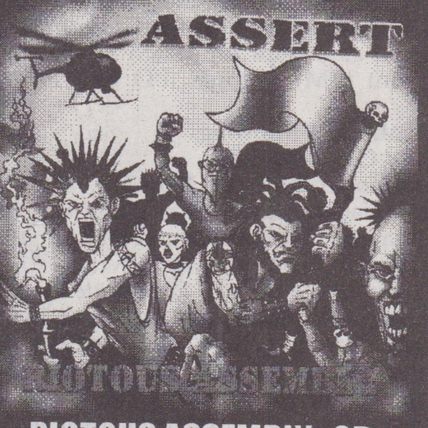

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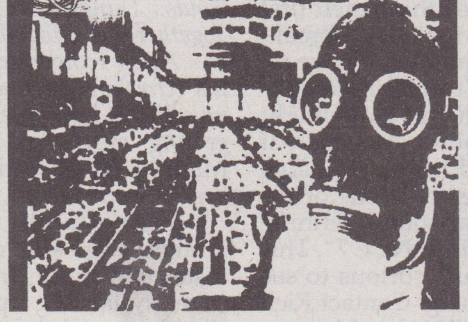

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PUNK FOREVER

Positive Numbers Fest just added a few bands on the roster that might make some of you cream your camo cut-offs. Your favorite Diesel jean poster boys GIVE UP THE GHOST have just been added, as well as West coast sweethearts, CHAMPION. DAMAGE CONTROL has been asked to represent the Norway contingent in Pennsylvania. BANE and INTERNAL AFFAIRS have also been confirmed. And let's not forget the biggest and most infamous of edge-breaking bands: SLAPSHOT. That's right, the almighty SLAPSHOT is playing. Don't let my sarcasm fool you; I am actually really excited to see this band. Unlike YOUTH OF TODAY, this band never really broke up; they just got shitty and toured around Europe for a while. If you are looking to play the fest, or want additional information, check out www.homebase-shows.com.

Two Great Reasons to Own a CD Player

A complete MOUTHPIECE discography is in the works from the same people that put out the FIRST STEP. Livewire Records just recently announced the CD will include both their 7"s, all their comp tracks, a remix of their classic *What Was Said* LP, a never before seen music video, and some extra CD features. I shouldn't have to explain how rad this band was, but for all you new jacks, MOUTHPIECE was one of the small handful of American straight edge bands playing traditional straight edge hardcore from the early to mid-90s. A lot of critics used to make fun of them for playing an outdated style and not going along with the times when shitty metal-core was the *only* thing people listened to. They held their ground, and I personally felt that they were an integral part in waking up a scene that was otherwise dead to me. Tim, their vocalist, went on to do HANDS TIED and FACE THE ENEMY. Get into it.

Livewire also announced that they are releasing a Bold live CD with a bunch of extra goodies. I've always heard that BOLD was legendary live as compared to in the studio, which I hope is the case since the BOLD *Speak Out* LP is one of the worst produced LPs on the Revelation Records roster. The CRIPPLED YOUTH 7" is classic, and their s/t record is one of my favorite 4 song 7"s of all time, but the LP is so weak sounding I just can't get into it. *Watch As Time Moves Past* will feature Bold's much coveted final Anthrax show in its entirety (with Tom Capone of BEYOND/QUICKSAND fame on guitar). Also featured on this ultra-full-length CD will be choice sets chosen by the members of Bold themselves, as well as tons of pictures and liner notes. Livewire seems to be determined on securing Bold's place in history as one of the most incredible straight edge hardcore bands ever. Hopefully this will do the trick. Hey, anything has to sound better than their LP right? The release date is scheduled for late summer of 2003. You can go to www.livewire-records.com for more info.

Stuff Sent In

To start things off, we have a CD demo of a band from DC called CRIME SPREE. Replace Dave Byrd from STRIKING DISTANCE with the guy from INFEST, and you might just get CRIME SPREE. While I think their first track is really good, I am not so sure the heavy break-down fits in with the rest of their material. They have no problem bringing the mosh, but I don't think it compliments their sound very well. Then again, this band might be leaning more towards the heavier sound. Especially if their vocalist that sent in the demo told me not to judge them by their last track (which happens to be one of the faster and better tracks). The huge guitar sound definitely reminded me of the last STRIKING DISTANCE 7". This is still a good demo all around. I am just curious to see what direction this band ends up choosing. Contact Rich and find out. 4870 Fort Totten Dr. NE #204, Washington, DC 20011 or dccrimespree@yahoo.com.

Moving to the opposite end of the continent, we have a demo from a band out of my personal hometown of Slow Death (otherwise known as San Diego). S.B.V. have members of OVER MY DEAD BODY and STICKFIGURE-CAROUSEL, but you would never know when listening to this 8-song demo of raging, raw hardcore. The first thing that comes to my mind when I pushed play on my tape deck was UNITY (sans the overly simplistic lyrics). Instead, songs range from attacking George W. Bush ("Oblivious George") to criticizing the whole tough-guy dancing spectacle in "Dick Clark is Not Impressed". I wouldn't mind if this was just a *little* bit better produced. Then I could hear the bass and drums better. I imagine with better production this could end up sounding like UNIFORM CHOICE. U.C. or UNITY? Either way you win. Representin' the Slow Death in full effect. Contact Chad at 4419 Louisiana St. #3, San Diego, CA 92116 or email him at xsepticedgex@cox.net.

Next up is a rad hardcore zine out of Las Vegas called *Running In Place*. I love zines like this that document what's going on in a particular scene at a particular moment. Especially when it's a smaller scene that doesn't get that much coverage. Bobby seems like a really sincere guy who is pumped about his scene. Content includes your standard music reviews, a local scene report, some good photographs, and interviews with CURL UP AND DIE, LIGHT THE FUSE AND RUN, FADED GREY, THE LOUD PIPES, and FOLSOM. This zine is definitely worth your support. Keep 'em coming Bobby. Send $1 to Bobby Franks, 4864 Yuma Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89104.

Last but not least is a CD I received from a friend of a friend of a band called THE NOVEMBER GROUP out of Seattle. Titled *Hang Us All as Traitors*, this CD contains eight tracks of really good politically charged hardcore that takes cues from their Seattle predecessors BOTCH. While not as technically proficient as BOTCH, I would put this more in the realm of a BORN AGAINST with a heavier, more discordant edge. The first song, "John Ashcroft is a Terrorist", fucking smokes. The CD comes in an interesting cardboard case with top-notch art design. You can order this from (EM) Records, PO Box 14728, Portland, OR 97203.

I Think It's a Mailbag.
How Can You Tell?
Didn't You Notice its Little Balls?

This month we are reaching into the mailbag to read some feedback from readers of the column. Here are just a few comments: Ronny from Pennsylvania writes, *"I'm glad MRR came to its senses and decided to dedicate a little more coverage to HC. I've been reading that mag since 1986, and for the past five years, I can't say that I read it out of anything other than habit. So I'm really glad to see a column like yours. The feeling I got was that your column will be geared more toward sxe hc, which is cool, but please don't forget about the non-edge bands. Honestly, if I had one wish for this scene, it would be that bands wouldn't be defined by their agendas anymore. Like, hardcore bands would simply be 'hardcore bands.' Things need to be mixed again, like the cover of Walk Together, Rock Together."*

Andy from Minneapolis writes *"Hey, I'd just like to say it's refreshing to read your columns as of late. I'm not edge myself, but I'm quite a big HC fan, so its nice to see its not all getting overlooked in MRR. I know HC kids here in Minneapolis who have started reading again for the sole purpose of your column, keep up the good work!"*

Thanks for the comments. As far as covering only the straight edge side of hardcore, I certainly don't limit my tastes to just the straight edge genre, but its coverage *was* severely lacking up until this column. If its in the traditional vein of hardcore (read: not metal) and its good, then

it will probably end up here regardless if its straight edge or not. Just keep the feedback coming, especially if you think I should be covering your band, zine, demo, record, etc.

On a related topic, the demos, CDs, records, and zines are starting to trickle in for review. Unless it's a demo, make sure you are sending a copy to *MRR* also! I can't guarantee a review, where as *MRR* most likely can. Sheesh.

You can send hate mail to: The Neck, 800 Font Blvd, San Francisco, CA 94132 or email me ih8thekids@hotmail.com. *My address is changing next month, so take note.*

"Basically," I said to Evan, as we sat in his father's car, driving over the Williamsburg Bridge, "It's about the space-time continuum. And all the problems that that presents."

Evan just shrugged his shoulders, and tried not to laugh.

"It's like this, time is measured on a straight line. Point A. Point B. Etc. If you took that straight line, and folded it into a circle, like a hoola-hoop, then things get strange. Point B, could, presumably, come before point A."

"You've been watching too much of the Sci-Fi Network," Evan remarked.

"No, really," I screamed at him, "It's true, and not only does time become non-linear, it is conceivable that since time is now looped, one can travel through the center of the circle, going from Point A, to, um, let's say, Point K. This would be comparable to Einstein's idea of traveling at the speed of light."

"Your theories are a cross between *Quantum Leap* and *Star Trek*," Evan told me, annoyed.

"You don't get it," I said, actually foaming at the mouth, "I could travel back in time. Kill Hitler. Save Kennedy. Fuck that aerobics instructor from school!"

"George," said Evan calmly, "You are way too fucked up. You can't do this to yourself anymore. If this continues, we are going to have to fire our drummer. John. He and his..."

As Evan talked, I heard his last word first, and his first word last. The time loop. Then, as we pulled into Manhattan, I suddenly found myself exiting Furious George rehearsal back in Brooklyn with my guitar in hand, saying goodnight to John, and his mother. Then the bright lights started, and I felt *that door* open. The one where I hear that "whooshing" sound.

Suddenly I was back in the car with Evan, and he was telling me that I watch too much of the Sci-Fi Network. Deja Vu. Again?

I began to panic. The space-time line had actually rolled over, and I was now traveling through it. Alone. And scared.

Suddenly I began to scream wildly in the front seat of Evan's dad's car.

"Evan," I yelled, "Ya gotta call Al and Ziggy, Captain Picard or Q., or them worms that make the 'Spice' in *Dune*. I'm inter-dimensional time traveling and I can't stop."

Evan sort of grinned, and then calmly said, "George, I warned you, Pussies shouldn't smoke pot."

*****

It was all our drummer's fault. John. He's the one who had the weed. Killer weed.

Well, maybe it wasn't his fault. But I'd like to blame him anyway. Actually, I should have known better. Much better.

When I was seventeen, and in my junior year of high school, this kid, Kevin Beach, rolled a joint.

Kevin was the big reefer dealer of Leon High School, in Tallahassee, Florida. Everyone went to him to get their stuff. I, of course, was way above buying the stuff. It was given to me because I was so cool. Or so I like to think. The truth was I was always broke, and my friends were such potheads that they always had a bong hidden in their lockers and the ashtrays in their cars were full of weed. So I'd bum it off them and get fucked up. Usually before first period. Like at 7:45 in the morning.

One day, after working a particularly nasty shift a night earlier at my bag boy job at Publix, I decided that I'd spring for a whole joint of my own. And spend a whole dollar. So I talked to my pothead friends, Dave, Mike, and Peter, about where to get the best "stuff."

They all told me the same thing. Kevin Beach was the main dealer of the school, and his shit was "rad."

I told them I'd never met Kevin, and should I be scared? I imagined some big tall guy with nasty dreads, big chains around his neck, and semi-automatic weapons holstered under his arms.

They told me Kevin was an OK dude, and set up a meeting with him and me in the school parking lot, after school.

When the three o'clock bell rang, I went to the flagpole, where I was to meet Kevin, and purchase "the stuff." As I stood there waiting for the school's biggest drug dealer, some kid in black-framed glasses walked up to me. He was wearing a button-up paisley shirt, and green trousers, and his wavy brown hair was a mess.

"What's up?" said the Jerry Lewis looking guy to me.

"Um, not much," I answered.

"So, what's it gonna be?" he asked.

"What's what gonna be?" I answered back. Why was this guy bothering me? I'd seen him in my chemistry class. And Home-Ec, too. He was always in his own little world, and he reminded me of Dilton Doily, from The Archie comic books.

"What's it gonna be?" he repeated, annoyed.

Then it hit me. This was Kevin. He wasn't ten feet tall, with huge rings on his fingers, gold teeth, and chains that would sink the Titanic, he was, well, shit, me. Well, without the leather jacket, of course.

"Um, I wanna buy some, um, marijuana," I said to him, as quietly as I could.

"What kind?" was his answer.

Suddenly I found myself fumbling during my first big drug deal. My one-dollar joint. What did he mean "what kind?" David, Mike, and Peter mentioned nothing about kind.

"Um, what kind?" I repeated.

"That's what I said," answered Kevin, annoyed. I think his glasses began to get fogged up.

I thought for a second, and then said "regular." Like I was at a gas station or something. I figured unleaded sounded too weird.

"Regular what?" barked Kevin Beach, annoyed.

I stammered.

"Regular Hawaiian? Regular Thai Stick? Regular Mexican Gold? Regular Mexican Red? Regular Tallahassee Green?"

"Um, whatever I can get for a dollar," was my answer.

Kevin then explained that the Tallahassee Green he grew himself, in piles of cowshit, and was the cheapest, and also gave you a great buzz.

"I'll take that," I said, slipping him a one-dollar bill in the palm of my hand, like my grandfather used to slip me

money. At Chanukah.

He then opened a cigar box full of joints, pointed to the "Tallahassee Green" section, and told me to pick one. I did.

It was the worst choice I ever made in my life.

***

The next morning before school, on the way to our bus stop, I lit up the joint and smoked the whole thing myself. When I'd gotten home the day before, I'd hid it inside the body of one of my G.I. Joes. It was easy, I just popped off his head, and stuck it in there. It was as good as a place as any. And my parents wouldn't find it.

Unfortunately, our dog, Sassy, a Great Dane, did. I found her running around later the evening with my doll in her mouth.

"Bad Sassy," I yelled at my nearly 200 pound dog, "give George back his G.I. Joe."

Finally after some negotiating, and offers of my dad's raw Filet Mignon in the refrigerator, I got my doll back. Joint, unharmed. And Sassy got her steak. And my Dad yelled at my stepmom, and had to eat frozen pizza.

So I smoked the whole thing and got a good buzz as I waited for the bus.

Then I got a better buzz.

And better.

And even better.

And then better than that.

Something was wrong.

Then that door "whooshed" open. And the buzz was too good. I was too high. Suddenly lights began to blink all around me, and I found myself lighting the joint up for the first time. Then I found myself waking up. Then in school, a day earlier, talking to Mike, Pete, and David.

As the colors, and time traveling became more intense, all I could think was that I had been poisoned, and was gonna die, like some drugged-out kid on *The Mod Squad.*

While all this was happening, my brothers and stepsisters were laughing at me at the bus stop. They said my eyes got "totally weird," and I looked like Frankenstein.

The next thing I knew I began to run home, not wanting to go to school like this. Then, as I ran, I watched myself run. Up hills. I saw myself in my blue corduroys, white Izod shirt, and Nike All-Courts. I asked myself how I was doing, and I answered "Not too well."

The rest of that day was spent jumping in and out of different dimensions, while being out of my body the whole time.

Eventually it got really bad, and I had a near death experience and ended up in the hospital. But that's another story.

Two weeks later, the lab tests came back on the roach of the joint Kevin Beach had sold me. I'd hidden it back in G.I. Joe. This time, in his head, though. I later gave it to my shrink, who had it tested, anonymously.

"Well George," said Dr. Kennedy, as I sat in his office, reading *Highlights* (that Goofus and Gallant really crack me up) "besides pot in the joint, we found large traces of LSD and PCP."

"Huh?" I said, not knowing what the fuck he was talking about.

"LSD is Acid—stuff hippies took in the 60s to find themselves. PCP is Angel Dust. Bad shit," the doctor explained.

"You mean Angel Dust as in that stuff I saw on *Quincy* last week?" I asked.

"Same stuff. You are lucky you are not dead. There was enough Acid and Dust in there to kill an elephant. Why you are alive is beyond me," explained Dr. Kennedy.

I said nothing. I was in shock.

"I'm not going to ask you the name of the guy who gave you the stuff, but make sure he doesn't do this to anyone else," Dr. Kennedy then told me.

I told him I would.

"And also, I hate to say this, but expect long term brain damage from this event, as well as kissing the idea of ever smoking pot again good-bye. Your brain now knows how to trip instantly. Even a hint of the stuff could send you flying. Sorry."

I thanked him and left.

The next day at school, Mike, David, Peter, and me confronted Kevin Beach. I told him about the joint, and he explained to me that that joint was meant for another drug dealer, Leon, who was taking away some of his business. He explained that he was gonna kill Leon, make it look like an overdose, and then have run of the whole school, as well as the nearby junior high.

We then took the baseball bats out from behind our backs, and sent him into right field. Pretty much for good.

"What's the matter?" asked Wendy as I walked through our apartment door, with my guitar in one hand, and a stupid smile on my face.

"I smoked pot at rehearsal," I said, grinning stupidly.

"You what?" she screamed.

"John had some, and so I tried it. But I didn't inhale."

Wendy looked at me. Visibly shaken. She knew my bad history with marijuana. Every time I even smelled smoke in the past, I began to trip. Now that I smoked it, I was gonna be in trouble.

"I'm fine," I said to her, "It's just that the space-time line is fucked, and I'm dimension hopping."

She kind of laughed, then asked me what was the matter as I walked through our apartment door, with my guitar in one hand, and a stupid smile on my face.

Suddenly, I found myself falling through that open door, like I did in high school. I saw myself talking to Wendy, and time began to move, well, sideways.

The next thing I knew I was laying on our couch, telling her I was gonna die, and that I saw my fate quite clearly.

She then smiled at me and said, "What's the matter?" as I walked through our apartment door, with my guitar in one hand, and a stupid smile on my face.

She then took a thermometer out of my mouth and sighed. My temperature had dropped three whole degrees, and my fingers and toes where swollen. I was having a very, very bad reaction.

Suddenly I found myself on The Williamsburg Bridge in Evan's Father's car, and Nick, my stepdad, was with us. Then he was sitting on the couch, by my feet, telling me I'd be OK. And sort of laughing.

After a few hours of quantum leaping, I found myself back in my own time, with Wendy and Nick looking at me with real concern.

Wendy had called Nick when I started freaking out big time, and it turns out he'd been over for hours, helping her take care of me.

When I could finally speak, I told them both I'd never, ever, even try pot again.

Nick just kind of laughed, then, in what I swear was Evan's voice, he said, "George, Pussies shouldn't smoke pot".

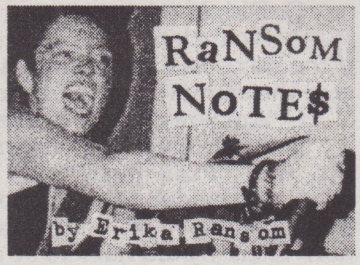
Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. The new Anti-Seen 'CD rocks. As do lots of records I've been listening to lately. Check out the new Dean Dean & The Sex Machines seven incher. Also, Marky Ramone and The Speed Kings, Whole Hog, Gimantus, the Shemps, and Matt from Dick Army's new band which he won't tell me the name of.
3. Honestly, drugs suck.

4. Keep sending in those ideas for your favorite stories I've written–the book thing may happen very soon, thanks to all of you! THANK YOU!

Distracted Thoughts on Propaganda from a Cable Access Diva



The days blur and run together as my projects and passions fill my time to breaking. I try not to panic.

I focus on what's important, try to find my stride. And when this fails, I drink fermented brews with friends until we're kicked out of the bar and I stumble home. I wake up feeling like shit and go to work, and start my day all over again. I dream on the bus, and find inspiration from the pinpoints of light breaking off the Charles as the #64 passes over, crossing from Cambridge into lower Allston, my neighborhood in the collection of buildings and people known as Boston.

Last month I began to talk about my cable access television show *Roach Motel*, and cable access as an important way people can create a small rip, another opening for dialogue and community opinions to be heard, in the monolithic wall of corporate-controlled, for-profit media here in the US.

I have long been fascinated by the life-long deluge of state propaganda, social coding, and multimedia advertising that passes for the bulk of "news" and entertainment for over two hundred million people in the US. It intrigues me because it is one of the few ways I can account for our current dire predicament–a few people are plundering our country and the world as we sit idly by–and the lack of rioting in the streets.

Propaganda creates story lines that change how people view the world. It is a very powerful psychological tool, that for now is one of the most persuasive forces keeping working class Americans in line.

Edward Bernays is an important figure in any conversation of purposeful deceit. Edward was a conceited social scientist who, starting in the 20s, built upon the ideas of his uncle Sigmund Freud and contemporary French and English scholars to both shape public opinion, and sell products that people didn't need.

For example, Edward is known for such advertising triumphs as helping to change the way Americans viewed cigarettes during World War I. At that time, only 17 percent of women smoked, and that was the market niche his client, American Tobacco, was after. Edward pulled stunts such as staging a smoking women's "march" down Fifth Avenue to tie smoking with women's liberation, and coined such phrases as "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet," to appeal to the incoming fashion of thinness. Edward also had medical experts claim smoking was, "the correct way to finish a meal" as it "prevented overeating."

Needless to say, his efforts were successful. In 1928, American Tobacco's sales rose by $32 million, and Lucky Strikes showed the greatest increase in sales of any brand that year.

Even more troubling was Edward's involvement in foreign affairs on behalf of such clients as the United Fruit Company. When Guatemalan President Arbenz began to push land reform in the 50s, United Fruit Company feared losing banana farms and its stranglehold on Guatemala's workers and economy.

Edward worked behind-the-scenes to change United Fruit's prospects, and that meant that the legally-elected-and-popular President Arbenz had to go. Edward instructed his team to feed stories to the US press and politicians that Guatemala was the next Red Menace. Edward circulated pamphlets and "fact sheets," sponsored selected press visits to the country, and generally did all he could to change the American public's perception of Guatemala.

Within a couple of years, people began to believe the Communists were coming to destroy the world, and the small country of Guatemala was as dangerous as the Black Plague. Arbenz, who was committed to redistributing wealth to the disfranchised, must be stopped by any means.

In 1952, according to declassified CIA reports, US President Truman gave the CIA approval to begin shipping guns and money to opposition forces in Guatemala and training mercenaries. Two years later, President Arbenz was forced to step down, and over the next forty years, a succession of military rulers waged counterinsurgency warfare that caused the deaths of an estimated 250,000 Guatemalans.

Edward Bernays took propaganda seriously, as did the United Fruit Company and the United States government. Propaganda creates realities in people's heads, and can lead to genocide. It's dangerous.

But I digress, and think of my smashed guitar. At the end of my song, "Fight War" the other night, I snapped, and threw my guitar to the wind. Plastic breaks and I continue.

My point is that if you study propaganda, the manipulation of the masses, you have to understand how it works, and where the organizers and thinkers were coming from. Know your enemy.

In his groundbreaking book *Propaganda*, considered to be one of the founding books of modern public relations, Edward Bernays stated, "The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society." In other words, if the public wasn't manipulated and made to draw certain conclusions, people might think for themselves, and what would that bring?

Certainly, for the wealthy elite, nothing good.

Edward thought the leadership (a few elite "intelligent men") should "regiment the public mind every bit as much as an army regiments the bodies of its soldiers." This is the essence of his theory of engineering consent.

It is the age-old adage of the carrot vs. the stick. You can either beat a mule to work, or offer it a carrot. Either way, it's manipulation, but the carrot is obviously a softer approach.

Propaganda is the carrot that keeps the masses where the leadership wants them. It convinces people to go along with policies that harm workers and the environment that benefit the elite and business class. It convinces people to buy stupid shit like SUVs and wrap their houses up in duct tape and plastic. It leads people to disbelieve their very lives and consequences in favor of the American Dream.

Today propaganda is everywhere. Even on my bus. Inside and out, all sides covered. Bernays would be amazed.

Think of the blazing success of the propaganda surrounding the Iraq war. While the rest of the world viewed the war in Iraq as an unprovoked US invasion, Americans at home were continually sold the idea that the war was another fight for "freedom," a battle of good versus evil, and would make the world a safer place.

In one sense, those ideas are definitely easier to go

along with than the idea that thousands of people, both Iraqi and a few Americans, died for oil, greed and power. The patriotic photo ops left out the grim realities of Iraqi children left without their heads, and US soldiers tortured and left in shallow graves. That would lead to different conclusions, would bring up the wrong types of ideas. Better to stick with images of red, white and blue, and soldiers in tanks saying "hi" to the folks back home.

For Americans who didn't swallow the lies, and protested, the state used the stick–rubber bullets, jail, harassment, deportment, pepper spray and the like. As I mentioned last month, the anti-war viewpoint was also quashed by the national media, especially by the major television networks.

Ah, and that brings me back to television.

Noam Chomsky said it well in *Profit Over People,* "Over and over again, it rams into your head messages designed to destroy your mind and separate you from other people. That eventually has an effect. What's happening with TV is part of something much broader. Elites always regard democracy as a major threat, something that has to be defended against. It's been well understood for a long time that the best defense against democracy is to distract people."

Are you paying attention?

Basic issues, like the fact that the top wealthiest 5 percent of Americans now hold more than 60 percent of all household wealth, and the current President is a stooge for ultra-conservative warmongers determined to reshape the world in the interests of US business and elite, are being pushed aside. Other problems, such as the growing hole in the ozone layer, and global warming (due to burning fossil fuels) are not even being talked about seriously or consistently by mainstream US news outlets.

We are too busy tuning in, and dropping out. Or working two jobs just to pay the rent. Or feeling too alienated, small and powerless to do anything. Or too busy trying to survive our own small worlds to concern ourselves with anything bigger. It's too much.

Distraction. And we are all left scratching in the dirt while our lives, communities, and possibilities are being reshaped around us.

Once again I funnel energies of anger into music, and create melodies that dance with angry bees inside my heart. For me, it is a way of emotional release, a way to share thoughts and feelings about this situation we are in. Because I too feel hopeless and small sometimes.

This column zigzags this month as I'm distracted, getting ready to tour, getting ready to shove off into the mainland, cross the plains, wave at the Great Lakes, feel a hot Texas breeze on my face. Watch a hundred punk bands from Boston to the west coast and back again. Say goodbye to my routine for a month and take to the road.

Tired, excited, frustrated, waiting, I try to stick to the subject. The importance of a people's media and how to get your own damn television show.

In my kitchen this weekend, hanging out late with John, Adam and Gabby from MOLOTOV COCKTAIL (who had played in Boston earlier that night) we drank our way through a case of Pabst until the sun began to rise.

John was interested in starting his own kick ass cooking show, and this prompted a drunken punk conversation of cable access Q&A. Let me share real and largely imagined highlights. It's an overview of how easy it can be to bypass FOX, CBS, NBC and CNN and say whatever it is you need or want to say on television, reaching thousands of homes on the glowing screen.

Q: How did you get your show in Boston?

A: I sent in a membership form to BNN (Boston Neighborhood Network, Boston's cable access center), proof of residency (copy of my driver's license) and $30. Then every month, I send them an hour-long tape with my show in the mail. With a nice note of course.

Q: Did they have to approve your show?

A: No fucking way. I just filled out a form that asked if the show had adult language, and signed a form that said the show was my responsibility.

Q: Are you censored, like on the radio?

A: I say, "Fuck this imperialist war," every chance I get. And "Fuck Bush too!" On television, you aren't allowed slander, sedition or obscene material. And that's for the courts to decide, not the cable access station. There would have to be a court order to take me off the air. Ha! Think of all the crap that's on mainstream television. My show is pretty tame compared to all the hundreds of murders and rapes I've seen on TV.

We continued talking about everything and nothing, and two days later my kitchen still smells of warm cheap beer.

Random people are starting to yell "Roach Motel!" on the bus and at the grocery store. It's a little weird but awesome, like a video fanzine that's available to thousands of people all over town.

In the US, about 87 percent of homes are wired to cable. As media activists like Free Speech Television and Independent Media expand and strengthen their networks of local groups around the country, cable access is an exciting next step. More people are tuned into television than the Internet, and cable access is easier to get involved with than college radio. It's just another part of the US media machine waiting to be infiltrated by people like you and me.

Last week, Noam Chomsky spoke at a sold-out event in Cambridge at the Parish Church, right in Harvard Square. The subject was "The War in Iraq, Terrorism and the Bush Administration."

Being an avid Noam fan, and cable access diva–not to mention someone who sees the Iraq war as the most recent crimes against humanity–I was right up front, sitting on the floor, about seven feet away from Noam's feet.

Not only was I glad to hear his speech, but I also had a video camera borrowed from CCTV (Cambridge Community Television, the cable access station of Cambridge where I work) and recorded the entire event. The next morning, I did some slight editing for length, added a snazzy blue title bar at the bottom of the screen, tagged on an intro about the event in the beginning, and titles and credits at the end. Ta da.

Three hours later I had another episode of *Cambridge Responds,* a show that I started on March 20, the day after this most recent war began.

I gave my finished tape to CCTV, and at 9 pm, during the scheduled *Cambridge Responds* time slot, Noam Chomsky–one of America's best thinkers, but seldom seen in mainstream media–was wired to the 25,000 homes that have cable in Cambridge.

Ha!

That was a good day. And I felt that little rip in the monolithic media machine, saw a tiny speck of light, like from the sun bouncing off the Charles.

P.S. I've been overwhelmed getting ready for tour, producing two cable access shows, working, playing shows, recording an album and being sick and tired. I suppose that's a good excuse for not getting my paperwork to the post office and getting a PO box. Oh well. If you have anything to say, send it telepathically or write a letter to *MRR.*

Cheers to all the punx around the world, and to

CZOLGOSZ and MOLOTOV in Europe! Ransom@theprofits.org.

Anne of (*Aunt Franne Zine*) and I were on a trip to Nashville for the wedding of Matt Drastic (of the Teen Idols). We had this conversation in a hotel room.

ME: When you last saw me I was a gay, punk, vegetarian, non-smoking, anti-drug straight edge kinda guy. Which one of those things am I no longer?
ANNE: (long pause) Vegetarian.
ME: Correct. Good guess. I'm no longer a vegetarian. You're still vegetarian right?
ANNE: Yes.
ME: How does it make you feel that I'm not a vegetarian anymore?
ANNE: Surprised!
ME: I'm into the Dr. Atkins diet now. Do you know what that is?
ANNE: Oh *no*! The diet that makes you have a heart attack! Because you're only gonna eat things that clog your arteries!
ME: In order to lose weight, you gotta eat maximum amounts of meat and cheese. Lots of bacon and beef and stuff like that. Not that I'm overweight, but I'd like to have a six-pack stomach, and if you noticed, I lost five pounds.
ANNE: I'd rather be fat and have a healthy heart than have clogged arteries and eat the Atkins diet. I believe that you definitely lose weight on it, but I don't think it's healthy.
ME: Why are *you* a vegetarian?
ANNE: Oh, that's such a hard question to answer. The first time that I thought about it was when I was first meeting a lot of people in the punk rock scene. They were into animal rights and a lot of them were vegetarian. They were giving me all those pamphlets that showed me how the animals were in cages. They were being factory-farmed for food and chickens were getting their beaks cut off. All this horrible treatment of animals.
ME: So it was a real punk-related thing.
ANNE: Totally. I was starting to think, "Well, the people who don't eat meat are healthier, probably." Because these people were saying, "Meat is bad for you and our bodies weren't made to eat meat." That's what people were telling me. I'm not saying that I agree with that anymore. But, I think that maybe our long intestines are so long that they're not necessarily designed for meat, because it takes a long time for the meat to go through. The other thing is not really so much the meat, but the things that they put in the meat, like the hormones that they shoot into the animals.
ME: You know they put chemicals and pesticides on vegetables too.
ANNE: I know. But it's not hormones. But, it was more about the way they *treat* the animals, in the farming of food. That was the big thing. Also, I just wanted to try it just to see if I could do it. What the heck, right?
ME: Since I started the Atkins diet, I started to lose weight. Why do you think this book is so popular and that people are losing weight?
ANNE: Um, I don't know why it works, but apparently it works. I don't dispute that. But I think a diet of meat *can't* be healthy. Being thin has to be balanced with having a healthy heart, and low cholesterol, and good arteries and stuff.
ME: I used to think that too. But Atkins's book says protein and animal fat is healthy and that what's unhealthy are carbohydrates. Then I thought about how our ancestors in the ice age certainly weren't able to pick fruit off the trees or harvest wheat in the fields. All they ate was probably meat and that's probably all that kept humanity alive during the Ice Age.
ANNE: True. But it's *not* the Ice Age now.
ME: No, but what it says to me is that only eating meat can't be all that unhealthy.
ANNE: They had a different lifestyle.
ME: I used to think we were supposed to be vegetarians because our teeth don't look like dog's teeth, with big fangs. I used to think we were all supposed to be naturally vegetarians but we ran out of vegetables and were unnaturally forced to eat meat, and by some accident we didn't die. But then I realized all the intelligent animals are carnivores, or omnivores. Dogs, chimps, dolphins, cats. Dumb animals eat vegetables. Cows, deer, buffalo, sheep. Most predators' eyes are in front of their faces like ours. Herbivores' eyes are on the sides of their heads.
ANNE: I'm not saying that I think vegetarianism is the answer. Vegetarian is the way I chose to make my life. I do not think that's mandatory for everyone. I'm not a vegetarian activist. I don't believe that everyone should become a vegetarian.
ME: Are you a vegetarian or a vegan?
ANNE: A vegetarian.
ME: Why not go all the way and become a vegan? I bet all those punk pamphlets were advocating veganism.
ANNE: Not back then. Actually I don't remember hearing about veganism until a few years later. I don't know if veganism was that well known back in 1987. I haven't been able to do vegan. I can't give up all that stuff and live a normal life.
ME: A vegan won't eat eggs or cheese.
ANNE: Oh, I eat cheese. Oh, yeah I do. I don't have the willpower to give that up.
ME: My friend Steve said he used to really look up to his older brother. Then his older brother decided to go away and leave New York to spend his life living in California at the Yoga Institute, lighting candles to his spiritual leader. But one time he came back home for a visit and their mother was making breakfast for them. Their mother was making eggs and Steve's brother said, "I don't eat eggs anymore, mother." Then she said, "But you always loved eggs." And he said, "Well I don't eat eggs anymore because my spiritual leader says we cannot eat anything that was life or had the potential for life." So Steve turned to his brother and said, "but I learned in school that in the old west they used to take chicken eggs and hold them up to candles. If they could see a shadow inside the egg, then they knew that the egg was a fertilized egg and it would turn into a baby chicken, so they put it back under the hen. But if they held up the egg up to the candle and saw that there was *no* shadow, then they knew that it was an unfertilized egg that was good to eat. They called it "candling an egg." Now any egg that we get in the supermarket is *always* going to be an unfertilized egg. So that egg has the potential to become nothing, except a rotten egg. So isn't it better just to eat the egg rather than let it go to waste?" So then Steve's brother got really angry with him and yelled, "Don't ask me! Ask my spiritual leader!"
ANNE: Of course! Ha ha!
ME: …and Steve said he lost his respect for his brother in that moment because he'd stopped being an independent thinker and was telling him to "go ask his spiritual leader" just because he'd never heard of candling an egg.

When you hear that story, does it make you wish that you were eating eggs?
ANNE: But, I do eat eggs! Ha ha ha!
ME: Oh you do? Then this whole question is pointless.
RON: (from the sidelines) Does it make you wish that you were candling the eggs first, just to be sure? Whataya say we all go down to the supermarket and candle some eggs!
ANNE: Vegans don't eat eggs! I'm a vegetarian, not a vegan. I eat food with eggs in it. Look, here's my story. I think that it is not wrong to kill animals for food. I think it's wrong to *abuse* animals for food. I think that the way our food industry system works takes away any "potential for a life" prior to the animals becoming food. They weren't put on this earth to be destined to become food from the second they were born. Like, the way we make a fork, because a fork was destined to be a fork and that's all it is.
ME: Well maybe not…maybe the ore that they used to make the fork was supposed to be destined to remain inside the mountain. How can we know what destiny is "supposed" to be?
ANNE: Well that may effect the environment on a larger scale…but what I'm talking about is specifically the pain, and horrible treatment of animals in the food industry. I have no problem with people like Donna's friends who live in Montãna. They hunt once a year and kill one really big animal and they use that animal as food for a year.
RON: One single animal lasts a whole year? What are they hunting…an elephant?
DONNA: A really big elk.
ANNE: That's the only meat they eat and the elk got to have a life before it was food. It was killed in what I *guess* was a humane way. Nothing is wasted. They use everything, all the parts for different things. Like when I went to Alaska and they were hunting seal. They weren't *evil* seal hunters. They use the seal for food, for clothes, for shelter, for oil in the lights. They used every part of the seal.
ME: How is that different from the food industry slaughters a cow and uses some parts for the meat, and some parts for dog food, and some parts for leather…
ANNE: Because…the cows are in small little pens in hideous conditions, there's often hundreds of cows and other animals all squashed together…and like I said, the chickens get their beaks ripped off so that they don't peck each other when they're squashed up against each other.
ME: When I'm on Atkin's, I'm not going out and hunting the animals that I eat. How does that make you feel about me morally or ethically?
ANNE: Nothing. Because my choice is for me and not for you, so I don't make a judgment. That's not important for me to judge you. That's not my job and not my place. I can only make a decision for myself. That's why I'm not an activist.
ME: Do you disdain activists?
ANNE: No, I respect them for being so single-minded in wanting to really change things, but because I don't feel strongly that eating animals is wrong, I could never be an activist. But I feel that our whole way of eating animals is wrong. Our way of wasting all the land to feed the cows that feed us is wrong, when we could have used all those lands to make so many other vegetables and grains. It seems like the system is wrong. I think there could be a whole revolution in the system!
Shortly after this conversation Dr. Atkins died, and I dropped the diet. My boyfriend Ron kept making jokes that I should go on the *Susan* Atkins diet and have the weight *stabbed* out of me. (Susan Atkins was a member of the mass-murdering Charles Manson Family cult.) I never lost more than five pounds on it anyway. Anne remains a vegetarian.

**Phil Spector update: Spector claims the death of Lana Clarkson was an "accidental suicide." Supposedly, she shot herself in the head by accident, not knowing the gun was loaded. (Sound far-fetched?) His trial's been moved to August. Correction: the Raunchettes' "He's a Rebel" was *not* a remake of the Crystals' original. It's a different song with the same title. I confused it with their remake of the Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back", a non-Spector song. More Spector punk I forgot: New Bomb Turks version of "Christmas (Baby, Please Come Home)", original version by Darlene Love. The Neatbeats' version of "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah", from the arrangement by Bob-B-Sox and the Blue Jeans. The Hollywood Brats (Casino Steele's band before joining the Boys) do a version of the Crystals' "Then He Kissed Me".

They say they liberated it, but Iraq is going to hell. Shiites are killing Sunnis, Kurds are killing Arabs, and Islamists are killing secular Baathists. Baghdad, the cradle of human civilization, has been left to looters and rapists. As in Beirut during the 1970s, neighborhood zones are separated by checkpoints manned by armed tribesmen. The war has, however, managed to unite Iraqis in one respect: everyone loathes the United States.

Although it may be hard to believe, some Iraqis hate us for deposing Saddam Hussein. No dictator remains in power without the tacit support of at some of his subjects. Now that we've committed the cardinal sin of conquest—getting rid of the old system without thinking up a new one—even those who chafed under Saddam blame us for their present misery.

Others resent our Pentagon-appointed pretender, 58-year-old banker/embezzler Ahmed Chalabi. The State Department points out that Iraq's new puppet autocrat has zero support among Iraqis, having lived abroad since 1958. But who knows? Maybe he was a really, really, really popular kid.
Thousands of Iraqis have been reduced to poverty, raped and murdered by rampaging goons as US Marines stood around and watched. Wanna guess how long it will take them to "get over it"? We watched the plunder of museums in Mosul and Baghdad safe at home with our tisk-tisk dismay, but Iraqis will remain outraged by the wanton devastation we wrought through war, permitted through negligence and shrugged off through arrogance. ("We didn't *allow* it," Rumsfeld shrugged. "It happened.") Imagine foreign troops sitting idly, laughing as hooligans trashed the Smithsonian, stole the gold from Fort Knox, and burned down the Department of the Interior.
That was us in Iraq.

But let's forget this penny ante stuff. Let the real looting begin! George W. Bush's bestest buddies, corporate executives at companies which donate money in exchange for a few rounds of golf and a few million-dollar favors, are being handed the keys to Iraq's oil fields.

Bush's brazen Genghis Khan act seems carefully calculated to confirm our worst suspicions. First he appoints retired general Jay Garner, president of a GOP-connected defense contractor, SYColeman Corp., as viceroy of occupied Iraq. "The idea is we are in Iraq not as occupiers but as liberators, and here comes a guy who has attachments to companies that provided the wherewithal for the military assault on that country," marvels David Armstrong,

a defense analyst at the National Security News Service. A smart and/or decent president would have picked a civilian for a civil administration post.

Then Bush slips a $680 million contract to the Bechtel Group, whose Republican-oriented board has included such Reagan-era GOP luminaries as CIA director William Casey, secretary of state George Shultz and defense secretary Caspar Weinberger. The deal puts the company in position to receive a big part of the *$100 billion* estimated total cost of Iraqi reconstruction. According to the Center for Responsive Politics, Bechtel gave Republican candidates, including Bush, about $765,000 in PAC, soft money and individual campaign contributions between 1999 and 2002.

Finally, refusing to accept bids from potential competitors, Bush grants a two-year, $490 million contract for Iraqi oil field repairs to Halliburton Co., the Houston-based company where Dick Cheney worked as CEO from 1995 to 2000. "It will look a lot worse if Halliburton gets the USAID [Agency for International Development] contract, too," Bathsheba Crocker, an Iraq specialist for the Center for Strategic and International Studies, warned in March. "Then it really starts looking bad." Guess what! Halliburton has since scored a piece of that $600 million USAID contract.

Are we looking bad yet?

Only Bush's most intimate friends were invited to bid for these contracts. Even businesses based in Great Britain, where Tony Blair risked his political career to support Bush, have been excluded from a rigged process where only US-based, Republican-led, Bush-connected companies need apply.

Two senior Democratic Congressmen, Henry Waxman and John Dingell, are asking the General Accounting Office to look into these sleazy kickback deals. "These ties between the vice president and Halliburton have raised concerns about whether the company has received favorable treatment from the administration," their letter reads. Well, duh. But don't count on appropriate action—like impeachment proceedings—from the do-nothing Dems.

Bush's right-wing Gang of Four—Cheney, Rummy, Condi, and Wolfy—saw Operation Iraqi Freedom as a chance to line their buddies' pockets, emasculate the Muslim world, place US military bases in Russia's former sphere of influence and, according to the experts, lower the price of oil by busting OPEC. "There will be a substantial increase in Iraqi oil production [under US occupation], and I wouldn't be surprised if schemes emerged to weaken, if not destroy, OPEC," says Jumberto Calderón, former energy minister of Venezuela. Former OPEC secretary general Fadhil Chalabi (no relation to Ahmed) estimates that increased exploration could potentially double Iraq's proven reserves, which would raise production from 2.4 to 10 million barrels a day. Such Saudi-scale production would "bring OPEC to its knees," says Chalabi. Why is this bad? Because oil is these countries' sole major natural resource. Low oil prices would destroy their economies. The cartel's member nations, ten of eleven of them predominantly Muslim, would suffer staggering increases in poverty as a result of falling oil revenues, plunging some into the political chaos that breeds Islamist fundamentalism. Meanwhile, the people of Iraq, whose self-flagellating Shias already make the evening news look like a rerun of Iran's 1979 Islamic revolution, would starve as foreign infidels raked in billions thanks to the oil beneath their land.

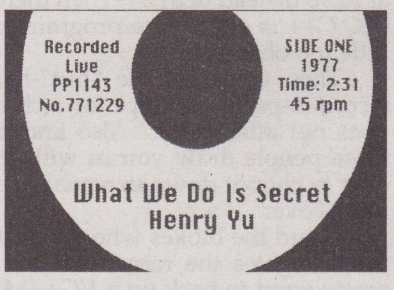
Thought 9/11 was a big deal? Time to dust off the duct tape.

P.S. New book: *GAS WAR: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF AFGHANISTAN* is out. It's my comprehensive, painstakingly researched look at the real reason Bush ordered the invasion of Afghanistan: to run a gas pipeline from the world's biggest oil reserves (in Kazakhstan) to the sea for transportation by tankers. *GAS WAR* relies on mainstream sources to piece together the biggest scandal of the century so far—how the world's richest nation bombed its poorest for the sake of corporate gain. *GAS WAR* is available through my website www.RALL.com or Amazon but not through most bookstores because none of my regular publishers dared touch this controversial topic. Alternatively, you can mail $15 (includes Priority Mail shipping within the U.S.) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

P.P.S. Free Generalissimo El Busho propaganda posters are now available on my website, www.rall.com. Check 'em out!

P.P.P.S. To contact me by e-mail: ted@rall.com. To contact me by mail: PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

La Rat Cage Aux Folles



Donna took a real walk on the wild side. She was a he, as Dave Ratcage, honcho of Rat Cage Records (most famously home of the first BEASTIE BOYS' 45) in the CBGB's hardcore heyday. Dave also wrote about the scene, doing the New York column for our own *MRR* back in the early 80s. In fact, his *MRR* column helped him move on to the next phase of his life:

"When I went to get a passport in 1987 I had no ID and so I used a copy of *Maximum Rock and Roll* with an article about me that had a picture of me with my name under it. And it worked, they accepted that as an identity. I had a birth certificate but no picture ID. In the photo I am standing in front of CBGB. I used to be Dave Ratcage when I was a guy."

A recent transsexual, Donna is based in Switzerland. She resurrected Rat Cage in the form of a website that sells CDs and other merchandise. Unfortunately she ran into some problems earlier this year:

"I am living in a fucking nightmare since the (web) site was hijacked and everything ground to a halt. We hope to be back in service by mid April."

Even worse, she was hit by business problems:

"...My ex-partner completely fucked my whole label up—I have been in a desperate situation. We are starting to get things going again under the new name the RAT CAGE (because he has laid claim to the old name)."

Thankfully, things are back on track, the website is up (www.theratcage.com), and it's set up to take orders again. Donna is grateful for the salvaged situation. "Stephanie is number one girl at Rat Cage. If I had her working for me from the beginning there would not have been these problems I am facing."

One of the great CDs offered on her website is the Rat Cage Benefit CD. On November 20, 1982, CBGB's held a benefit for Rat Cage Records. In de rigueur hardcore matinee format, the show started in the late afternoon. Labelmates YOUNG AND THE USELESS, the amazing REAGAN YOUTH, and a pre-rap BEASTIE BOYS each contributed a set. Fuckin' great shit—the sound was hot and the gig captured in its entire glory on this CD. For those of you who ordered early, a special handmade triple CD version was available late last year but appears to no

longer be available.

Support Donna, Rat Cage Records, and her great website www.theratcage.com, and get a piece of hardcore history with the Rat Cage Benefit CD.

Grade School

(eBay names are used as always to protect the guilty). So *diorules* obediently lists his vinyl grading scale: Mint, NM-, VG+, VG, VG-, and G, most of whose accompanying definitions look pretty reliable. But then he goes ahead and grades his record EX+. What the... Then there's his soul brother *ligament* (who's a great seller by the way), who lists his vinyl grading scale as: M, EX, VG, G, F, B but then goes and grades his record NM.

Clearly, there are very few Mint records sitting around from our hallowed '77-82 era, and the gamut from the somewhat respectable looks-presentable-in-a-milky-clear-plastic-sleeve VG+ to the we're-not-worthy-sorry-ma-for-got-to-take-out-the-laminator M has been stretched out to ridiculous lengths. Somehow, EX and NM have been wedged in, and then on top of that, a plethora of +/-'s to eek out any little bit of extra cred. It's like pricing something at $1.98 instead of $1.99. Then there are the extra +'s and –'s. OK, C++ is a software programming language, VG++ is a little too obtuse.

Then there are the "but"-heads who proclaim "this record is perfect, except for a chip of vinyl is missing that does not affect play." Also known as "ratcheting down," these people draw you in with their claims of perfection, only to chop it down to actual size by the time the description is over.

I laud the blokes who grade it *and* list every little flaw that relegates the record to that grade. *Miscmonger* does pretty good to back up a VG+/M rating he doles out: "Pic sleeve with some light creasing and small stain on back cover. Super clean disc! VG+/M".

English as a first language is used by some. "This record is in very good condition." I meant in the same way that "this oki dog is really good". I find that quite often people who say "very good" or "excellent" don't mean VG or EX. In fact, I'd venture to say that "very good" and "excellent" usually both end up to be VG+. On the other hand, people who spell out "near mint" usually are close. And how about "Sleeve is in VERY NICE shape"—what does that really mean?

A scan is always better. *Tuppenny803* claims that his "near perfect" copy of the first DEAD BOYS 45 has only "slight imperfections" in the pic sleeve, but the scan shows ringwear on both front and back, as well as a crease in the back. Actual grade: between VG+ to EX-.

Sellers with dubious grading: PLOPPYANTS. *Soundofimpact* sent me THE SECRET SYDE (Mutha '83) record that I paid top dollar for in advertised NM condition, with a big crease on the corner. He appeared to be earnest about the situation although he wouldn't let me return it. Good sellers: *Drowningboy*, *cjesmore*, *cta2* all get stamps of approval for me.

Saw My Baby In The Horn Section

Punk Rock Orchestra lurches forward—we first chronicled their humble beginnings a half dozen issues back, but the disparate quartets and quintets have since congealed into a 30-odd piece bona of fide force. Recently, Gilman Street was home to their debut in this assemblage. They opened for MISFITS cover band PLAN 9, and I have to say that conductor and sometime arranger John Gluck has pulled some big shit outta his ass. Starting with the CIRCLE JERKS' "When The Shit Hits The Fan" and running through punk classics by FEAR, DESCENDENTS, and SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, Gluck practically slamdanced in his conductor's tuxedo that had "ROCK AND ROLL IS DEAD" emblazoned in metal studs on the back, while the orchestra aggressively bowed, blew, and practically attacked their instruments. Unlike their first gigs, the Orchestra now adds vocals to the mix, giving the punk kids little less to ponder. Stay tuned for more... (www.punkrockorchestra.com).

(NOTE TO GIRLFRIEND: the title is a spoof on the HAPPY CADAVERS' song "Saw My Baby in the Meat Section" and has nothing to do with the 16-year-old trombone player...)

Not Ralph Malph's Bro

Bad Attitude Records outta Finland (www.bad-attitude-records.com) does up a 4-song 7"EP for DENNIS MOST AND THE INSTIGATORS called "Wire My Jaw". Recorded late last year, this shows Dennis in fine form. The title track chugs heavy metal. Desperately ironic vocals. "Tough Break", a song from the KBD era is updated 2k style with a sputtering guitar break that is indeed tough. Keith Grave on Bass. www.dennismostinstigator.com. Don't buy this because Dennis is some old guy that needs the money. Buy it because it *burns*. Cool cover art too.

Speaking of Keith Grave (née Donaldson), Dionysus Records has put out the CD version of his labor of love, the *Shielded By Death* Compilation (aka *Volume 1, Busted At the Lit Club*, also subtitled "Original Punkrock from Eastern CT and Western MA, 1977-1985"—how's that for a mouthful?). This originally came out on vinyl a few years ago on Incognito (I reviewed that very fucker in the *MRR* record review section at the time). This version has a few extra tracks, excludes another track, and has different artwork, so you'll want to pick up both! Since I have reviewed this previously, I'm not gonna do it again here, but I will say that the 27 tracks range from aggressive standouts like CHRONIC DISORDER and the STERICS, through pretty wimp-pop like THE NOT QUITE, and the funny wrestling rock of the FOREIGN OBJECTS.

Let the Chugging Commence

Sheesh. My mailbox runneth over with Italian imports. The pasta machine cranks out more punk noodling, Rave Up style!

The COMMANDOS, tough leather-clad kids from Worcester, MA (endearingly referred to as "Wormtown"), start things off with release number 32. Originally on Brian Goslow's famed Beast label, tracks from the two split 45s that the COMMANDOS were part of comprise the bulk of side A of this LP: "Stay Out Tonight" is a brilliant spat out basher that moronically plods through the same three words—three-word rock! "Suburb Rock" has slightly more lyrics. The title track, "Fight To Win", is a track from later in their career, never before released, with much "improved" musicianship and production values over its predecessors, still very rockin', but less KBD. "Fearless are the Damned", from the same sessions, rocks fast and hard. Great record.

The first LP by WHITE FLAG was originally done up in only 300 copies back in 1982—"R is For Rocket" gets reissued on side A of Rave Up Records number 33. Brutishly unique in its hardcore brew, a cross between FLIPPER, JOHN TRUBEE, and RED KROSS, WHITE FLAG shocks and propels. Drug induction hour. The B-side is entitled "U is for Unreleased" and is two fistfulls of live tracks from their first ever gig (in someone's backyard). These guys do a surprisingly tight and entertaining set and the sound is pretty good. Teen punk by non-teens. Nice insert too.

Extending the legendary SUICIDE COMMANDOS *Commandos Commit Suicide Dance Concert* LP released by Twin Tone in 1980, Rave Up releases a double LP's worth of the same, the 1978 farewell concert in its entirety. This is *the* definitive 36-track version—Garage D'Or Records released a 32-track extended CD a few years ago that apparently still left off some tracks. Same liner notes, but here you get it in 12x12 look-ma-no-reading-glasses format. These guys were way ahead of their time, winding down when their punk brethren were just starting to pick up their instruments and learn how to detune...

Super aggressive killer punk from the LUBRICANTS is our last Rave Up Record of the month, and our hands-down favorite in recent memory. Presented in roughly chronological order from '77 to '81, a taboo and crude range of subjects are skewered in spades over 13 songs by these Milwaukee fucks. This appears to be a vinyl issue of a CD that came out sometime last year that I somehow never got. Twisted with really tight playing, sputtering guitars, and snarling vocals. Their one and only 45 from the latter part of their career, "Activated Energy/Transformation Vacation", appears at the tail end of Side B, but it's side A's earlier stuff that has me writhing in a pile of broken glass. I wanna destroy.

Out just the very next month are *five* more goddamns sons o' Rave Up releases. CLASSIC RUINS, REALTORS, SHOCK, THUNDERTRAIN, and the PUNKS will infiltrate your mind. Shortly.

Suburb Rock

Worcester (aka "Wormtown"), Mass relived its thriving late 70's punk scene on Friday May 2nd as part of the Wormtown 25th Anniversary. Our New England correspondent Chowderhead clues us in on the action:

The lineup consisted of the VEJTABLES, BOB JORDAN & THE HOLLOWBODIES, the PERFORMERS, the COMMANDOS, the CRYBABIES, the PREFAB MESSIAHS, and the BELMONDOS. Upon entering the show's venue, Ralph's Diner (a fitting testament to the blue collar working-class vibe of Worcester), I did the logical thing and scarfed down a one-inch-thick cheeseburger and a Guinness. A couple of guys just off work asked the bartender what was going on. "Oh, some 25-year anniversary bands or something," she responded without the least interest. I refrained from blurting out that I had just driven an hour to be there, and made my way upstairs to where the first band had already started.

The lone VEJTABLES track I own is a live recording of "Chop Your Mother Up", decent harmless goofpunk, and their set pretty much followed in the same vein. The HOLLOWBODIES on the other hand, sunk into unfathomably unlistenable guitar noodling. I'm torn between which was the low point of the night, that or the unattractive, slightly overweight woman who asked me if I liked her big chest, told me they were real and then proceeded to walk away while bouncing them off of my back. Maybe 25 years ago she was a passable 2 am-er... Hapless witness and fellow collector Brian Dodier summed it up: "Better you than me!"

The PERFORMERS took the stage next. As high school post-punkers in 1980, their best known song was "Overthrow", which was on the flip of a split 45 with the COMMANDOS. Live, the set mixed aggressive melodic punk such as "Total Disarmament", "New York", a much-sped-up "Overthrow", and more indie rock sounding stuff. The punk rocked. Some of the other tracks didn't hit me first time around, although the wife/girlfriend fan base shook it up in the front row. Bandleader and all around swell guy Doug Geer just released a 23-song CD of old PERFORMERS studio tracks (contact jaylitch@aol.com for details).

The COMMANDOS looked like they never left the stage in 25 years. Singer Brian Hopper and guitarist Jeff Crane wore black leather jackets, probably the same ones they trashed parties with years ago. Hopper said they practiced one and a half times before the gig. Crane still actively plays with RICK BLAZE AND THE BALLBUSTERS, so he didn't need much warming up. The crowd was clearly in anticipation. Opening with "Fight To Win" [as reviewed elsewhere in this column], the COMMANDOS kicked total ass. They were louder, faster and ballsier than anything on vinyl, and I think their vinyl's pretty damn good. Hopper, Crane & Co. crunched through the Ramonesy-thug of "Stay Out Tonight" and "Suburb Rock" from their debut EP. "Annihilation", from their second EP, also raged with high intensity. After throwing in a killer cover of "Kick Out The Jams" midway through the set, they ended the devastation with IGGY's "I Got A Right". Needless to say, the next day my neck hurt from the violent shaking.

Various interpretations of "That was amazing" could be overheard after the COMMANDOS' performance. Hopper talked about wanting to do more shows. Brian, Chuck Warner and I hung out for a while during the CRYBABIES, a current garage band made up of longtime Wormtown scenesters. Keen "Back From The Grave"-style cover choices provided a perfect backdrop for quiet reflection. Each facing an hour's ride home, we all skipped out before the last two bands. Hell, I'll be on this COMMANDOS adrenaline high for a week. For more info, check out www.wormtown.org.

Take Me Home and Make Me Lick It

As you can tell, I review all drivel. Send them in a hermetically sealed package to: Henry, 4309 23rd St, San Francisco, CA, 94114. Email to terasearch@yahoo.com.

Atrophy vs. Entropy

Hail Maximum RockN Rollers. I was in a band called STRIPED BASSTARDS about seven or eight years ago. Fuck, that was a long time ago. We had a song called "Atrophy." It was about education or something. The idea was that if you didn't use your brain it would seize up and you wouldn't be able to think anymore. Not the loftiest idea, but it worked. I looked atrophy up in the dictionary before I started writing today. Here's what it said, "A wasting or decrease in size of a body organ, tissue, or part owing to disease, injury, or lack of use." It's kind of dumb to think about now, but since then I've always kind of liked the concept of the word.

PLOW UNITED is one of my all time favorite bands. STRIPED BASSTARDS got to play with them at a pizza shop in Hempstead, NY on Long Island once. Years after that, they put out their third and totally underrated full length called *Narcolepsy*. There is a fucking rager of a song on that album called "Entropy." I had to ask my scientist of a then-girlfriend Emily what entropy meant. She said it was the theory that all things in the universe were moving from a state of order towards disorder and chaos. The first line of the song goes, "Entropy, Entropy, things are not what they used to be." Now I get it.

So, this week on the way home from work I was thinking about PLOW UNITED. It turns out I get a lot of thinking done driving home from work. It's the only time of day that I'm not compulsively trying to avoid thinking about driving to and from work. Agoraphobia. Oh well. I try not to think about the fact that I used to be in STRIPED BASSTARDS, but apparently I was thinking about that too. I was thinking about atrophy and I was thinking about entropy.

You see, I'm an agoraphobic dude. The fear of crippling, nearly unbearable panic is constantly with me. It keeps me from venturing outside what I perceive to be my limits of geographic safety. Fuckin' A. In was in relation to this crap that I was thinking about atrophy and entropy.

They're not exactly antonyms or whatever. But the way I see it, they sort of represent two different roads that I can take from where I'm at right now. Fuck. Every fucking day for the past six months it's been a little bit harder to drag myself out of bed and endure the hike to work and back. It's

like that part in *Office Space* when Ron Livingston says, "every day I wake up and it's the worst day of my life." And the shrink asks him if today has been the worst day of his life, and he's all, "yeah, today is the worst day of my life." I fucking love that movie. Anyway, yeah, the two roads.

So, that's my position. That's where I'm at. I feel like I'm the last dude standing plugging up holes in the wall that's holding back entropy. There are days that I pick out my shoes based on which ones I think will be most comfortable in a panic attack. Last week I brought a back up pair with me to work. That's fucking sad. I'm a 26-year-old grown man who's afraid to wear Doc Martens to work. I've had my ups and downs and my ebb and flow with shit, but it hasn't been this bad since right before I fucking snapped the last time.

With this bullshit as the backdrop, the lease for my office space was coming up. We had decided to look for a new place, so I quickly volunteered to find one. I was going to take this show on the road. Preferably, a fucking road a lot closer to my house.

Right now I work in a town called Bohemia. It's about 35 minutes south of where I live. I haven't gone further than a few blocks past the office in the past year or so. It is fucking brutal getting there, but I do it. I do it five days a week. If we wind up getting an office closer to my home, say, 5 to 15 minutes away, my ability to travel 35 minutes will quickly fucking diminish. Atrophy.

So what's the fucking deal? Atrophy or entropy? Do I keep fighting the losing fight at the front? Or do I fall back and regroup, try and fight off the entropy another day? I'll tell you one thing, it'll be really fucking nice to not have to worry about what shoes I'm fucking wearing. It'll be nice to not care if one of my co-workers is around, or who has their cell phone with them in case I fucking lose it. Some mornings I hang out at a deli about half way to work waiting for dudes to show up at the office before I make the final leg of my trip. It'll be nice not doing that.

Honestly, the fucking question is totally fucking moot anyway. I found a totally mint place about seven minutes away from my house. It's closer to my one partner's house, and the same distance from the other. It's so perfect and so inexpensive that we can't pass it up.

So, I guess I choose atrophy. I can't say I'm bummed. It's not like I was in sweet shape where I was at anyway. Maybe shit won't start closing in on me and getting fucked at this new place. I hope not at least. Motherfucker. In any event, I'm sure it'll buy me a few months wearing whatever shoes I want. I'm definitely going with low top Vans. Great.

Tattlecore

MaximumRockNRoll has a long history of record labels airing their grievances about dirtbag distributors in its pages. I've always been a fan. But aside from the soap opera appeal, it really does serve a purpose. Historically, I think it's really been how the "economic" side of punk has tried to police itself. There's really not enough money or paperwork to pursue deadbeat labels and distributors with lawsuits and crap. And besides, we're punk rockers. So, the accountability and consequences exist in public opinion. When some scumbag distributor doesn't pay you, you let folks know. Rock.

Anyway, now that I'm closing up shop with my old label, I'm settling up tabs with my distributors. I have to tell you, just about everybody has been really fucking cool. Over the past few years, I've developed some good relationships with these people. So, instead of tattling on the bad guys, I'm going to give you a list of some distributors I've had great experiences with. Here goes!

Choke Distribution is a distributor from Chicago. Their website is at www.choked.com. I deal with Craig and Chuck over there. Both guys are totally stand up, and always get checks out when they say they are going to. I never moved tons of records through them, but I'm sure that has more to do with me than them!

No Idea was another distributor I used a lot. Everybody who deals with them in any capacity seems to fucking love them. Me included. Although, I have to admit that I started taking it personally when I couldn't get Jennifer on the phone ever. But I'm sure she was just busy or whatever. Besides, it never stopped them from being straight up about selling my wares and paying me for it super promptly. Thanks! Check out www.noidearecords.com.

After years of trying, last year I finally was able to get Ebullition to carry some of my stuff. Like the other folks, Kent and crew were always cool about paying me for the stuff that sold and sending back stuff that didn't. Their website is at www.ebullition.com.

Very Distribution from Philly is another distributor that I started using in the past year or so. From what I can tell from the website, they focus more on the hardcore end of the spectrum. I talk to a guy name John Dudek over there that seems really cool. Very is one of the only distributors in the history of my label that has sent totally unsolicited checks every few months. No nagging, no nothing. Just checks. It rules.

Other good paying distributors were Revelation Records, Lumberjack Distribution, and the mighty Interpunk.

All right dudes and dudettes, I think that's enough with the hand-holdy crap. Maybe next month I'll pull out the laundry list of my pals from Long Island DIY bands that owe me money! Yeah!

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The Punk Rocker Mental Illness Pen Pal Network is up and running. If you are looking to connect with someone to write back and forth with about Mental Illness, send over your info, and I'll hook you up with a pen pal. The contact information is below.

***

Past "Oh Man What The Fuck!?!??!" columns are no longer available on the web. Look for *My Name Is Lubrano* later this summer. It's the anthology zine of all the columns.

***

Law and Order: Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at manowells@hotmail.com.

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END NOTES:

1. I totally need to clarify something. I sued a dude once. It had to do with work though, not punk.
2. I got a new e-mail address. manowells@hotmail.com.
3. UNCLE TUPELO reissues have arrived. Holy shit.
4. Kill people.

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

I think it's just great that liberals want non-violent drug possession offenders like me to go to treatment instead of jail. Just great.

No thanks; I'll stay where I am. It's nice that the option is there, and it saves the taxpayers money and all, but most people who think drug offenders should get treatment don't know that there is a monopoly on "recovery" in this country—that is AA/NA, and it is "faith-based",

despite all its claims to the contrary. There are a few non-AA groups out there, but the people who set up treatment for drug offenders do not recognize them. Try reconciling this dogma with a punk/radical mindset: "Acceptance is the answer to *all* my problems today...Nothing happens in God's world by mistake…I need to concentrate not so much on what needs to be changed in the world as on what needs to be changed in *me* and *my* attitude" —AA BIG BOOK.

If the state of Michigan wants to charge people for possessing drugs, I'm not going to help them save money while indoctrinating me. Like I said, no thanks.

I've been in county jail for nine months. It hasn't been the worst nine months I've ever had. It's been better than the previous year, even though I spent the bulk of that in the free world. It all comes down to not polluting your psychic environment, and not letting fucked up influences into your life. Within the jail, I've created my own space, through books and zines and letters. I feel like what I've read and discussed and written over the past months has impacted me a lot more than my physical environment has. Alexander Berkman, the Anarchist Atterater, survived 14 years of brutality in a Pennsylvania prison while men died all around him. His *Prison Memoirs of an Ararchist* illustrates a far more drastic example of how important it is to create your own environment, even if it's only a mental one, not to mention the importance of prisoner support.

I wish I could say that I spread radical ideas to all the women who need them in here. I didn't. The closest I came was when one upper-middle-class white girl agreed with me that rent was theft. I got a lot of advice, much of it the same as I get from truck drivers when I hitchhike. I've been advised that I should shave my armpits, or I'll be mistaken for a lesbian and will never get a man. I'll never say they didn't warn me.

It's easy to laugh off the fashion advice and stupid tattoo questions, ("Did that one hurt?" "How 'bout that one?"), but the mere absence of conformity is enough to arouse anger in some people on the subject of religion. I never instigate religious arguments with Christians. In jail, they always begin when someone notices I don't go to church or bible study, and remain in my cell when "church people" are on the block.

Having to wear a jail uniform has forced me to put my views into words, not just expect everyone to "get it" based on how I look and my lifestyle choices. My hair is normal-colored and my tattoos aren't that shocking. Without protective punk-rock armor, there's a lot more explaining to do. They took my crusty patch pants and gave me a shower and I'm still a freak. It's cool. I'm a re-evaluated freak. I haven't worn anything black or drank beer or even listened to punk rock *music* in months. Except for a few zines and books and letters from other punx, all the trappings of my abnormality have fallen away. There is nothing to keep me from fitting in. I positively *reek* of soap.

What I guess I'm trying to say is it's been cool to see how punk rock is so important to me with all the trappings stripped away. It keeps you sane, alive, and connected to the world to be part of something larger than the jail. Zines, and punk in general, have been that for me. The important thing is that it is in your heart. That you're excited about it. Excited to get next month's *MRR*, and excited to get out and hear the Meet the Virus album. Punk means a lot to different people at different times in their lives. Three years ago, when I was seventeen, I needed punk to get out of my hometown and squat warehouses and ride trains. I can't imagine what this year would have been like if I wasn't punk.

I was sentenced to one year, but that's really only ten months, so if this gets printed, I'll be out already. Anyone who wants to write me, especially girl prisoners, Shaggy from NOLA, Bean from Ontario, and Mongo from St. John (this is Detroit!) and Holly Haggard, write me at: 1724 Shadford, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, Shana Borenstein. My e-mail is shut down.

Also, mad props to everyone involved in all the great anti-war actions that have gone on. Even though, as I write this, the war on Iraq is "over," a horrible corruption is only beginning. I missed a lot of protests, but sadly, I know there will be a need for many more.

BOMB BUSH, NOT BAGHDAD!

Support a POW and send my boyfriend your zines: Bill Sermon, #0743381, PO Box 18089, Asheville, NC 28814.

How Punk Rock Saved My Life, Yet Again

It's the best thing in the world to have a favorite band. Especially a band that has been a favorite for so long, that you know them deep into your soul. The Subhumans are a band that has always been there for me. I mean back then, they were so important. They were my favorite band. Inspiring and representing everything. We all loved them. I mean, who didn't? But my little crew of friends was fanatical Subhumans fans. Years later when Citizen Fish evolved, we were die hard Citizen Fish fans. And Culture Shock holds its own just as tight in there too. It's incredible that a group of people, so distant and far away, can over such a long span of time be so integral, so connected and interwoven into my life. So much there, all the time, and just when I need them. I've always had these various records to draw on for the inspiration of the lyrics, the beat, the dance, the infectious energy, and the camaraderie that always manages to go hand in hand. The memories of the shows and the bliss that has accompanied seeing them over the years. But probably the best part of all is how things evolved from me being a teenager loving this band to years later then getting to know and befriend them. To tour with them. To have them come around year after year in one band or another and fuel the fire of inspiration.

In the early 90s, Citizen Fish used to come to the USA every year in the spring. They'd always play at ABC NO RIO and these shows are some of the absolute best that I remember in my whole life. I think it was the first time they were there, and I mean, we were all excited, being long-time Subhumans fans already, and in love with the Fish's *Free Souls in a Trapped Environment*... I remember that show full of punks packed into the basement, and the amazing happy energy. There was harmony that swam through everyone. The unified beat that coursed through our blood and connected the sweaty bodies into a single pulsing beat. It is an intensity that I have clung to and felt only a few times again. The various shows over the years blur together. I'll never forget that first time though, when the whole room bounced in beat to Charity. One year they played with Spitboy, and Àdrienne sang "Small Time Wars" with Dick. One year I was in charge of creating my dream show: Citizen Fish, the Bouncing Souls, 2.5 Children, and Choking Victim. I was just talking to a friend recently who recounted that show, with the fond memory of, I think, his first ABC show as well as favorite, and I couldn't help but beam with pride, because that was

my show. My dream show. I was so in love with that time, with those bands, and it was so perfect. I was glad to know that someone else who felt that same kind of intense, amazing energy remembered it.

I remember various times when I was burned out on NYC, and I'd think, well, I just need to see Citizen Fish one more time, and then.... anything could happen, I could leave, I could go, but one more dose of the Fish. Then that became Tad and I saying, "hey let's follow Citizen Fish on tour this fall." With that as a starting point, we ended up meeting up and going to a few shows, and then jaunting off on our own cross country freedom adventure travel. That was a traveling experience that started a whole new era of my life.

The following year somehow it came up that Neil and I should take the Tribal War distro on tour with Citizen Fish. They were going out with Avail. Talk about a dream come true. My two favorite bands, my best friend Karoline, AK Press, Richard the Roadie, it was a family indeed, and it was the best. The absolute best. From there the touring mania started. I think we went with Citizen Fish a few more times. The details become blurry, as that was an insane year of interwoven travel, passion, the bliss of living life to the fullest, doing exactly what I wanted and being totally on fire. Karoline and I wove together a period of two years from the day we first met, and on through the various tours and solo traveling we did, and how we bonded into best friends, even though we've never lived in the same city. It's mind-blowing now to remember how complicated things were in terms of parallel and overlapping lives crossing regularly and often. But it's not really complicated, because it's what makes our lives so special.

There was always the undercurrent of people who wanted the Subhumans to get back together and play. And finally, in '98, that ended up happening. Seeing them play these amazing, classic songs, that were and are so integral to the lives of my friends and me was amazing. It was almost too much to process.

Then in 2003, the Subhumans were coming back. I didn't really have much connection to this tour. Karoline was unable to go. I was stuck here in Richmond. I heard they were going to play in Richmond and I had the date circled on my calendar with a heart. Karoline called me up and said, "The Subhumans are finishing their tour in Milwaukee. You should come—we can go to a few of the shows. It will be fun." I hemmed and hawed for a few minutes and quickly realized this was exactly what I needed. I didn't really think about it too much. I didn't think about actually seeing the Subhumans, about their songs, or about the meaning in my life. I didn't get the records out to freshen up on the songs. I didn't think all that much about who I would see while there, or about any of it. I was so deep into my depression here at home, that about all I could do was say "yes: best friend, favorite band, family, I must go." In the week prior, it all started to hit me. I was getting the fuck out of here. Going on vacation. Going to see my girl. Going to cities where I have a lot of good friends, where I had not been for over five years (how does that happen?) I got overwhelmed at the thought of only being in Chicago, Minneapolis, and even Milwaukee for only one day, realizing that there was really a lot I wanted to do, and a lot of people I wanted to try and find. I found out the Enemies were on tour with the Subhumans and was really excited about the Subhumans being on tour with a band that I liked, and one that I was looking forward to seeing. Things were all starting to fall into place. But still, for once, I didn't think about it too much. I just kinda followed in the motions, tore myself away from work at 3 am and hopped on a 6 am flight to Milwaukee with no sleep. That would be the beginning of the momentum of the weekend. The drive and conquer weekend began on no sleep and ended the same.

See, I'm always trying to do more than time permits. I always want to make the days last longer, make more happen in each day, tackle a hundred new projects. My current motto when I get out of town is that I want to do it all. And thanks to not sleeping, we did pretty damn good. All night drives and cat naps at rest stops, fueled by caffeine, but mostly by adrenaline. We got to visit some cool places in Chicago (Quimbys: the raddest indie bookstore with the biggest selection of zines and comics I think I've ever seen in one store) and the A-Zone, which was much more of an info-shop space. In Minneapolis we went to the Seward Cafe, a worker owned co-op with special coffee and earth breakfast. We also made it to Arise! which is a perfect combination of info shop, bookstore, and resource center. It was bustling with activity and very comfortable. And of course we made the rounds to Extreme Noise: easily the best DIY punk rock record store I know of.

And then there were the shows. Seeing the Subhumans was incredible. They were awesome. Totally magical. Since I had not thought that much about seeing them before I got there, they blew me away all the more. It's amazing how a favorite old band stays with you. You don't forget the songs and when you hear them live in front of you—well, in this case it was one of those truly stellar experiences that you only dream and hope of experiencing. We had two big shows in big clubs and then the last show in Milwaukee was in a smaller club (their last show none the less) and it was a much more intimate show. Hot and sweaty and a perfect ending for their tour. In just three days we got the tour virus—that being the infectious energy of a good tour. For me that meant that the lack of sleep didn't leave me tired, the beer didn't make me sick, and the photos all came out. I could tell that they'd had a good time. The Enemies were bursting with passion and excitement and they played such addictively catchy infectious punk rock that the songs are still in my head. They had some dance moves for the Subhumans' "Apathy" song that will never let me listen to that song the same way again. I was jealous 'cause it felt like the feeling that I had when I was on tour, and I wanted that again. Three days was going to have to be enough. Favorite band, best friend, punk rock legends, new favorite band, old friends, and best of all, I'm reminded of why the Subhumans are a favorite band. It's like I rediscovered them. I'm ready to tear out all the Subhumans records and read all the lyrics and find the inspiration that is timeless. And that is how punk rock and the Subhumans saved my life, yet again.

xoxo

Chris(tine) • PO Box 26632 • Richmond, VA 23261-6632

The Working Man's a Sucker

Yes! The mighty LIMECELL from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania has unleashed a new TKO Records CD on you skins and punks! The *It's Gonna Get Ugly* CD contains thirteen raw-as-fuck punk tunes with huge balls!

LIMECELL whips the music into a frenzied pitch right away with the title cut, "It's Gone Get Ugly". Next up you get "Typical" and then "Fair One", where LIMECELL laments the change from just fistfights to guns and

knives for settling differences. Then you get a BUZZCRUSHER cover song, "Rage", with "Got It Made" on its heels. Next up, you get "Room Kept Spinning" and "Rainy Day", about drinking and working to save money, respectively. After "Guilty", you get five fucking powerful as fuck rock & roll songs. "Car Wreck Desire" is about the deep gut reaction for humans to look at a bloody mess on the highway. "Blacklist" illuminates the problems a band like LIMECELL can have with a young dribble-dick "hip" scenester booking shows in Philadelphia. When LIMECELL or any veteran punk band stands up for themselves they are blacklisted by this power-drunk, idiot booker. "The Lariat" is the requisite wrestling song on this CD. This tune celebrates the wrestling career and life of Texas native Stan "The Lariat" Hansen.

The next song rings true for all working men. Check out some of these lyrics to "Working Man's a Sucker": "At this pathetic job you'll always stay / Work until your hands fuckin' bleed / Working for another man's greed / A false sense of pride keeps it all going / Fear just won't let you leave / Working man's a sucker! /That means I"m a sucker too / I guess we're all suckers." Yes!! LIMECELL has written a fucking anthem for the working man! Excellent!

The last song on the CD is a very respectful tribute to an American band that inspired many an Oi! band throughout the Northeast—in fact, throughout the United States and the world at large: the WRETCHED ONES. "Wretched Tale" sings of the exploits of Pit and B.T., Bob and Mike as they "played up and down the coast, packin' clubs and dryin' out the pubs". If you are lucky you'll get a LIMECELL ten-year anniversary show in the near future! For the *It's Gonna Get Ugly* CD, write to: TKO Records, 3126 Cary St., #303, Richmond, VA 23221; www.tkorecords.com.

Fuck yes! Snapshot Records and Barcode the World are bringing you *Don't Give a Fuck*, a BLURTERS discography CD. This amazing scum-punk band from Sydney, Australia is one of the unheralded world champions of rough-hewn rock & roll. These fucks take the savage punk rock of POISON IDEA and couple it with GG ALLIN type attitude. On this 38-song CD, the BLURTERS rip through material that dates back to 1998 and goes through "Battle Scars and Blazing Guitars" from 2002.

This band has successfully alienated all the politically correct fuckwits over the course of their illustrious five-year career. With great split records and CDs featuring RUPTURE, STANLEY KNIFE, APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER, LIMECELL, CHARTER 77, and others, the BLURTERS have carved out a niche that is unique to their band. This is real rock & roll for people who think for themselves. This CD is fucking amazing!

This band is an underappreciated rock & roll treasure. If you haven't been exposed, to this pure punk rock, you need this *Don't Give A Fuck* CD right now! Write to: Snapshot Records, PO Box 175, Georges Hall, N SW 2198 Australia; www.theblurters.com.

The magnificent British streetpunk/Oi! outfit, GUNDOG, has disbanded and we are left with a legacy of great music. Bandworm Records has a good compilation prepared for you called *FiveYears of Oi! Sweat & Beers!*. GUNDOG was more about having a drink and a laugh than real hard work. With great songs like "Middle of Nowhere", "Bouncer", "Bring It Back", "Boots", "Done and Dusted", "G-Man", "Week-End", "Paint", and "Power", GUNDOGS place in skinhead/punk history is firmly established. For a copy of GUNDOG's *Five Years of Oi! Sweat & Beers!*, write to: Bandworm Records, Schellheimerplatz 8, D-39108 Magdeburg, Germany.

DSS Records from Austria has some really good rough-edged German Oi! for you skins and punks! the band is called TOXPACK and the CD is called *Die Andere Seite*. The guys plow through some hard hitting gutteral Oi! music on "Kaustrophobie", "So Frei", a cover of a great DISCIPLINE song, "Everywhere We Go", "Racheengel", "Leere", "Wegweiser", and "Halbfinale". This is very good shit! If you like the heavy Oi! sounds of TROOPER or LOIKAEMIE this will be right up your alley! Write to: DSS Records, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria; www.dssrecords.com.

Insurgence Records from Canada has a first rate new CD prepared for you—the FIGHTING CHANCE CD *Thus Hope Fades* is top-shelf skinhead music! This Upper Marlboro, Maryland crew of baldies kicks a lot of skinhead butt on this release. The working class ethic comes through loud and clear in the lyrics of the FIGHTING CHANCE song "Take Back Your Life". The band sings: "Forty hours of sweat and blood/ What they offer just ain't enough.../ Gotta take matters into your hands / Make a choice and take a stand / You've gotta stand up and unionize." This is really good skinhead rock & roll with the blue collar priorities firmly planted where they belong. Write to: Insurgence Records, 2 Bloor St., W, Suite 100-184, Toronto, Canada, M4w 3E2; www.insurgence.net.

Insurgence Records also has a good hardcore CD prepared for you! FATES HATE has a new CD out called *Iron Fist* and it contains some truly brutal hardcore! If you are partial to AGNOSTIC FRONT, MADBALL, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, DEATH THREAT, or HAYMAKER, this might appeal to you!

Those punks from Japan, ALLEGIANCE, have an entertaining new CD out for you! The title of the new product is *Whose Border, Whose Fight* and this shit fucking rocks! These guys manage to infuse melodic, hook driven punk rock with a raw venom that holds your attention throughout the entire fifteen song CD. There is plenty of punk to sink your teeth into here! This CD compiles tracks recorded between 1997 and 2002 and all the punk credentials are certainly in order. Punks who lean towards the UK SUBS or COCKNEY REJECTS school of punk will like this! Contact: Ghetto Rock; www.ghetto-rock.com.

For you Finnish/Japanese hardcore punk fans you have the SELFISH LP *Cry for Love, Cry for Death* on Deadalive Records. This band has been kicking ass and taking names since 1989. This LP compiles remastered versions of tracks previously available on two seven inches, a split seven inch and various compilations. SELFISH lay down some of the most brutal punk rock you are going to hear this side of Tokyo. Get this shit now! Write to Deadalive Records, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, USA; www.deadaliverecords.com.

Kangaroo Records from Amsterdam has two smoking new EPs for you punks! First up, you get the amazing Japanese hardcore crew D.S.B. with their *Battle into Invisible Zone* EP. Side A starts off with "Don't Fall Back", which begins with an ominous guitar lead and then comes crashing in with accelerating electric six-string assault and screamed manic vocals. Turn this fine EP over and you get "No Band" and "Human Arise"—two excellent punk rock songs with power chord guitars and tight vocal harmonies. Very good!

The second EP available on Kagaroo Records this month is by Northern California punks STRUNG UP with their loud and raucous EP *I'd Rather Be Smashing Christianity*. These fucks smash down walls with "Time Clock", "PC for Now", "Rich Kids", "Death by Cop" and "Strung Up". The frenetic vocals and searing guitar leads make for a volatile hardcore mix!

Write to: Kangaroo Records, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, The Netherlands; tyson@xs4all.nl; www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo.

FED UP and CONDITION have a good skinhead/hardcore punk split EP available for you knuckleheads. FED UP leads off the festivities with "Stand Proud", their title cut. This has good shouted vocals with the band singing along and the guitar player executing some mean chops. FED UP do their song "Rebels" next, with strong vocals and tastefully done metal-laced guitar leads. Flip this hard-bit skinhead EP over and you get CONDITION with some brute-force skinhead/hardcore mayhem. Mike and the band steam into their anthem—"Condition: All fucked up". Fucking rough skinhead music spoken here! This EP is very good!! Order your FED UP/CONDITION split EP from United Riot Records, email: unitedriot@aol.com; www.condition-nyhc.com.

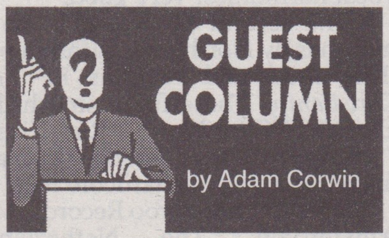
You punks are in for a treat! Ugly Pop Records from Canada has released *Kono Omoi Wo Dokoe,* which is a collection of the legendary Japanese hardcore band WARHEAD's early material. This LP marks the first time this music has been available domestically in the US and Canada. The LP contains the 1993 CD *What To Do With This Yearning?* and the 1995 EP *The Lost Self and Beating Heart.* This raw punk record has churning frantic guitars and blistering shouted/screamed vocals. Fans of DEATHSIDE and BASTARD will appreciate this hardcore holocaust. Write to: Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St, W, Suite 100, Box 477, Toronto, ON M4W 3E2, Canada; uglyxpop@yahoo.com; www.uglypop.com.

Another great reissue this month features the band RIPCORD. RIPCORD formed in 1984 They wanted to make HC brutal and relentless again. The Boston scene of the early 80s (like GANG GREEN) was a big influence. In 1987, they released *Defiance of Power,* an album of pure hardcore, on Manic Ear Records. A tour headlining with NAPALM DEATH was set up in 1987. After releasing *Harvest Hardcore,* the band did a successful tour with HERESY in Belgium and Holland. When they returned home they released *Poetic Justice* on Raging Records, their own record label. This is the album the band is most proud of, but they split up soon after. Now Skuld/Epistrophy has re-released these two albums on the *Ripcord Discography Part II*—excellent! Write to: Skuld Releases, Malmsheimerstr, 14, 71272, Renningen, Germany or Epistrophy Records, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, Germany; www.epistrophy.de.

Partners in Crime Records have a scorching new release for you fucks! The new DEATHREAT LP is fucking hard as nails! The LP is called *Consider It War,* and every song on this fucker goes ballistic! Probably one of the hardest-hitting bands in the country right now. Check out the words to "Blow to None": "I pledge allegiance to no man, to no flag, to no God / Time to stand up, believe in ourselves / We don't need anyone's help". Yes! Fucking tough, rock-hard material offered here! This hardcore wrecking machine will make the hair stand up on the back of your fucking neck! Write to: Partners in Crime, 6250 NE 6th Ave, Portland, OR 97211.

Until next month,

See you fucks at the bar!



Simple Answers to Complicated Issues

In an age of corporate controlled markets and the endless struggle to accumulate more capital, it seems now more than ever that the solace and redemption of indie and punk modalities of thought are necessary to maintain the integrity of music. Major record labels prefabricate facsimiles of past successes, while Clear Channel and Ticket Master dictate the value and importance of shows and artist expression.

In most cities and towns, if one knows where to look, he/she can find small pockets of resistance to the above manifestations. However, even these small sparks are facing extinction in a dominated market that has no place for them. City venues, faced with exorbitant insurance premiums, questionable fire codes, and various other bureaucratic red tape, are having trouble keeping their doors open, even if they are fortunate enough to generate enough money for rent. In contrast, the more rural communities, with no available space to put on shows or distances to great to travel to see underground music, may have no independent music scenes in which to speak.

Complaining or surrendering to situations that prohibit the proactive environment of true musical creativity merely makes an individual complacent and ultimately an enabler to corporate mechamsms. There are many solutions to attack these sort of problems, but possibly the simplest may be lurking beneath your feet. I am talking about the phenomenon of basement shows. Of course this is not a new or revolutionary idea, but it is a highly effective means of preserving the punk indie music tradition.

We have all seen the pictures in *Get In The Van, On the Road with Black Flag* where Dez is rocking out on his guitar in an intimate gathering in Mike Muir's garage. That same intensity and habitat can be created with the most meager of means and a small nucleus of committed individuals that understand the importance of what they are doing.

Probably the best way to examine the benefits of base ment gatherings is to view a successful operation. In the midst of fraternity rows, coed beer drinking bashes, and the occasional learning that goes on at your average university, a shining star exists at 725 Lowry Avenue in rural Indiana, Pennsylvania. A basic rental property 90% of the time transforms into an indie music oasis about once a month when proprietor Brice Pearce puts together Saturday night diverse musical showcases. Sometimes the events are for pure entertainment, other times they take a theme as they have when they raised money for battered woman or Arnnesty International.

With a four-inch platform for a stage and a room that can barely hold 50 people, music comes alive, as the audience and artists become connected with the same intimacy and energy. The positive vibes and camaraderie keeps my personal project continually absorbing costs and traveling two hours just to have the honor of performing half-hour sets to committed individuals that value the punk tradition.

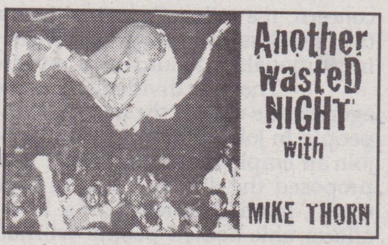
According to Pearce, his inspiration for doing indie shows came from "the strong scene I grew up with in Northwestern Pennsylvania. There were a variety of bands and each of them seemed to take turns setting up shows." Since 1995, Pearce has been setting up shows in fire halls, YMCAs, coffeehouses, and even occasionally at Unitarian Churches. He brought his experience with him to his new basement venue at Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

As Pearce explains, "We are removed from the original punk movement." He goes on to explain that less diversity in the music world, combined with the popularity of Blink 182 clones, has made the receptive audiences smaller. Pearce believes that the target audience for the crossover pop punk style has primarily focused on the 13 to 17-year-old age bracket. As a result, much of the consciousness and roots of indie and punk music has become obscured.

It is truly what these small gatherings can foster that

makes them completely in contrast to your average national show. With basement or independent shows, Pearce points out that friends can come together witha sense of communitywhile spending significantly less money watching artists that are in bands for the love of playing.

In all sincerity, basement shows are not a magical solution for the independent music struggle. On the other hand, they do offer a way to maintain true artistic expression for bands as well as audience members. Of course, you will probably have a drunken idiot that needs to be removed or a rock star wannabe project that is less than satisfied with the turnout, but these are really insignificant details. The true believers and numbers of individuals that understand what is taking place are enough to keep the spirit and tradition alive.



So is anyone else terrified about Bush and company's plans to reignite the America's nuke program? Especially the push for low-grade tactical/battlefield nuclear weapons. Jesus, what is this, fucking 1983 again? Their reasoning is that these weapons willbe used to penetrate bunkers and other underground storage facilities where "the enemy" (whoever that is this week!) keeps its varying weapons of mass destruction. The plan is to use these nuclear weapons to solve the problem of third world countries having chemical or biological weapons, which they probably got from us in the first place, and they *might* some day use on us by vaporizing them. Never mind that it's not proven that the chemical and bio-agents will actually be destroyed. Never mind that by dropping said bombs we are releasing massive amounts of radioactivity into the air, in addition to contaminating the surface, while potentially dispersing the offending agents into the air as well. Rumsfeld (or The Rummy, as his drinking buds like to call him) has been trying to play down the danger aspect by denoting that these bombs only have one-third of the destructive power of the bombs dropped on Nagasaki or Hiroshima. So, if you've seen the photos of these Japanese cities post the flight of the Enola Gay, imagine only one-third of an entire city being leveled by one bomb. Just 66,000 dead in Hiroshima instead of 200,000—and only 50,000 in Nagasaki instead of 150,000! See, it's not so bad after all. Especially when you figure the smallest warheads in the current American nuclear arsenal have at least ten times the destructive power of the bomb known as "LittleBoy."

Of course, never mind that the Bush administration is also pushing to revamp, upgrade and generally re-engage the entire US nuclear program. But you knew that already, 'cause you remember last year about this time when the details of Bush's Nuclear Posture Review were made public. Said review indicated that the US, in addition to increasing and upgrading its nuclear stockpiles, was more than willing to use them in a possible first strike scenario. Great. They do stop short of advocating aboveground testing, but hey, you can't win 'em all, right?

So all this is going on, while the US is maintaining a presence in Iraq that will last at least a year (that's what The Rummy is saying) but probably much much longer. Anger is seemingly growing day by day in Iraq, and this "thanks much for kicking Saddam's ass, now leave so we can democratically vote in an Islamic fundamentalist government" sort of attitude is seemingly taking hold. Will Iraq be the next Vietnam (which was itself the new Philippines (grab a book and do some reading on that little debacle at the turn of the century)? Who knows?

What I do know is that we just kicked some major butt in the Middle East and scored some sweet-ass contracts to rebuild what we broke for American corporations! USA! USA! USA! Er...where was I? Oh yeah—USA! USA! USA! Man, I can just taste the oil! A free tank of gas for every American! It's our fucking right! Stand in the way and we'll kick your dick in the dirt! Look out Syria! Iraq! North Korea...whoops, never mind that last one, they have nukes too and they're not afraid to use them! Hey you know who else has mountains, er, rivers of oil? Venezuela. Plus they got a commie government! Well not really, but I'm sure Bush and friends can manufacture some sort of threat. They did such a good job with Iraq, after all. Say, did you know the Iraq was behind the World Trade center attacks, in addition to knocking off Santa Claus? It's true! And again, just where are those "Weapons of Mass Destruction?" I'm sure Venezuela executed the tooth fairy in 1979, and probably has some bombs—let's go get 'em!

Seriously though, these are some scary-ass times we're living in these days. Somedays it takes all I got to stay sane and not just give up hope for something better. In this issue there's a re-cap of some of the amazing shit that the punx and queers here in San Francisco did in response to Bush's escalation of military action in Iraq. To witness and participate in these events just set my heart a-flutter If nothing else it's good to know you're not alone, inspiring actions in frightening times. There's a mountain of shit we have to contend with these days, so I hope that the massive protests that occurred over the last few months are the beginning of something and not it's end.

ENDNOTES:
1) Come say hello to me as I go on tour with FROM ASHES RISE this summer. Tour dates are listed somewhere in this issue. I'm super excited to be going on this trip. If nothing else it'llbe the first time I've been back East in nearly three years! Don't be shy!
2) When in SF, Azteca is the new taqueria of choice, edging out the old champion Casa Mexicana. Oh yeah, there are no good burritos in the East Bay—stop lying to yourself.
3) Be certain to check out BORN/DEAD, CASE OF EMERGENCY, and DEADFALL as they travel across the USA spreading the gospel of Bay Area punk.
4) A welcome home to our columnist John Geek and the FLESHIES after their European tour
5) Sorry, but I failed in producing a Bay Area scene report this month. It'llbe in the next one I promise! In the meantime, why don't submit a scene report about your town?
6) Send copies of MASSACRE 68 LP and other gifts or letters to the *MRR* PO Box care of me or email me via mikethorn@maximumrocknroll.com

Terrorists have infiltrated the MRR compound. Tiny, furry evil geniuses. The mice breed faster than I can catch them in the humane traps I've installed around the house. Shamelessly, their growing legions exploit my soft-hearted Bay Area tendencies. Catch one mouse, and four more come into the world. Deposit a ringleader to face an uncertain future in the dog park, and new generations, desperate for crumbs, rise up in her wake. With wills of iron, they resist the gobs of peanut butter and little dishes of water I carefully place in the traps. As a highly organized, tightly knit group bent only on destruction, they've rendered our technology obsolete. They know they're winning the tactical battle. Once timid, the mice now forage right under my nose, knowing there's not a chance in hell I can catch them before they high-tail it for home in their lair behind the sink. Right now, as I type, one is staring at me brazenly, his little ass planted square in the middle of the table. Another is headed toward me, investigating aberrations in the rug that might be Cheerios. A third pops casually out of the toaster, as I watch, helpless, from across the room. Delicately, he bends his tiny neck and drinks from the small puddle that has formed under the dish rack.

No, I will not buy those sticky traps, or the ones that break their legs and leave them to starve. But regional sensitivity and all, next week, the shock and awe begins. We're escalating the conflict with a strategic new alliance. A biological weapon, if you will. His name is Azriel.

Irony Tour of San Francsico

It's nice to be able to go to the bookstore at 11:00 pm, even when you can't afford new books and couldn't justify buying them anyway. City Lights is open till midnight, and it's a friendly enough bookstore, that encourages you to sit down and

read, and has a fine selection of zines and small press and local books. Also, it's a pleasantly longish nighttime walk, maybe two and a half miles from here, that cuts across neighborhoods of your choice—including, but not limited to: the Haight, the Fillmore, the Tenderloin, the Financial and "Shopping" District, Nob Hill, and Chinatown. The walk ends in historic North Beach, Italian-American and tourist district, home to SF's strip clubs, punk clubs of old, and lone, last video arcade.

So I walked down Hayes to Market, past the Civic Center and UN Plaza, home base and gathering spot for rallies and protests and for many of SF's downtown homeless. The old men were still up and playing chess on the sidewalk tables, their investors and enthusiasts still leaning over their shoulders, motionless and intent as owls.

I enjoy the eerie, lonely gloom of the financial district at night, so distinct from its daytime crunch and bustle. Sometimes it's also interesting to walk through the thick of the tourist districts, as long as you don't do it often, or during the commercial free-for-all of midday At night, the Powell Street cable car turnaround, Union Square, and the surrounding areas retain a strange energy. You can feel the sharp eyes of the pick-pockets and shopkeepers who lurk outside the trinket and luggage stores, as they monitor the confused, acquisitional staring of the tourists.

It's good every now and then to take yourself out of context like this, especially alone. It sharpens the mind; helps you to remember that your relationship with the city is only one of millions, your demands are only several of millions of possible demands. If you sort of squint, mentally, you can even see the familiar sights differently, momentarily—as if your story were not about getting past the buildings to the bookstore, but instead about trying to safely live beneath them, on the street, or about remembering where you parked your rental car.

I walked up Powell to Union Square, named for a series of union uprisings there in the 1860s. Since the 1920s, ironically, it has been a shopping district for the conspicuously wealthy, featuring FAO Schwartz, Macy's, and the legendary Sir Francis Drake Hotel, where you can enjoy $11 cocktails in your Go Giants! sweatpants while gazing at the street below.

There was a convention on the square, which was blocked off with ropes and guarded by security guys and real cops. Conventioneers in twos and threes, some carrying complimentary bags of coffee, emerged from the tents and into the street, a little tipsy on champagne. They stumbled towards their hotels, dinner jazz and candlelight leaking out in their wake. I was curious, and considered sneaking in to score some free coffee. But security looked ridiculously tight, so I just kept walking up through sleepy Chinatown, to the bookstore.

A couple of days later, I figured out why it was so guarded. It was the American Psychiatric Assciation's annual convention, with over 19,000 attendees. The Friday before my walk, it turns out, an associate professor at Johns Hopkins in town for the conference, Dr. Geetha Jayaram, was attacked by a mentally ill homeless man on the street near the convention. She was still in SF General, unconscious. Ironically, Jayaram had intended to speak to the convention about outreach to indigent mentally ill people in India.

The irony of the situation didn't fail to impress many of the convention attendees and the press, at a time when the federal government is cutting health funding to pay for a new staff of militarists for Rumsfeld to direct in the interest of "homeland security", and when the state of California is cutting Medicaid and mental illness funding. City budget cuts, which have also been proposed, could cut off treatment to thousands of the homeless, an estimated 30% of whom are thought to suffer from mental illness, and half of whom are thought to be addicted to drugs and alcohol. (The official estimate of homeless population is between 8500 and 15,000, though the City's methods of counting, and of computing the percentiles I'm citing—by use of services?—have to be considered.)

San Francisco mayor Willie Brown whines, as he has before, that the reason there are so many homeless people here is that the city takes such good care of them. Ironic, when his government now proposes chopping the city's largest residential treatment facility from 36 to 20 beds, along with its whole day program, and eliminating the only locked psychiatric program at SF General (147 beds), and the budget for a counseling center for women. Another proposed cut, of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic's budget by $2 million, could result in a 25% service reduction in jail psychiatric services, and the elimination of a 24-hour drop-in center for homeless women and a program for addicted mothers.

With mayoral elections only six months away, SF's homeless issue is being tossed around right and left in political debate. Young, moneyed suit Gavin Newsom, a supervisor and mayoral hopeful, made the city a proposition called "Care Not Cash", which would reduce the amount of assistance checks—which now max out at $395 monthly—to $59 per month. The cut money would supposedly go to shelter and food, but critics have predicted that impoverished people who do not meet standards for assistance will be pushed out of shelters to make room, improving Newsom's perceived success rate with the plan. Others expect more people will apply for GA, under which they would receive $320, rather than take the $59. On another level of concern, the reduced payments would take away the ability of the homeless to manage their money and resources, and further institutionalize, dehumanize, and isolate them.

The City divides its homeless population into four categories: the elderly, the disabled who can receive Social Security, people in job training, and "able-bodied people who refuse to join an employment program". Voters approved Prop N, which proposed the dramatic cuts in payments outlined in "Care Not Cash", but as the result of a lawsuit, the part of the bill that affects able-bodied people will not go through. Ironically, this leaves potential cuts only for the elderly, the disabled, and those homeless in job training.

Political responses to the controversy over homelessness in San Francisco have been provocative, of late. In a burst of Sunday-best protest, Irish-Catholic Senator J. Burton has been plastering the city with campaign-style banners on the light poles that read, "Jesus gave poor people money of the streets of Galilee." Newsom retorts that it wasn't money Jesus gave, it was *alms*, something he apparently equates with a spot on a waiting list at one of SF's shelters. Or perhaps a spot of government cheese? Heavenly. On the secular (and soulless) ticket, the SF Hotel Council has been doing their part with signs in the tourist district that say things like, "Today we rode a cable car, visited Alcatraz, and supported a drug habit." It's not looking like such a nice place to leave your heart, these days.

Sometimes a situation, or even a city, is best observed by an outsider. James McNulty, head of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill, was visiting from Omaha for the APA convention. He told the *Chronicle* he had "never seen greater contrast between degradation and great wealth" than on his visit to San Francisco.

• • •

Back before we closed down the streets downtown protesting the war in Iraq, before California announced its $30 billion deficit, back when it was Bush v. Bin Laden, not Bush v. Hussein, the punks sat at night on Market Street, in the financial district, drinking beer out of paper bags. It felt really good to be scowling, drunk and dirty lurking around some statue in the beating heart of corporate traffic. It felt so good we decided to lurk here once a week, filthying up the atmosphere a bit and welcoming the out-of-town punks. We would be predictable but proud—like mohawks, like punks.

But of course, when we put down our beer and picked up our organizers, we realized that between our jobs and our various other commitments, nobody had the time.

I submit, for the final time, the irony.

Letters: Arwen, PO Box 170291, San Francisco, CA 94117
arwen@maximumrocknroll.com

PS. I hope you enjoy the protest reports from Pensacola and San Francisco in this issue and are inspired by them, as I have been. I hoped to include other scenes in this issue, too, but they didn't quite pan out. These two groups of punks are by no means the only ones engaged in brave, creative, and thoughtful protest in their cities, towns, and suburbs. Still, I found it valuable to compare the different sets of resources people had at hand, and the different challenges they continue to face, in two cities of different sizes and temperments on different sides of the country. I think it's important to acknowledge each other's efforts, and even more important to keep the ideas in play between us, spread out as we are over the world. Thanks to you all.

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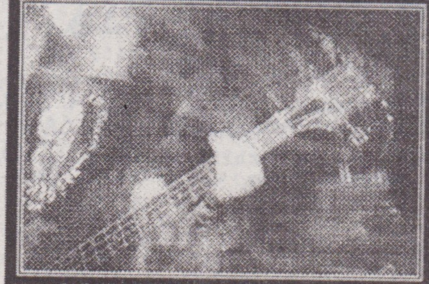

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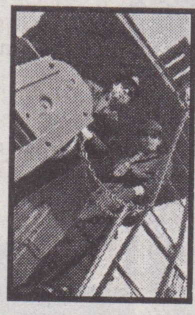

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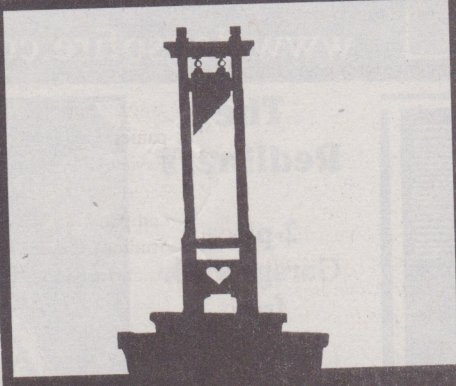

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Arwen Curry

FCC CLOSE TO EASING MEDIA CAPS

Giant firms want to own more outlets

by Dan Fost
excerpted from the San Francisco Chronicle

The Federal Communications Commission is moving closer to easing its media ownership caps, including regulations that now limit how many television stations a network may own, or whether a company can own a newspaper and a television station in the same city.

Opponents are waging a frantic battle to forestall FCC action. They fear that a handful of media giants will gobble up even more of the print and broadcast spectrum.

Dissident FCC Commissioner Michael Copps, who wants to slow the process, will speak at two events in the Bay Area today—one at Dominican University in San Rafael hosted by Rep. Lynn Woolsey, D-Petaluma, and one at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco.

"We're going to have a handful of people providing the news for the entire country," Woolsey said. "We will be losing the diversity of intellect and ideas and opinions. We'll be cutting off minority opinions and dissent, and it's not our founding fathers intended."

The FCC takes a critical step this week, when commissioners receive specific proposals for deregulation. The proposals, which are not to be released, will come up for a vote June 2.

On the other side of the debate are the biggest media companies and the Republicans who control the FCC.

They argue that the media world has exploded with options, with new cable networks and Internet sites sprouting up all the time. The companies have also had some success fighting the current rules in court, which has spurred the FCC to action.

"The court says, 'Look, any time you have an ownership rule that restricts an entity's right to buy a radio station, broadcast (television) station or a newspaper, you are in effect restricting their First Amendment right to free speech. You need to explain to us what those governmental interests are.' " said FCC Commissioner Kathleen Abernathy.

Hearst Corp., the owner of The Chronicle, is among the companies that has asked the FCC to ease restrictions.

The proposals will likely include some sort of "diversity index," Abernathy said, which will help the commission calculate how many media outlets one company may own in a given market.

Last week, 285 academics, including many leading journalism professors, sent a letter to the FCC questioning such an index.

"We have grave doubts that any single measure can effectively analyze the complexities of the media marketplace, in terms of its impact on journalism, citizen access to information, and competition," the letter said.

The Los Angeles Times, citing unidentified sources, reported that the proposals would allow TV broadcasters to reach 45 percent of U.S. households rather than the current 35 percent, and they would allow a single company to own as many as three television stations and one newspaper in large markets.

Even the nature of the debate has fallen victim to the FCC's partisan politics. While the two Democratic commissioners, Copps and Jeffrey Adelstein, argued for public hearings around the country, FCC Chairman Michael Powell said such hearings were not necessary given the outpouring of commentary reaching the commission.

Copps and Adelstein conducted unofficial hearings anyway, including one in San Francisco last month that attracted more than 500 people.

Jeff Perlstein, executive director of Media Alliance in San Francisco, one of the organizers of the hearing, said most of those speaking at the hearing opposed relaxing the rules, and urged more public input.

Media Alliance, along with several other advocacy organizations, plans to ask the US Senate Commerce Committee to exercise its powers of oversight and either block or undo any FCC action that lifts ownership limits.

Andrea Buffa, a Media Alliance board member and the national co-chair of United for Peace and Justice, an umbrella organization formed to protest the war in Iraq, said they'll have the backing of an energized anti-war movement that is ready to take on the issue of big media.

"We were really unhappy with the media coverage of the war and the anti-war movement, especially television coverage that seemed like cheerleading for the war effort and didn't reflect reality," Buffa said. "(US Secretary of State) Colin Powell was spearheading the war and his son Michael Powell at the FCC is calling for rule changes that could change many regulations that govern corporate media."

Organizations such as Global Exchange and MoveOn.org are joining the effort at the FCC.

"My understanding is the FCC is supposed to regulate the airwaves in the public interest," Buffa said. "If the FCC and Michael Powell interpret the public interest as huge corporations that want to buy up channels, they can do that. We think you need a diversity of media outlets and a diversity of opinion so people can make informed, important decisions."

The media landscape doesn't look like an industry with many limits. Consider the breadth of just partial lists of some of the largest companies' holdings (complete lists are available at the Columbia Journalism Review's Web site, www.cjr.org/owners): -- AOL Time Warner: The largest Internet service provider (37 million customers), the second largest cable company, HBO, CNN, TNT, TBS, the WB Network, Warner Bros. Studios, Castle Rock Entertainment, New Line Cinema, music labels Atlantic, Rhino, Elektra and Warner Bros., book publishers Little Brown & Co., Time Life, and Book of the Month Club, and the largest U.S. magazine company, publisher of Time, People, Sports Illustrated, Fortune, Money, Entertainment Weekly, and many others, and the Atlanta Braves, Hawks and Thrashers sports teams.

• Viacom: CBS and UPN networks, MTV, VH1, Showtime, Nickelodeon, Comedy Central, BET; Infinity, the second largest radio network (including KCBS, KLLC and KITS in the Bay Area); 34 television stations (including KPIX-TV, Channel 5 in the Bay Area); Paramount Pictures, Simon & Schuster book publisher, Spelling Entertainment, and other entertainment and publishing holdings.

• News Corp.: The Fox network and Fox News Channel, 22 television stations, 20th Century Fox film and television studios, TV Guide, the Weekly Standard, the New York Post (and other newspapers in England and Australia), book publishers Harper Collins and William Morrow, the Los Angeles Dodgers, with stakes in the Los Angeles Kings and Lakers and New York Knicks and Rangers sports teams.

• Walt Disney Corp.: ABC television network, 10 television stations and 53 radio stations (including KGO TV and radio in the Bay Area, and KSFO-AM); Disney Channel and stakes in A&E, ESPN, the History Channel, Lifetime and other cable channels; Walt Disney Pictures, Touchstone Pictures, Miramax Films; Buena Vista Music Group; Hyperion and Miramax books; theme parks and a cruise line.

• Hearst Corp., the owner of The Chronicle, is among the companies that have asked the FCC to ease restrictions. Privately held Hearst owns 12 daily newspapers, 17 U.S. magazines, 27 television stations, and stakes in A&E, ESPN, the History Channel, Lifetime and other cable channels, among other media holdings.

HAVE ROAD MAP, NEED DRIVERS

by Marty Jezer

The Middle East road map to peace is like a backcountry dirt road in Vermont. You can't get there from here.

The United States, along with the European Union, Russia, and the United Nations (the "Quartet," as the grouping is known), has introduced a road map for "a final and comprehensive settlement" of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by 2005. The there of the road map is based on the two-state formula of "land for peace" that many Israelis and Palestinians have ostensibly but not actually supported for many years. Israel will end its occupation of the West Bank, Gaza and East Jerusalem that began after the 1967 Six-Day War. These areas will form the geographic basis for "an independent, democratic and viable Palestinian state living side-by-side in peace and security with Israel." As a first step along the road, the Palestinians leadership will act "decisively against terror."

The Palestinians have accepted the principles of this road map; the Israelis haven't. Predictably—it happens every time there is a move for peace in the Middle East—those on both sides who reject the idea of a two-state solution have stepped up their violence: The Palestinian rejectionists with murderous terrorist attacks; the Israeli government with lethal military excursions into Palestinian areas. What else is new?

The Palestinians, under pressure from the Quartet, have at least got themselves new leadership. Prime Minister Abu Mazen and his Minister of Security Mohammed Dahlan have vowed to break the power of Hamas and similar groups that oppose coexistence with Israel. A crack-down on terror by the new Palestinian leadership could lead to a Palestinian civil war.

Israeli leaders have always complained that with Yasir Arafat in power, Israel lacked a partner for peace. For the moment, Arafat's power is weakened. Now the shoe is on the other foot. To move successfully against their own rejectionists, Mazen and Dahlan need a partner for peace on the Israeli side. Practically speaking, they need to shore up their support from the Palestinian people with evidence that they are making progress towards the Palestinian state envisioned by the road map. They cannot act against Palestinian terrorists without assurances from Israel that there will be a reward for the risk that they plan to take. That reward is spelled out in the road map. Israel must issue "an unequivocal statement affirming its commitment to the two-state vision." It must freeze construction of Jewish settlements, dismantle those built since March 2001, end the demolition of the homes of Palestinian militants, and begin a military withdrawal from Palestinian areas.

Secretary of state Colin Powell in a meeting this week with Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon tried to get Israeli approval for the road map but got bupkes (nothing). An editorial in the Israeli newspaper Haaretz categorized Sharon's support for "a Palestinian state" as "hollow." Sharon "has not internalized the conceptual changes necessary to achieve a peace arrangement based on compromise," the paper said. He "has yet to give up the vision of the settlements and creeping annexation of the West Bank."

Significantly, President Bush failed to give Powell active backing. Decisive when it comes to war, Bush seems to have little interest in expending political capital in waging peace. His position on Israel is driven by domestic opportunism. Israel has become a wedge issue, like homosexuality and abortion. By giving Sharon a blank check, Bush hopes to wrest the traditionally-liberal Jewish vote away from the Democrats. He could be successful. A significant portion of the Jewish community is willing to sacrifice its own liberal values in behalf of Ariel Sharon. This faction is shameless. A full-page "Happy Birthday, Israel" ad from the American Jewish Committee in the *N.Y. Times* on May 7, quotes liberal icons Eleanor Roosevelt and Martin Luther King as supporting Israel, which they did. But both died before the beginning of the Israeli occupation. To insinuate that they would support the occupation and the jackboot policies of Ariel Sharon is an insult to their memory. But it's of-a-piece with the support that many American Zionists accept from right-wing Christian fundamentalists who, with their apocalyptic theology, are willing to have Israel fight Muslims down to the last Jew.

A successful journey along the road map to peace depends on pressure from the international community. Such pressure has worked to forge a new Palestinian government. The Israelis, however, don't trust the UN or the European Union. The U.S. alone has influence over Ariel Sharon.

The Jewish community in the United States, as it is in Israel, is split over the idea of land for peace and the settlement movement, but the supporters of Sharon are better organized, better funded, and have the ear of both major parties.

Tikkun magazine ("Tikkun" means "to mend, repair and transform the world" in Hebrew) is organizing a community of activists to challenge the power of America's pro-Sharon Lobby. It supports the road map for peace but goes further in its willingness to work with Palestinian moderates for an outcome that "guarantees dignity, justice, and security to both sides." (For information: www.tikkun.org).

Both Palestinians and Israeli's need security in order to have peace. The new Palestinian government needs international support and a commitment to progress from the Israeli government if it's going to successfully break the power of the Palestinian terrorist organizations. The Israelis need to accept the conditions and goals of the road map and help the Palestinian moderates succeed. Failure means more violence, more terrorism, an endless cycle, a road map to nowhere.

Americans, as Tikkun suggests, have to pressure the Bush administration to forcefully promote the road map to peace and, additionally, give their support not to the Palestinians or the Israelis per se, but to the brave people on both sides who are willing to take risks, move forward, and break the impasse.

Marty Jezer writes from Brattleboro, Vermont and welcomes comments at mjez@sover.net.

'PAY FOR DESTRUCTION', INDIGENOUS PEOPLE TELL CORPORATIONS

by Haider Rizvi
Published by the Inter Press Service

UNITED NATIONS—Leaders of the world's 350 million aboriginal people, gathered here to discuss ways to protect their culture and environment, are demanding that multinational corporations accept legal responsibility for policies that destroy indigenous lands and lifestyles.

"Industries on indigenous lands were meant to bring development, economic growth and reduced poverty," Victoria Tauli of the Indigenous Peoples Caucus on Sustainable Development told a meeting at the Permanent Forum on Indigenous Issues that started this week. "Rather than bringing development, however, they have brought more poverty and misery to indigenous people."

The vast majority of indigenous leaders, assembled here from as far as the lush green valleys of the high Himalayas to the rainforests of the Amazon basin, hold a similar view. In meeting after meeting of the two-week annual Forum, they tell countless stories about how oil, gas, lumber and mining projects by multinational business, and in some cases by national governments, continue to pose threats to the survival of their communities.

'For me, the environment is the single largest issue at this Forum, because it is everything," says Goodluck Diigbo, president of Partnership for Indigenous Peoples Environment (PIPE), who grew up in Ogoni, Nigeria, a region with a fragile ecosystem.

'My people once lived in a state of nature, sharing everything in common with the inhabitants of the forests, including animals such as lions and reptiles. I learnt from my elders that we are custodians of the planet and it is our responsibility to protect nature."

Diigbo, whose ancestral lands have been devastated by oil drilling and spills, says multinational corporations interested in drilling for oil and gas or mining for gold, uranium and diamonds should be legally accountable for the environmental impacts of those activities. "We are living in the age of scientific push and technology," he says. "This is a blessing, but also a curse."

That curse has been experienced by Nana Akuoko Sarpong for 28 years. "Multinational companies have engaged over the past 50 years, in the systematic exploitation of our timber resources," says the aboriginal leader who represents the ancient Kingdom of Ashanti in Ghana. "The tropical woods which sometimes take 200 years to mature are felled at the stroke of a chainsaw to enrich the homes of Europe."

Sarpong says the issue of destruction of African rainforests and the effects on biodiversity has been the subject of conference after conference, "yet very little has been made to arrest it".

'It is time the international community woke up to its obligation to indigenous people, by creating a fund for indigenous people to assume responsibility for the regeneration of their resources, and the Mother Earth will be richer for humanity," he adds.. "This is a wake up call for those who care about sustainable development."

Earlier this week, the World Bank launched a 700,000-dollar-fund called the "Grants Facility for Indigenous Peoples", which will provide up to 50,000 dollars for projects on development themes recommended by the Permanent Forum.

"It's cruel joke," says Roy Laifungbam, of the Center for Organization and Research and a leader of the Meitei people of northeast India. "Many of the World Banks officials are earning more money than this every year."

"The World Bank has lent millions of dollars for projects that had led to the destruction of indigenous communities and their environments," adds Tauli, and it should address the issue of compensation for that devastation.

"The small grants facility should not be used in exchange for those demands," she says.

Bank officials acknowledge that the amount is insufficient. "It's not a huge amount of money, but it is symbolic of our relationship with indigenous people," said Ian Johnson, vice president of the Bank's environmentally and socially sustainable development network.

Another of the planet's most powerful multilateral institution, the World Trade Organization (WTO), is also under fire at the Forum, which has attracted 1,500 participants from around the globe. Noting that their people have been harmed by WTO agreements, which in some cases have led to the extinction of indigenous lifestyles, a number of aboriginal leaders want the trade body to explain how it will respond to their concerns.

'The Forum must support the indigenous knowledge system and protect intellectual property rights from piracy," says a delegate from Hawaii. "A research by any bio-tech or pharmaceutical company without indigenous people's permission is nothing but piracy."

Despite representation from nearly 500 aboriginal groups worldwide, the Forum is not empowered to enact laws; it can only advise the U.N. Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC).

After its historic inaugural meeting last year the Forum, which includes 16 representatives - eight nominated by governments and eight by indigenous people - called among other things for a permanent office and funding at the United Nations in New York. It received both, creating high expectations in some observers.

"It's quite an exciting moment in terms of its possibilities," Marcus Colchester, director of the UK-based Forest Peoples Programmes, told IPS. "But I think it should go beyond just talking - have bite and be taken seriously."

For Sebastiao Manchineri of the Yine people of the Amazon rainforests, any approach to address indigenous issues will require a fundamental change so that governments recognise their territorial integrity. "When the people have no land, no rights, there is no room for any kind of development."

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LITERARY GROUPS DECRY PATRIOT ACT AS INVASION OF PRIVACY

by David Mehegan
published by the Boston Globe

A national coalition of publishers, authors, librarians, and booksellers yesterday called on Congress to modify the part of the antiterrorist USA Patriot Act that allows the government to secretly inspect Americans' book-buying and -borrowing habits.

The statement is signed by 32 organizations, including the American Booksellers Association, the Authors Guild, the Association of American Publishers, the American Library Association, PEN American Center, and the giant booksellers Borders and Barnes & Noble. It endorses a bill filed in March by Representative Bernard Sanders, Independent of Vermont, that would exempt bookstore sales records and library borrowing records from some provisions of the act.

In a separate statement supporting the Sanders bill, former US representative Patricia Schroeder, president of the library association, said, "Section 215 seriously undermines the First Amendment-protected activities of authors and publishers, booksellers and librarians, and indeed anyone who reads."

'Bookstores are almost universally in favor of this," said Wayne A. Drugan Jr., executive director of the New England Booksellers Association, which signed the statement. "Books contain information to which everybody should have free access, and that access should not be monitored or supervised by the government."

Under Section 215 of the USA Patriot Act, passed in October 2001, a secret court can authorize the FBI to inspect or seize bookstore or library records without showing probable cause. Further, the law provides that the bookstore or library is forbidden to disclose that the inspection happened.

The Sanders bill, dubbed the Freedom to Read Act, would still allow inspection but would require closer court supervision.

Resistance to the Patriot Act has been building quietly since it became law. More than 90 cities and towns across the country have passed resolutions against it.

"Libraries are a cornerstone of intellectual freedom, the right to think and explore and read whatever you want to," said Krista McLeod, director of the Nevins Memorial Library in Metheun and president of the Massachusetts Library Association, which supports the change. "The privacy associated with that freedom is key."

People who come in to use the library have lost a lot of the privacy that they expect." Barbara Comstock, spokeswoman for the US Justice Department, yesterday said the opposition to the Patriot Act is misplaced. "All Section 215 says is that when someone who is not an American citizen or is identified as a terrorist comes to a library to use a computer, we can go into the library and see what he is doing on that computer," Comstock said. "The hysteria about this is due to a lack of understanding that a court order is required. There is no interest in a general sense in knowing what people are reading."

WASHINGTON STANDS ALONE IN OPPOSITION TO RELAXING PATENTS ON AIDS DRUGS

Published by Agence France Presse

Despite a 15 billion-dollar proposal to fight AIDS in developing nations, Washington is still unlikely to compromise on drug patents—a crucial tool in the arsenal for poor countries to fight the spread of the deadly disease.

The United States is alone among the World Trade Organization's 144 members to oppose a December agreement in Doha giving developing nations stricken by AIDS epidemics the right to ignore drug patents and import cheaper, generic medicines.

Washington has justified its opposition to the proposal by calling it a license for unfair competition, said Mark Greyson, spokesman for PhRMA, an umbrella lobbying group for the pharmaceutical industry.

"It's not about the poor countries; if it were about the poor countries everything will be over," he said.

A European diplomatic source said Washington appears unlikely to support WTO sanctions of drug patent violations.

President George W. Bush's initiative, for diagnosing, treating, and preventing AIDS in 14 African and Caribbean nations, purports to show a Washington that is humanitarian but protective at the same time of its commercial interests, the source said, speaking on condition of anonymity.

The initiative was approved Friday by the US Senate, clearing the way for Bush to introduce it in discussions at the G8 summit next month in France. Bush has also promised to press other rich nations to increase aid to poor countries to fight the disease ahead of a donors conference in July.

"PhRMA, a powerful special interest group, could contend that this budgeted assistance is to balance the account, and Washington will resist any concession with the WTO on exemptions to patent protections," the European source said.

Developing countries want to be able to produce generic drugs to treat not only AIDS but other infectious diseases, and "PhRMA is ferociously opposed to this because it could close potentially lucrative markets to them," the source said.

In response, a US trade official who asked not to be named, said: "We remain open to a multilateral solution and we are hopeful that a certain level of comfort can be restored in the discussion that will complete the Doha mandate."

The US official said such proposals would help those with the most dire needs to gain access to fight and treat the Acquired Immuno Deficiency Syndrome, which still has no cure.

"I don't think there is any linkage that you can point to between the funding and the discussion ... to the contrary the funding demonstrates strong US commitment to reach a solution at the multilateral level," the official said.

Globally, 42 million people are infected by HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, including 30 million in Africa. Since it was first detected two decades ago, 30 million people have died.

WHITE HOUSE POLICIES DIVERT FUNDS FROM NATIONAL PARKS

by J.R. Pegg
excerpted from OneWorld.net

WASHINGTON—Environmentalists say the Bush administration is forcing the National Park Service to cut millions of dollars in needed repair and rehabilitation projects in order to pay for homeland security and to pay for studying the privatization of some 1,700 agency jobs.

A memo from the budget officer of the park service's Pacific West Region details that some 28 percent of funds earmarked for rehabilitation of facilities in the region's six states is being diverted for "anti-terrorism activities and competitive sourcing studies."

The park service has an estimated maintenance backlog of some $5 billion--twice the total of the agency's annual funding.

According to Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility (PEER), which obtained and released the memo, needed maintenance projects are being sacrificed for the security and outsourcing programs, including an asbestos abatement projected in Yosemite, seismic safety rehabilitation for 18 buildings in Golden Gate National Recreation Area, and the upgrade of the sewage lagoon at Crater Lakes National Park.

Environmentalists say similar diversions of park maintenance and repair projects are occurring throughout the country.

US UNDER FIRE FOR USE OF CLUSTER BOMBS IN IRAQ

by Jack Epstein
excerpted from the San Francisco Chronicle

Now that the war in Iraq has ended, the US military must quickly remove thousands of unexploded cluster bombs to keep its promise to do everything possible to limit civilian casualties, human rights groups say.

Estimates of casualties caused by the deadly munitions vary. Gen. Richard Myers, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said the weapons caused only one civilian death during the three-week war. Other estimates put the number closer to 200.

Human rights groups caution that more will die as unsuspecting civilians—especially children—inadvertently detonate unexploded bombs with the slightest touch.

William Hartung, a military expert at the World Policy Institute's Arms Trade Resource Center at the New School in New York, said the Pentagon's use of cluster bombs is "contrary to the rhetoric of how they were going to fight the war—a clean war with minimal civilian casualties."

Each 1,000-pound cluster bomb contains between 200 and 300 "bomblets"—canisters that can explode into hundreds of fragments over an area the size of several football fields.

According to Myers, US warplanes dropped 1,500 cluster bombs in Iraq, 26 of them within 1,500 feet of civilian neighborhoods. Britain's Ministry of Defense said the British army fired by artillery or rocket launchers more than 2,000 cluster munitions and dropped 66 cluster bombs around Basra.

Pentagon spokesman Air Force Maj. Jay Steuck says cluster bombs were used because they are especially effective in destroying airfields, tanks and enemy convoys. He added that the bomblets, which fail to explode upon impact between 5 percent and 20 percent of the time, cause less physical destruction than many bombs.

"The (Defense) Department carefully considers the use of any weapon systems, " said Steuck. "There is no intent to cause unwanted civilian deaths during or after the fact."

But the use of cluster bombs—a single fragment of which can rupture the spleen or cause intestines to explode upon impact—has long been controversial.

After the war in Kosovo, during which US, British and Dutch aircraft dropped 1,765 cluster bombs, the Red Cross appealed for a new global law outlawing the weapons.

After the first Gulf War in 1991, more than 1,600 Kuwaiti and Iraqi civilians were killed and 2,500 injured by an estimated 1.2 million unexploded cluster bombs, according to Human Rights Watch. The casualties included 80 US soldiers.

In a survey of NATO's 78-day bombing of Kosovo in 1999, the International Committee of the Red Cross found that cluster bombs killed 50 people and injured 101 the year after the conflict ended. The report also said that children were five times more likely to be killed or injured by a NATO cluster bomb than by a Serbian land mine.

In Afghanistan, Human Rights Watch estimated US cluster bombs killed or injured 127 civilians.

Critics say Myers' estimate of deaths caused by cluster bombs in the Iraq war omitted ground-launched cluster munitions, which were reportedly used more extensively in Iraq than the air-dropped variety. A multiple-rocket launcher can fire 12 cluster bombs at a time, each of which has 644 bomblets.

"On one night, we received 35 dead from cluster bombs," Dr. Safaal-Amaidi, director of Najaf Teaching Hospital, told Reuters last month.

On April 7, Rashid Majid and three of his sons were killed after they picked up an unexploded bomblet in Baghdad, according to Western press accounts.

ILLEGAL ALIENS AND THE WAR ON TERRORISM

by Paul F. deLespinasse

Eighteen people recently died when the unventilated trailer in which they had been smuggled into the United States was abandoned, leaving them to roast to death in the Texas sun. Asa Hutchinson, a U.S. official, commented that "This grim discovery is a horrific reminder of the callous disregard smugglers have for their human cargo."

Unfortunately, those who smuggle aliens into the U.S. are not the only people with callous disregard for human welfare. Congress and the American public also deserve a generous portion of the credit for bringing about this kind of disaster.

A fundamental question is posed by the legislation which attempts to limit the number of people moving to the United States: By what right do people living in a given territory tell people who were born elsewhere that they cannot move in?

Back in the 1930s California tried to stop refugees from the dust bowel disaster in the middle of the country (so-called "Okies") from moving in. The U.S. Supreme Court promptly and properly stomped on this attempt to prevent American citizens from entering the state.

No world court will rule that citizens of the world have a similar right to move where they wish. But this does not mean that U.S. legislation creating a class of "illegal aliens" is morally justifiable.

This legislation does not even rise to the dignity of being a law. A genuine law does not classify people. Instead, it classifies actions and circumstances. Individual people then place themselves into legally-relevant categories by their actions. Nearly all Americans now recognize that it is not only unconstitutional, but positively immoral, to enact rules that apply only to black people, or only to women, etc.

Legislation which prohibits people from entering or living in the U.S. merely because they were born elsewhere is just as much pseudolaw as the discredited rules that black people must ride in the back of the bus or that women cannot work as bartenders.

Since September 11, 2001, the usual (and fallacious) arguments against free immigration—that it causes unemployment, burdens taxpayers, and undermines American culture---have been augmented by fears that terrorists will come into the U.S. illegally.

But the scoundrels who took out the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, and four planeloads of travelers came into the U.S. *legally.*

And having a good mix of people born in all parts of the world, of all religious faiths and cultures, living in the United States can be an excellent *defense* against terrorist attacks. In a diverse, multicultural U.S., such attacks are bound to kill many people with whom the terrorists feel an affinity.

A diverse population, of course, does not guarantee terrorists will not attack. People of Islamic faith and middle eastern origin were among the innocents killed on September 11. But as the number of immigrants goes up, deterrence should increase. And a well designed campaign to inform the world about our diversity could improve deterrence still further.

I would much rather live in a country people are trying to get into illegally than in one they are trying to get out of illegally. But it would be even better to live in a country in which the whole concept of an "illegal alien", having been recognized as a moral and legal abomination, has been abandoned.

Paul F. deLespinasse is professor emeritus of political science at Adrian College in Michigan. His virtual book describing a world entirely without pseudolaws, 'The Metaconstitutional Manifesto: A Bourgeois Vision of the Classless Society', can be read, linked, or reprinted without charge and can be accessed via www.adrian.edu/pdeles.html. He can be reached at pdeles@proaxis.com.

Strange Weather Lately

by Kurt Vonnegut

Published on May 9, 2003 by In These Times
'The following is adapted from a Clemens Lecture presented in April for the Mark Twain House in Hartford, Connecticut.

First things first: I want it clearly understood that this mustache I'm wearing is my father's mustache. I should have brought his photograph. My big brother Bernie, now dead, a physical chemist who discovered that silver iodide can sometimes make it snow or rain, he wore it, too.

Speaking of weather: Mark Twain said some readers complained that there wasn't enough weather in his stories. So he wrote some weather, which they could insert wherever they thought it would help some.

Mark Twain was said to have shed a tear of gratitude and incredulousness when honored for his writing by Oxford University in England. And I should shed a tear, surely, having been asked at the age of 80, and because of what I myself have written, to speak under the auspices of the sacred Mark Twain House here in Hartford.

What other American landmark is as sacred to me as the Mark Twain House? The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln were country boys from Middle America, and both of them made the American people laugh at themselves and appreciate really important, really moral jokes.

I note that construction has stopped of a Mark Twain Museum here in Hartford—behind the carriage house of the Mark Twain House at 351 Farmington Avenue.

Work persons have been sent home from that site because American "conservatives," as they call themselves, on Wall Street and at the head of so many of our corporations, have stolen a major fraction of our private savings, have ruined investors and employees by means of fraud and outright piracy.

Shock and awe.

And now, having installed themselves as our federal government, or taken control of it from outside, they have squandered our public treasury and then some. They have created a public debt of such appalling magnitude that our descendants, for whom we had such high hopes, will come into this world as poor as church mice.

Shock and awe.

What are the conservatives doing with all the money and power that used to belong to all of us? They are telling us to be absolutely terrified, and to run around in circles like chickens with their heads cut off. But they will save us. They are making us take off our shoes at airports. Can anybody here think of a more hilarious practical joke than that one?

Smile, America. You're on Candid Camera.

And they have turned loose a myriad of our high-tech weapons, each one costing more than a hundred high schools, on a Third World country, in order to shock and awe human beings like us, like Adam and Eve, between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers.

The other day I asked former Yankees pitcher Jim Bouton what he thought of our great victory over Iraq, and he said, "Mohammed Ali versus Mr. Rogers."

What are conservatives? They are people who will move heaven and earth, if they have to, who will ruin a company or a country or a planet, to prove to us and to themselves that they are superior to everybody else, except for their pals. They take good care of their pals, keep them out of jail—and so on.

Conservatives are crazy as bedbugs. They are bullies.

Shock and awe.

Class war? You bet.

They have proved their superiority to admirers of Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain and Jesus of Nazareth, with an able assist from television, making inconsequential our protests against their war.

What has happened to us? We have suffered a technological calamity. Television is now our form of government.

On what grounds did we protest their war? I could name many, but I need name only one, which is common sense.

Be that as it may, construction of the Mark Twain Museum will sooner or later be resumed. And I, the son and grandson of Indiana architects, seize this opportunity to suggest a feature which I hope will be included in the completed structure, words to be chiseled into the capstone over the main entrance.

Here is what I think would be fun to put up there, and Mark Twain loved fun more than anything. I have tinkered with something famous he said, which is: "*Be good and you will be lonesome.*" That is from Following the Equator. OK?

So envision what a majestic front entrance the Mark Twain Museum will have someday. And imagine that these words have been chiseled into the noble capstone and painted gold:

Be good and you will be lonesome most places, but not here, not here.

One of the most humiliated and heartbroken pieces Twain ever wrote was about the slaughter of 600 Moro men, women and children by our soldiers during our liberation of the people of the Philippines after the Spanish-American War. Our brave commander was Leonard Wood, who now has a fort named after him. Fort Leonard Wood.

What did Abraham Lincoln have to say about such American imperialist wars? Those are wars which, on one noble pretext or another, actually aim to increase the natural resources and pools of tame labor available to the richest Americans who have the best political connections.

And it is almost always a mistake to mention Abraham Lincoln in a speech about something or somebody else. He always steals the show. I am about to quote him.

Lincoln was only a Congressman when he said in 1848 what I am about to echo. He was heartbroken and humiliated by our war on Mexico, which had never attacked us.

We were making California our own, and a lot of other people and properties, and doing it as though butchering Mexican soldiers who were only defending their homeland against invaders wasn't murder.

What other stuff besides California? Well, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming.

The person congressman Lincoln had in mind when he said what he said was James Polk, our president at the time. Abraham Lincoln said of Polk, his president, our armed forces' commander-in-chief: "Trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory, that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that serpent's eye, that charms to destroy, he plunged into war."

Holy smokes! I almost said, "Holy shit!" And I thought I was a writer!

Do you know we actually captured Mexico City during the Mexican War? Why isn't that a national holiday? And why isn't the face of James Polk up on Mount Rushmore, along with Ronald Reagan's?

What made Mexico so evil back in the 1840s, well before our Civil War, is that slavery was illegal there. Remember the Alamo?

My great-grandfather's name was Clemens Vonnegut. Small world, small world. This piquant coincidence is not a fabrication. Clemens Vonnegut called himself a "freethinker," an antique word for humanist. He was a hardware merchant in Indianapolis.

So, 120 years ago, say, there was one man who was both Clemens and Vonnegut. I would have liked being such a person a lot. I only wish I could have been such a person tonight.

I claim no blood relationship with Samuel Clemens of Hannibal, Missouri. "Clemens," as a first name, is, I believe, like the name "Clementine," derived from the adjective "clement." To be clement is to be lenient and compassionate, or, in the case of weather, perfectly heavenly.

So there's weather again.

The Connection

By Anka Skakanka

I teach women's self-defense. In each workshop I encourage people to share their personal self-defense success stories. I cherish all of the stories I've heard over the years because each one has empowered me and taught me something new. In particular, I love to hear stories where women come to the aid of others and help them end or disrupt an unwanted or dangerous situation. Often, people don't realize that their stories of intervention are actually self-defense success stories. I'm happy when my class helps people to make the connection that defending others is an act of self-defense.

It is empowering for people to learn how they can intervene on another's behalf and have a positive impact on the situation. But empowerment always brings added responsibility. It means that if you see someone being targeted for a hate crime (yes, the misogynist crimes of rape and sexual harassment are hate crimes too) and you are in a position to aid that person—without jeopardizing your own safety—that you do so. Sometimes this means physical intervention, but it can also be as simple/hard as confronting people around you who use hate speech, however "jokingly." For example, the expression "don't be such a fag" when used by heteros is inappropriate (at best) and threatening to queers (at worst) and so should be called out as unacceptable by queer allies. At times, intervention is necessary in the most unexpected places… like at a doctor's office.

"I will be harassing women till my dying breath!"
~Anti-choice protester outside an abortion clinic in my town in 2002.

I don't know how many people have realized the connection between rapists and anti-choice fascists, but in my mind it is strong, and in both situations the issue of intervention is crucial. Anti-choice protesters are similar to rapists who aim to gain power and control over women via our reproductive parts. In the eyes of the religious right, our cunts and wombs are not seen as parts of women's autonomous bodies, belonging to us alone. Right-wing fascists strive to bring our reproductive organs and our sexuality under their control. The mindset of the anti-choice movement is akin to that of the power-hungry rapist who seeks to exert his will over our lives. Rapists and anti-choicers are both more likely to uphold rigid sex role standards, devalue women, and subscribe to the belief that women do not have the right to control their sexuality and reproduction. Both oppressors use similar tactics, including gendered violence, lies, physical intimidation, manipulation, deception, verbal abuse/harassment, and even stalking. And they both wreak multifold damage on women's lives. They cause unneeded emotional and/or physical trauma, they disempower and humiliate women, they deny women's autonomy and complete humanity, and they endanger women's well being and our very lives. Similarly, they both produce the same outcome: they force women to give up control of our sexual/reproductive selves. I found that because anti-choice harassment tactics are somewhat similar to sexual harassment, I was effectively able to use some self-defense techniques to counter and disrupt that harassment.

The connection between the misogyny of rapists and the misogyny of the religious right became all too clear to me when I started "escorting" at an abortion clinic in my town. Clinic escorting entails waiting outside the abortion clinic and helping women clients navigate through the gang of anti-choice protesters to the doors of the clinic. It is an escort's job to make the women feel as comfortable, calm, and empowered as possible in those long minutes before they make it from their cars to inside the clinic. On a typical day escorting looks like this:

The antis have arrived at the clinic hours before it opens (sometimes at 4 or 5:00 AM) and have parked their cars directly in front of the clinic (or as close as they can get). They do this to block convenient parking spaces for the clients, but more importantly so that they can hang "fetus pornography" on their cars. Fetus porno is large graphically portrayed photos of bloody/mutilated "babies." The validity of these supposed aborted fetus photos are highly debatable. Many look like photos of raw meat, and I've seen some "dismembered baby limbs" that were obviously doll parts lying in fake blood. Women who come to the clinic must pass these grotesque posters on their way in, and for those who may be in an emotionally vulnerable state, these photos can be traumatic to see. If the woman drives to the clinic, the antis often swarm around her car before she has even opened the door to get out. They begin spewing lies and shoving misleading, manipulative literature in her face. *"They kill babies in there!" "You'll go to hell!" "You are a murderer!"* And even *"Mommy don't kill me!"* are some common abusive slogans they yell.

The "literature" they thrust into the women's hands contains more elaborate lies, such as, "you'll be sterile / get breast cancer / be rejected by men / have your intimate relationships fall apart / be punished by a wrathful god / regret it for the rest of your life, etc., if you have this abortion." Some antis have been known to dress as pro-choice escorts to deceive the clients and then tell them the clinic is closed for the day and that they have to leave. It is not uncommon for antis to physically intimidate women and block their way. Some antis have been known to record clients' license plate numbers or other identifying information as they approach the clinic and then stock and harass them for weeks or even months after their abortion. And of course they are not above occasionally employing over-the-top violence, and have been known to bomb clinics, murder clients, volunteers, doctors, and staff, send lethal anthrax to clinics, pump toxic gas into clinic's waiting rooms, and more… all in the name of "life." In response, clinics that can afford it hire extra security, install bulletproof glass, or connect a "panic" button that when pressed will alert the SWAT team if harassment escalates into physical violence. These necessary protective measures in turn raise the already high cost of obtaining abortions, thus making it even harder for low income and poor women to get the reproductive care they need and diserve. *This* is the sorry state of women's health care in the USA in the 21st century!

But I digress…

As a pro-choice escort I found myself calling on my self-defense training to deal with anti-choice harassment outside the clinic. In self-defense classes, I teach women not to give personal information to potential assailants. This was a very important lesson to take to heart in front of the clinic, as anti-choicers have been known to utilize any personal information they glean against both the escorts and the clients. This is true even in seemingly harmless conversation they attempt to conduct with the client or escort. It is important to remember that they are enacting what they call "spiritual warfare," in which they try to find your weak spots and attack you personally, both emotionally and psychologically. Nothing is below them. Perpetrators of sexual assault also use this tactic of finding a person's "trigger points" and using them to manipulate, demean, or control. This is particularly common in domestic abuse, date rape, and incest, where the assailant knows the victim on a personal level.

When protesters attempted to hook me into this kind of conversation I used a self-defense technique called the "broken record." No matter what they said, I responded with "Leave me alone…Leave me alone…Leave me alone." This tactic ensured all of the following:

1. I wouldn't accidentally give out information that could be used against me, my sister escorts, or the clients,
2. I wouldn't get hooked into a conversation that might distract me from the situation at hand, and,
3. By repeating only one phrase, my mind was free to think of what I wanted to do next.

Another self-defense strategy I found myself using was psychological. Instead of focusing on the triggering words the harassers were using, I focused on something more important: *what they were doing*. For example, instead of focusing on the fact that the harasser is calling me a "filthy whore who will rot in hell," I focused on his actions: he is yelling and moving towards the clinic door. By looking at the circumstances in this way I am able to

1. Protect myself from his verbal onslaught, and,
2. Prepare myself to respond physically and verbally.

In this instance, I moved in between the harasser and the woman client, using my body as a physical shield, and helped her to get to the door while telling her that I respected her choice. Overpowering the verbal abuse with my calm, direct words, I eased her towards the door, saying, "Everything will be OK. I'll be here when you get out if you want any help getting to your car."

Often, the situation can border on physical confrontation, and may require a different approach. In one instance Jerry, a large, tall protester, stood toe to toe with me while he yelled down into my face. His foul breath stung my nose. He was *way* too close for comfort. I felt physically threatened by him and my gut reaction was to respond physically and shove him out of my space. However, as an escort I had agreed not to use violence while "on duty," for legal reasons, and also because it would do just what the antis want: create an unsafe atmosphere for women seeking abortion. So instead of gouging out his eyes, I got into a balanced stance and calmly, but loudly and clearly, told Jerry to "STEP BACK NOW" over and over until he followed my command. Yelling or loudly repeating direct commands to an assailant has been reported to work for many women who have used this tactic against sexual predators.

Outside the clinic white men verbally abuse young women of color. The false pretext of "pro-life" masks a gendered and racialized assault. [see below]

While anti-choice violence is similar to sexual harassment/assault in many ways, and can sometimes be combated with similar techniques, there are several important distinctions between rapists and the misogynist religious right that deserve recognition. The majority of sexual assaults against women are perpetrated by people whom the woman knows, and those perpetrators are more likely to be from the same racial and socioeconomic background as his or her victims. With anti-choice fascists this is not the case. While the protesters I've encountered were overwhelmingly white, middle or upper-middle class, balding men (and the occasional post-menopausal white woman), the clients going into the clinic are highly diverse in every way. Outside the clinic, it is disgustingly common to see white men verbally abusing young women of color. In this way, the false pretext of "pro-life" becomes a mask for a gendered and racialized assault that would otherwise be considered highly inappropriate. It is time that people acknowledge this assault for what it is—a religiously sanctioned hate crime—and respond accordingly: intervening when we can, and giving an outraged demand for it to be stopped immediately.

Like sexual assault, the effects of "pro-life" fascist abuse reach beyond the interactions between just the client and the harasser; they affect the entire community. Every woman who is witness to this violence, whether in person, through the media, through word of mouth, or otherwise, is also assaulted. When the antis attack one woman at the clinic, they are attacking all women. Their presence is a threat to every woman, and to every person who values their right to control their own sexuality. We need to stand up for ourselves, our lovers, our friends, and for all women. Both rapists and anti-choice fascists have the same end goal in mind: to force women to engage in reproductive acts (sex, childbirth) against our will. Don't let the words "pro-life" distract you from that truth. If you are a person who is willing to stand up for victims of sexual assault, then stand up for women outside the clinics.

Intervention is self-defense.

Contact: anka_ska@yahoo.com

"Protecting other womyn is self-defense and self-defense is protecting other womyn."
—Laura, *Fight Like A Girl* zine

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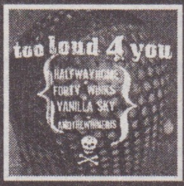

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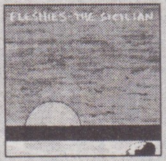

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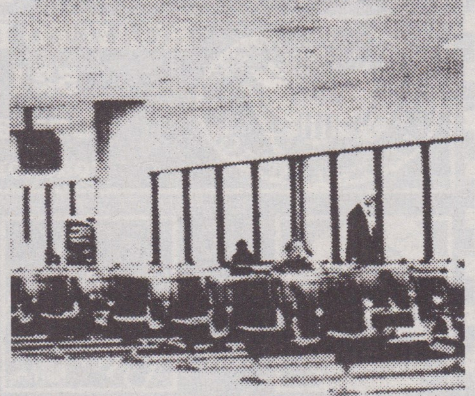

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Pensacola News Journal

Letters to the Editor

①Our media blitz begins... (a few of our slew of letters)

Pandora's box

I wanted to comment on Carl Wernicke's column and the risks he thinks are worth taking. I believe George Bush is opening up a Pandora's box he will have trouble closing. Bush is gambling that his war in Iraq will not destabilize the entire region, that it will not push Saddam into a corner so that he feels he has no choice but to use chemical weapons (that the U.S. paid for during the Reagan years).

He is gambling that his war will not start another war among the Kurds, Turks and Iranians. He is gambling that this war will not destroy long-standing friendships with our allies in Europe and elsewhere, will not increase anti-American sentiments and terrorism, and will not give other countries the confidence to initiate their own "pre-emptive strikes." Not to mention that this "gamble" violates the U.N. charter and is against international law.

None of this takes into account the human costs. Baghdad is a city of five million people, not just Saddam Hussein. Iraq's population is 50 percent under the age of 15. That's a country half made up of kids, many of whom will probably die if Bush starts this war.

If we initiate a war against Iraq, we will become everything we despise. We should think about how history will judge us.

②A tactical move to discredit the opposition. Never saw that guy on the street again.

My duty to speak

Today I struck up a conversation with a man of different religious beliefs and political values than my own. After all, dialogue and mutual respect is what makes not only this country, but this city great.

We were standing on a street corner downtown, protesting for and against the bombing of Iraq, and sharing our opinions. Wav-

Before we start this article, for those of you who have not been to Pensacola, keep in mind that Pensacola is not New York, San Francisco, or even Des Moines. It's a somewhat small city with a population of 70,000 people in the Florida panhandle (more like Alabama than like Miami, but not quite either one). "Two hundred city blocks of shotgun shacks along the beach," to quote local Punk legends Maggot Sandwich. I only mention this so you know it's not a big city and things work differently around here. It's not a hayseed hicktown, but it's not a radical hotbed either.

When the war drums started beating around September 2002, a local peace group started doing small silent vigils in MLK Plaza downtown. Outside of that, there was hardly any visible anti-war activity going on (unless you count the anti-Bush graffiti on every stop sign in the city, some spray painted walls, and wheat pastings). Although our weekly anti-war protests against Bush's invasion of Afghanistan had stopped after 9 months, we still were fairly organized and retained all the contacts we had before the war in Iraq even started. We knew it would only be a matter of time before we had to start making the fliers for the new war, but were waiting to know when the time was right. Organizing anti-war activities in a small town is somewhat difficult under perfect conditions, but for it to seem relevant to a largely mass media fed public there has to be a focal point.

The organizing for the Feb 15 day of action started in January and was almost totally done by a handful of punks who blanketed the town with "The World Says No To War" fliers. You literally couldn't go a block without seeing one almost anywhere in the city.

Along with the flyering campaign, we had a heavy push to get out our literature and through a pretty arduous, 72 hour sleepless zine push we were able to put out an issue of our local anarchist/anti-war journal Our Flag is Black with a lead story of Nelson Mandela blasting Bush for the holocaust he was about to unleash on the Iraqi people.

Before the protest, our wildest dreams were that 100 people would show up, which would make it the largest anti-war rally in Pensacola history (to our knowledge). The goal was exceeded several times over. The local newspaper counted about 250 conservatively, but we counted at least 300.

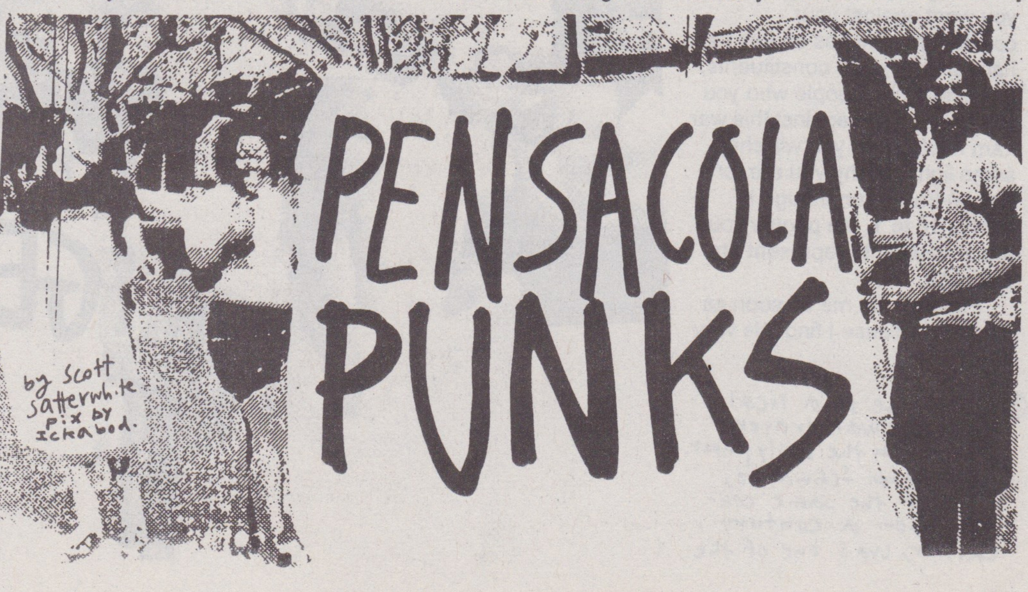
The group was incredibly diverse, too. Punks, Greens, Anarchists, Socialists, Muslims, clergy members, Jewish writers, poets, "soccer moms", babies, hippies, dogs, veterans, etc. The protests lasted for 6 hours with no arrests. And people were pretty excited about it. It's not often that there is a radical gathering, or any gathering at all for that matter in downtown Pensacola. We even made the front page of both local papers, were featured in the two campus papers, and with pretty favorable TV coverage as well (except for the clip of one of the punks shoving a cameraman, but it made us look committed, so it wasn't that bad. The only people who mentioned it were a few cops when they were asking who the guy was who assaulted the reporter on the news, but nothing came of that either).

The next day, we learned that we also had one special visitor to our town that day. None other than John Ashcroft, who was visiting his son who was in flight training at the navy base. There's no way he couldn't have seen all the fliers. It was just good to know that even here, Pensacola, Florida, Bush's cronies couldn't escape the protests.

After the February 15th protest, we waited a week to pick up the regular demonstrations and the first one was 50 people strong, with Food Not Bombs serving food and again, no arrests.

In mid-March, President Bush gave his "Iraqi's-Don't Burn Your Oil Wells/48 hour speech" and the Young Feminist Alliance called for daily street protests downtown to start at noon the next day, also coinciding with the Saturday protests (with many overlapping organizers and participants). Patriots for Peace (a local peace group made up of people from the university, clergy, veterans groups, etc) also continued their Friday silent vigils, with some of us joining them in an attempt at coalition building. These all went relatively well and were held by incredibly committed people who stood their ground for the duration of the war. Long after many of the armchair radicals went home.

The day the war started, the attitude on the street changed dramatically. Before the war officially



ing a flag, he told me the war was not only justified but just, because the Bible advocates the murder of all Muslims! Then he, a professed Christian, had the nerve to claim this cause in the name of protecting Judaism!

As a Jew, I cannot begin to express my outrage at hearing the historical oppression and genocide against Jews twisted around and used as a call for the oppression and extermination of another people, another belief, another culture.

I do not claim to speak for all Jews or all people when I speak out against this war. But as an American and as a Jew, it is my duty to speak out against genocide, whether it comes in the form of inflammatory words or incendiary bombs.

③ A letter sent to former astronaut and current US Senator Bill Nelson (D-FL).

Dear Senator Nelson,

I am writing to ask a simple question. I recently went to your web site's "Hot Items" section and there was a block where you wrote how many phone calls you recieved both for and against the upcoming war in Iraq. According to your web site, you said that you received over 2,200 calls from people who were opposed to war in Iraq. I wasn't surprised at this because most of the people I have talked to recently have also been against the war. What surprised me was that, even though the overwhelming majority of your constituents who took the time to call you about their opinion said that they were against the war, you voted in favor of a US attack on the Iraqi people.

Can you please explain why you went against your constituent's wishes on this topic. I am one of "your" constituents, and one of the people who you represent. I am against this war. I am hoping that you will shed some light on why you are for a war on Iraq, even though it seems 10 to 1, the people you are supposed to represent are against it.

Please write me as soon as you can because I find this very disturbing.

④ A response to a local rabbi's "war prayer" printed in the daily paper. Note: Rabbi Schwartz, head of the same congregation a century earlier, was one of the

started, the passers-by seemed to be on our side, letters to the editor were against the war, etc. But after the bombs started dropping the opposition went quiet and the outright hostility among the pro-war crowd grew to nearly violent proportions. A few people narrowly avoided fistfights downtown. Unfortunately, a reporter happened to be present when one of us spit on some fascist's mom (oops). But as luck would have it, they were looking the other way when a pro-war meathead from Pensacola Beach came barreling into my friend and I and threatened and manhandled us.

Then there were the "Bush Youth" as we called them. A group of 3 or 4 young girls supposedly had talked their mom into a counter protest because they felt bad that George Bush wasn't getting support on the streets. When they first came out, we thought they were on our side, until they turned around and their protest signs were protesting us, and not the war. "God Bless George Bush," "Support Our Troops," and to counter our "Honk for Peace" signs, they made a "Honk Twice if you support the President" (we made a "Honk Twice for Mass Murder" in a brilliant Tit for Tat strategy that confused nearly every motorist with a horn and an opinion for or against the war). A few of us tried to talk to with the Bush Youth, but it wasn't much use. They weren't hostile or anything (although their father was. Turns out he was a preacher), they just thought that Jesus was telling Bush what to do. And if JC tells you to go to war, pack your bags. There's not much you can say to that line of reason. But we still tried.

But right at the moment that I was wondering what it was going to be like to have my teeth punched in, a contingent from the Patriots for Peace came in a nick of time with a bunch of anti-war vets and a volatile situation was defused when we outnumbered the fascists 3 to 1 and they went home. We stayed out there until it got dark, and eventually came home to see the news of the war. For me at least, this is when the gravity of what was going on sunk in. The protests made us all very tense and, at least my nerves were shot. But this pales in comparison to what was happening to the people we were protesting for. Even if an old fascist punched us all in the face, knocked out all my teeth, and put me in the hospital, at least we didn't have to worry about getting bombed that night.

After the papers came out the next day, the feeling was mixed. The internet version of the daily newspaper had a picture of one of us with a sign that said "Rich, White, and Old, that's who supports this war" with an arrow pointing to a guy in a suit who came out to protest us with a sign that said "The 60's are over" and a woman who held up a sign that said "LT Smith, we love you. Support The Troops" (or something close to that). My first feeling was that we were going to get slaughtered. But the print version had a different picture and was more ambivalent and not so charged. Certainly slanted to the pro-war side, but not as bad as the internet one looked.

Possibly the most organized action happened the Friday after the war started. There was a huge art exhibit going on in the downtown area with several local galleries participating, which meant there would be a lot of people passing by. We wanted to do something for that event, but didn't have the numbers to do an effective civil disobedience like chaining ourselves to the courthouse. If twenty or thirty of us went to jail, the protests would be over. So, what we came up with was a plan to have every single corner of the downtown area covered by someone in all black with large "STOP THE WAR NOW" signs. We planned this at 3 in the morning two days before, making a detailed map of the downtown area with ketchup packets in the corner table of the local 24 Hour Whataburger. When Friday came around, we all headed out of our well known secret headquarters (the local anarchist bookstore), signs in hand, dressed in black, and began to cover the entire downtown area, every single street corner in every direction. We stood there for a little over an hour during the height of the event. No matter which direction you were coming from, you ran into several people protesting the war. No

sooner had you yelled at your car window at one lone protester, another and another and another appeared. The goal was, for as much as we could do, make it to where people wouldn't be able to put the war out of their mind. No more business as usual.

The rest of the protests were marked with similar interactions with people. A surprising amount of hostility, but also an encouraging amount of support. People in SUV's, big pick-up trucks, and gas tankers (surprise) were against us. But truckers for some reason, were almost all on our side.

As the war progressed and more casualties and POW's were being shown on TV, the pro-war side didn't have as much patience for our constant anti-war presence downtown. The worst and most disturbing incident was after one of the weekday protests, two protesters were riding home when a convertible with 4 navy guys in ski masks rode by and hurled frozen eggs at them, hitting them both several times. No one was seriously hurt, but it nonetheless was an unnerving experience. To Andee and Michelle's credit, though, neither of them were stopped by this and they both went out the next day.

Although most of the protests were without incident, there were a few moments. One where a former military vet, turned black bloc anarchist, burned a flag right in the middle of traffic. And, in a strange non-stereotypical role reversal, one instance where a group of four or five vets against the war actually spit on some active duty sailors in a car after they rode by repeatedly with squirt guns, shooting water at the vets.

The last push in the anti-war protests was for the April 12th international day of action. We made fliers hurriedly to keep the momentum and attract fence sitters, started to cover the town in fliers yet again, but were pretty much stunted by the fall of Baghdad. It was trouble to pick up the momentum or the will to go out there after that, but still a committed group came out in the days after the war was effectively over to protest the action and the inexcusable loss of life in Iraq. It would be the final action of the war. But even though the war was over (at least as far as the media was concerned, and thus the American public), a rather large crowd still showed up. Including a former sailor in the Navy who was just discharged for writing an anarchist zine and spreading anti-war views.

After the protests stopped, a lot of self-reflection was going on within the scene (as I am sure was going on everywhere). It was a feeling like we lost, but weren't sure what we lost. The war was over, which was what our signs said we wanted. And certainly it was what we wanted. But at what cost is yet to be determined or seen. "Neither their war, Nor their Peace" as one of our banners read.

But the war was over now and we had to move on.

Since the war ended, we had one of the best Earth Day celebrations that our city's had in years. It was heavily subverted by the Punks this year and was truly a beautiful experience. Almost every table had "War is not the Answer" signs, which were refreshing to see. A much needed morale boost to let everyone know that we weren't alone in our opposition to what just happened, no matter how the media made it seem. We also had a great May Day picnic in the park by the Pensacola Bay. And, as I write this, we are preparing for the FTAA meetings in Miami in a few months and one of us is even going to Palestine with the International Solidarity Movement.

How to evaluate what just happened will be the challenge of radicals everywhere, but it's important not to lose hope. Where it's easy to get depressed about the war, and there certainly is great cause for alarm and sadness, we can't lose focus now. We should focus on the truly amazing things that grew out of this. This new phase of Bush's war is more dangerous to the security of the planet now more than ever, but he knows there isn't much support for an unending war. And to a certain extent, it will be our task, the Punks, the anarchists, the socialists, the radicals, the angry masses around the country who spoke out against this madness, to stop this from ever happening again

most vocal local opponents to lynching.

Dear Rabbi Ostrich,

Shame on you for using Judaism and your position as a spokesperson for the local Jewish community to condone, encourage, excuse, and bless war! Is killing OK as long as the victory is quick?

And this, at a time when Americans of Arab descent are held without charges in internment camps! When they are interrogated, investigated, deported on the slightest pretext! When the amount discrimination and hate crimes against Arab-Americans grows daily, this is when you offer a prayer condoning and extolling violence? Shame on you, and shame on all of us, for allowing a moral vacuum in which this could happen.

Remember Beth El's late great Rabbi Schwartz, who used his position (and the media) to support progressive dissent and to speak out against racism and violence, even when that went against the power structure and popular lies of the time.

The entire Jewish community of Pensacola will be remembered by the words you speak in print today. Leave a legacy we can all be proud of.

(5) Another slightly dishonest tactical letter to the Pensacola News Journal, an attempt to subvert the ridiculous "support the troops" slogan and keep the local media from dismissing the protests in hind-sight.

Troops supported us

Every day soldiers drove by and gave us the thumbs up. Veterans honked and cheered. Mothers of those stationed in the Middle East stopped their cars to thank us and encourage us to continue to show the true opinion of the American people.

Who are we?

Parents and children of those fighting in Iraq. Husbands, wives and friends of those President Bush sent overseas. Veterans of previous wars, all from different backgrounds and different walks of life, but with one shared goal: to stop the invasion of Iraq; to keep innocents from being slaughtered; to remind the president that this was an unpopular, unnecessary and inhumane war, waged in our name.

Let the record show that not only did we support the troops, many of the troops supported us!

ANTI-WAR AMAZINGNESS IN SAN FRANCISCO, 2003

Over the past six months, various groups have emerged from overlapping communities of resistance in San Francisco to carry out stunts, pranks and radical actions in opposition to the war on Iraq. There have been massive marches, smaller breakaways, corporate lockdowns at Chevron, the Oakland Docks, and Lockheed Martin, fake corpses delivered to war-profiteers/ignorers at The Carlyle Group and *SF Chronicle* (Shock and Awe SF), Tax Day protests, May Day people's history project posters wheat-pasted around town, and myriad other creative, autonomous projects. I am going to do my best here to share in detail a few of the things we Punks Against War have helped make happen, knowing that there is not enough space here to chronicle everything. My goal is to cover the stuff you won't find on www.indymedia.org (which everyone should check out), partly to show how fun and amazing resistance can be; partly: how simple.

January 18th-The First Breakaway March

Months before the war in Iraq, Not In Our Name organized massive monthly marches where hundreds of thousands of people poured into the streets to show the world that not all Americans support war. These family-friendly style marches were incredible in bringing liberals out of the woodwork, and helpful to us by providing a cover and impetus for the breakaway marches organized by the Black Bloc.

The first breakaway march was an especially *smashing* success because of the collaboration between the Black Bloc and the Pink Bloc organized by Gay Shame (queers against capitalism) who made a specific decision to take the risk of working with very straight male anarchists to form an alliance based on the common goal of smashing the state, rather than working with more conservative gay groups.

At around 4:00 pm, after the mainstream march had been going on all day, punks, queers, and anyone interested in taking resistance to the next level gathered to start our own march route. Soon there were over a thousand people, holding signs, banners, and waving black flags and pink prom dresses, trashing the British Consulate, smashing the windows of the INS building, and generally fucking shit up.

Pink Bloc organizer Mary 2003 remembers,

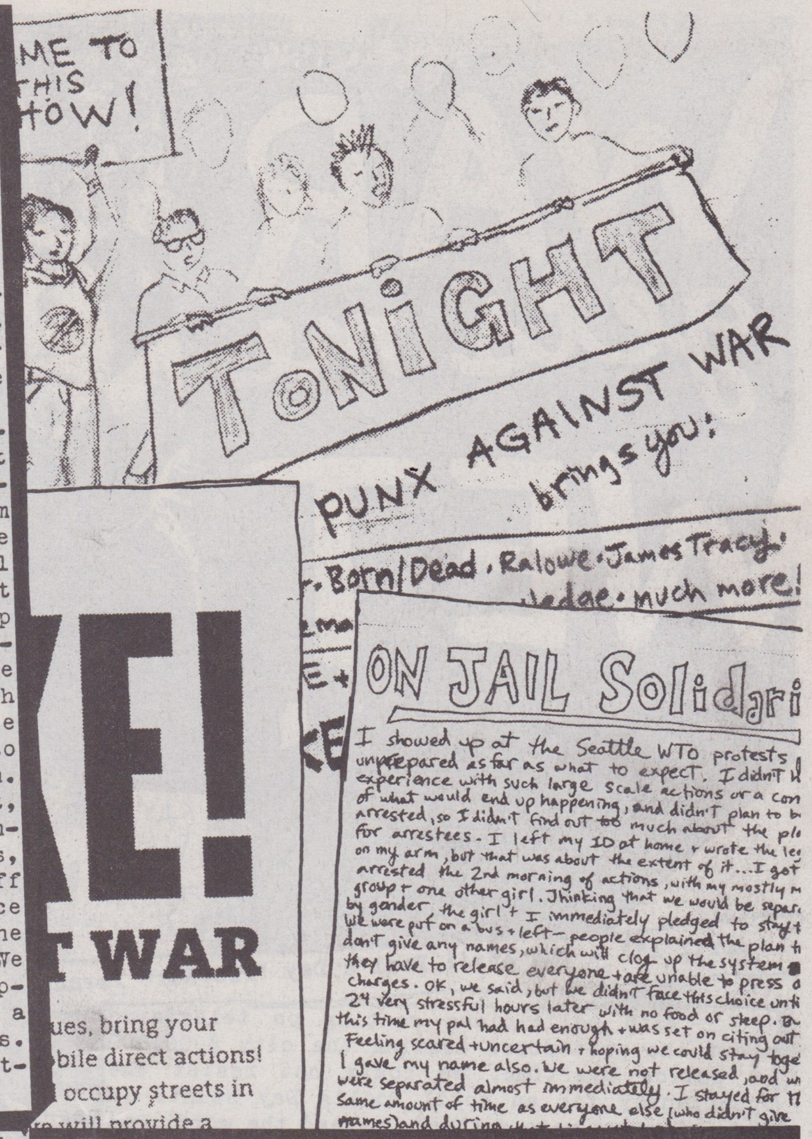
"In the first break-away march crazy shit happened & the cops didn't do anything. I think they were thrown off. It was like the opposite of Black Bloc anonymity; we were all dressed in pink & looking outrageous, which of course backfired because the next time (February 16th) the cops knew who we were. But the next time was incredible because here were these macho punk guys wearing pink headbands. The Black Bloc really respected us because we brought hundreds more people with us."

I wore a pink satin cape saying, "Love is the fiercest force" and remember feeling like, "Yeah, this is our community: freaks, punks and queers." To steal a Gay Shame cheer, "We're fabulous. Don't fuck with us."

March 21st – The Anti-War Squat

For six weeks before the war started, Punks Against War (P.A.W.-roar!) met to figure out what our contribution to the anti-war effort was going to be once shit went down. We decided to participate on the day of mass actions and try our best not to get arrested. Our main contribution instead would be having a punk show at an anti-war squat opened the day *after* shit went down that would provide people with a break from the street war and keep the momentum of resistance going beyond just one day.

We also wanted to make a statement about what we are for, not just what we are against; to create an example of life outside of capitalism where property and resources are shared in common, to make the local connection that immense buildings sit empty while thousands of people sleep on our city's streets; that our government spends billions on war while slashing funding for housing, health care, and education. We wanted people to hangout, have some food, listen to words and music, and find inspiration. In preparation for opening the squat, we had a lot of really in-depth conversations about safety, logistics, purpose, *everything*. We blocked off the top floors of the four-story space so if there was an emergency everyone could get out quickly and safely. We gathered and prepared tons of dumpstered and donated food, and made a zine explaining our motivations. (Email me at wonderwomanstopswar@hotmail.com if you want one.)



On March 20th, the morning after the bombing officially started, spontaneous, autonomous and de-centralized groups shut down downtown San Francisco *all day*. It was incredible, and far too massive to describe here. As for P.A.W., most of us rode our bikes around, taking over intersections in a roving Critical Mass called Bikes Not Bombs.

The night of the downtown shutdown, we opened the squat for the first time to get things set up for the next day. That night around twenty people slept in the squat. In the morning we made an amazing breakfast before locking up the squat to head back into the street war. Right away, four of us got pulled over on our bikes just for heading *towards* downtown. Once downtown, a gang of motorcycle cops followed us everywhere we went (which just confirms my belief that you can never use the same tactic twice.) The cops had totally lost control of the city the day before and were *pissed*. We decided to just lie low for the day, which was fine because we had plans of our own.

Later that evening we quietly opened the doors to the squat and dropped a banner out the window saying "It's not about the war, it's the way we live." In the next two hours hundreds of people showed up, ate, hung out and enjoyed the space. It was exactly what we had hoped for. Then the cops came. Suddenly, we had to leave the food, the space, and everything else in it behind. We opened the back doors wide and everyone shuffled out quietly. It went really well considering the madness that could have ensued. Afterwards we tumbled into a friend's art show where we made a sign saying, "sad people whose anti-war squat just got busted, $20.00," and sat underneath it, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

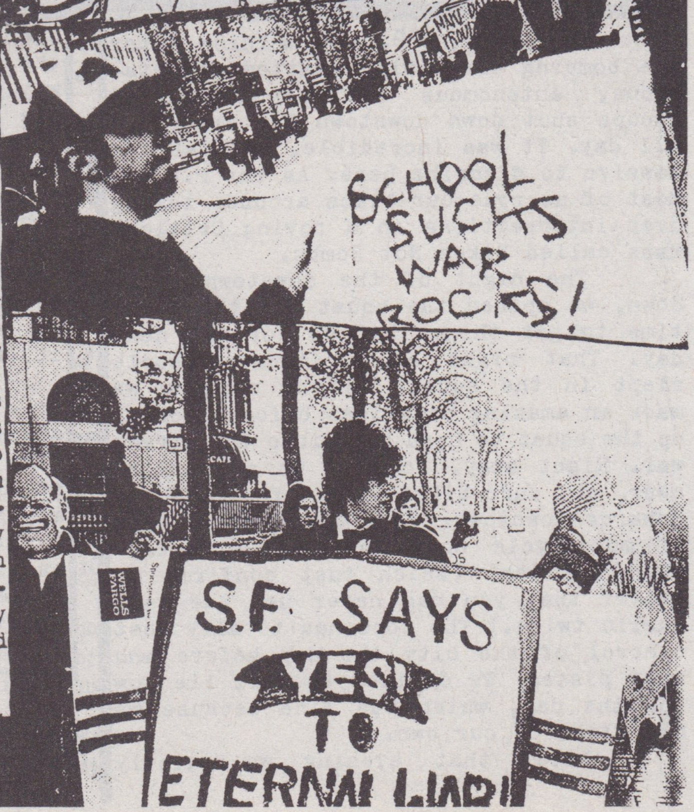
In the end we had the generator show originally planned for the squat atop the Castro MUNI metro station. Iggy and Ivy, Hello Noisy, and This is My Fist rocked out, and Josh from Chicago did a slideshow of his stencils. It was good to remember that as soon as one thing crumbles, another comes through. Seeing our vision of the squat manifest was beautiful, just as having it shut down so soon was heartbreaking. In the end we knew that by working together we could make amazing things happen. Now it's just a matter of creating spaces that can be sustainable long-term.

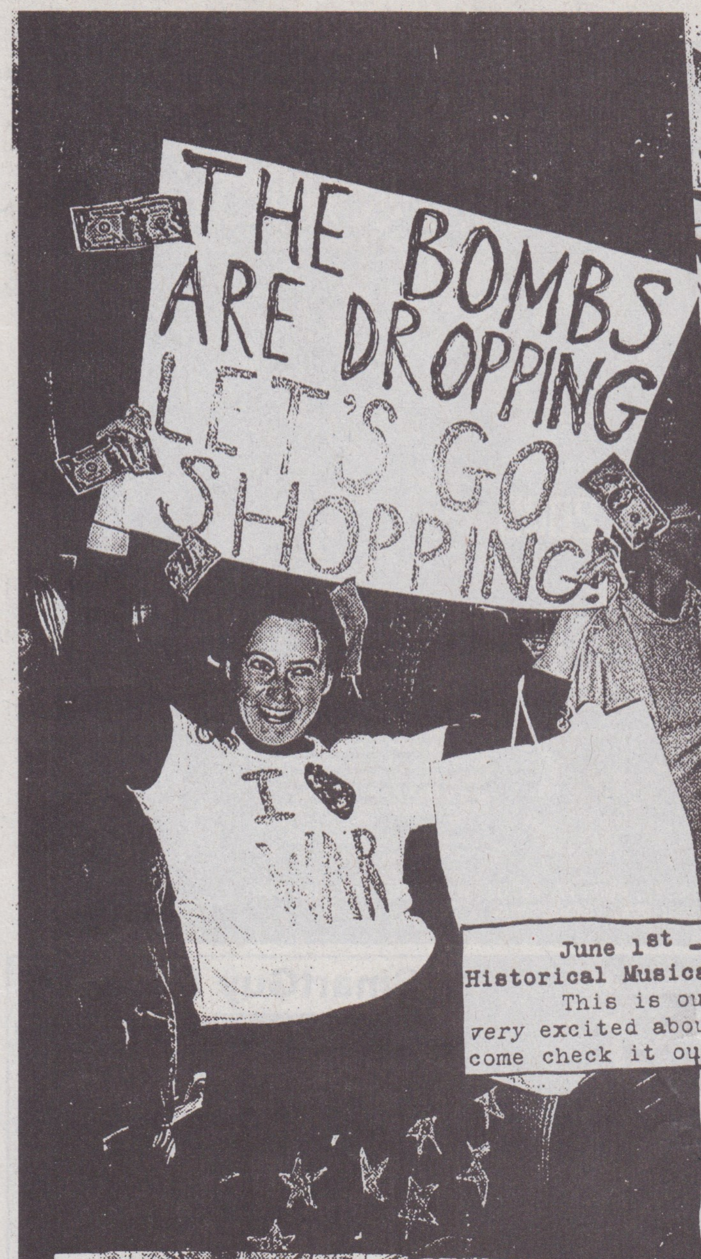
ctfully and diplomatically.

CHANGE THE WORLD!

April 1st - The April Fool's Day "Pro-War" Parade

With politicians ranting on television about the protestors costing the city $900,000 in police overtime, we could not resist the opportunity for an April Fool's Day stunt. In three days we made a flyer, spread the word, had sign-making parties, planned the parade route, put out a fake "Pro-War" press release, donned our best capitalist regalia, and the parade was on. The news crews showed up and quickly realized it was a joke, but some aired us anyway. "John Ashcroft" defiled the library for providing access to free information, John Spencer beat the French placard in UN Plaza with a baguette, Inkling gave a speech in front of Old Navy about the patriotic joys of shopping, Iggy and A. Wonder donned Black Bloc regalia and cleaned whatever anti-war grafitti they saw, and everyone marched peacefully down the sidewalk singing the star-spangled banner. Onlookers were totally confused by the signs saying things like "War is Great, France is Stupid," "PEACE: People *Expect* Americans to Control Everything," "Gaytriot," and "5 billion people must die!" but laughed when they finally got it. The cops just thought we were crazy and left us alone. For me this provided much needed comic relief from the depressing reality of the war, and proved yet again how easy and fun it can be to just get a crazy idea and make it happen with a few of your friends.



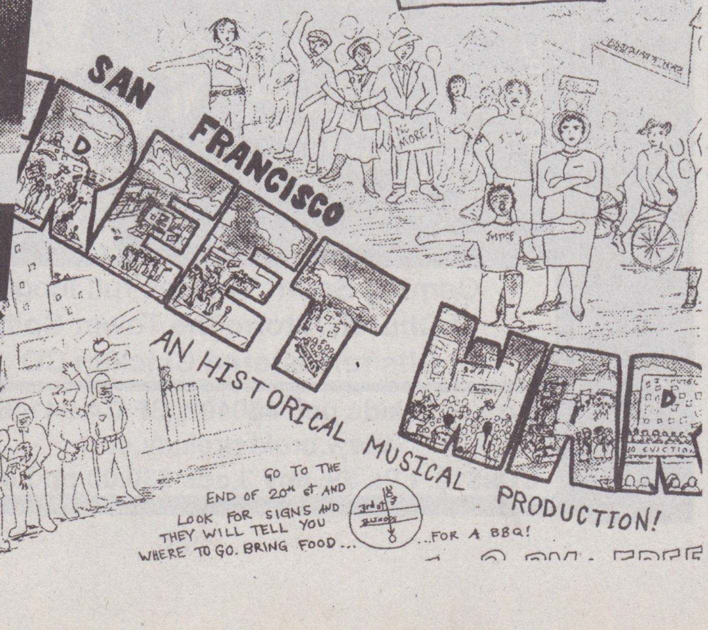


June 1st - San Francisco Street Wars- An Historical Musical

This is our latest project, which we are *very* excited about. If you're in San Francisco, come check it out!

Hopefully this has given you some ideas about stunts that you can get away with. Start small, work with 5-15 people you know and trust, be creative, and try to stay out of jail! Remember that people will join in once they see that what you're doing is new and exciting and fun. Yes, *fun*. Cuz if Emma Goldman can't dance then it ain't her revolution, and it sure as hell ain't mine.

In Solidarity,
Wonder Woman.



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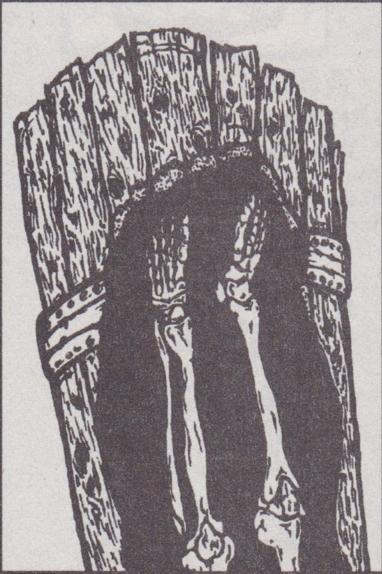

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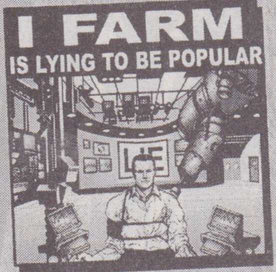

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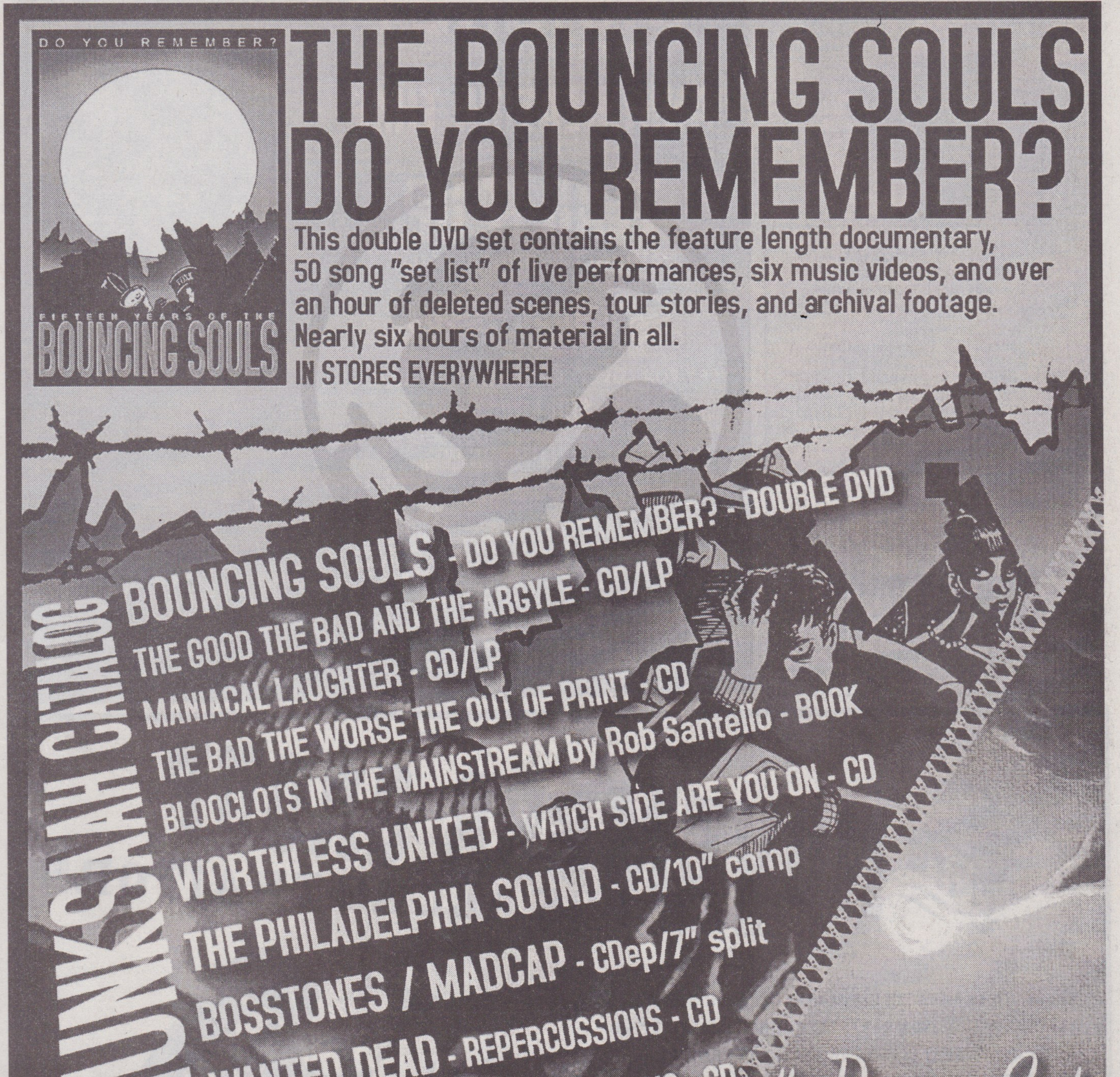
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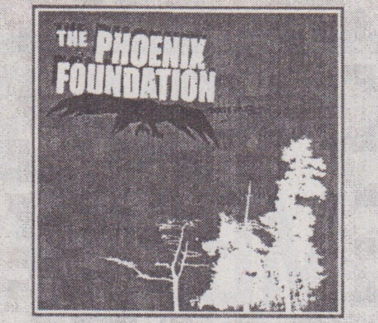

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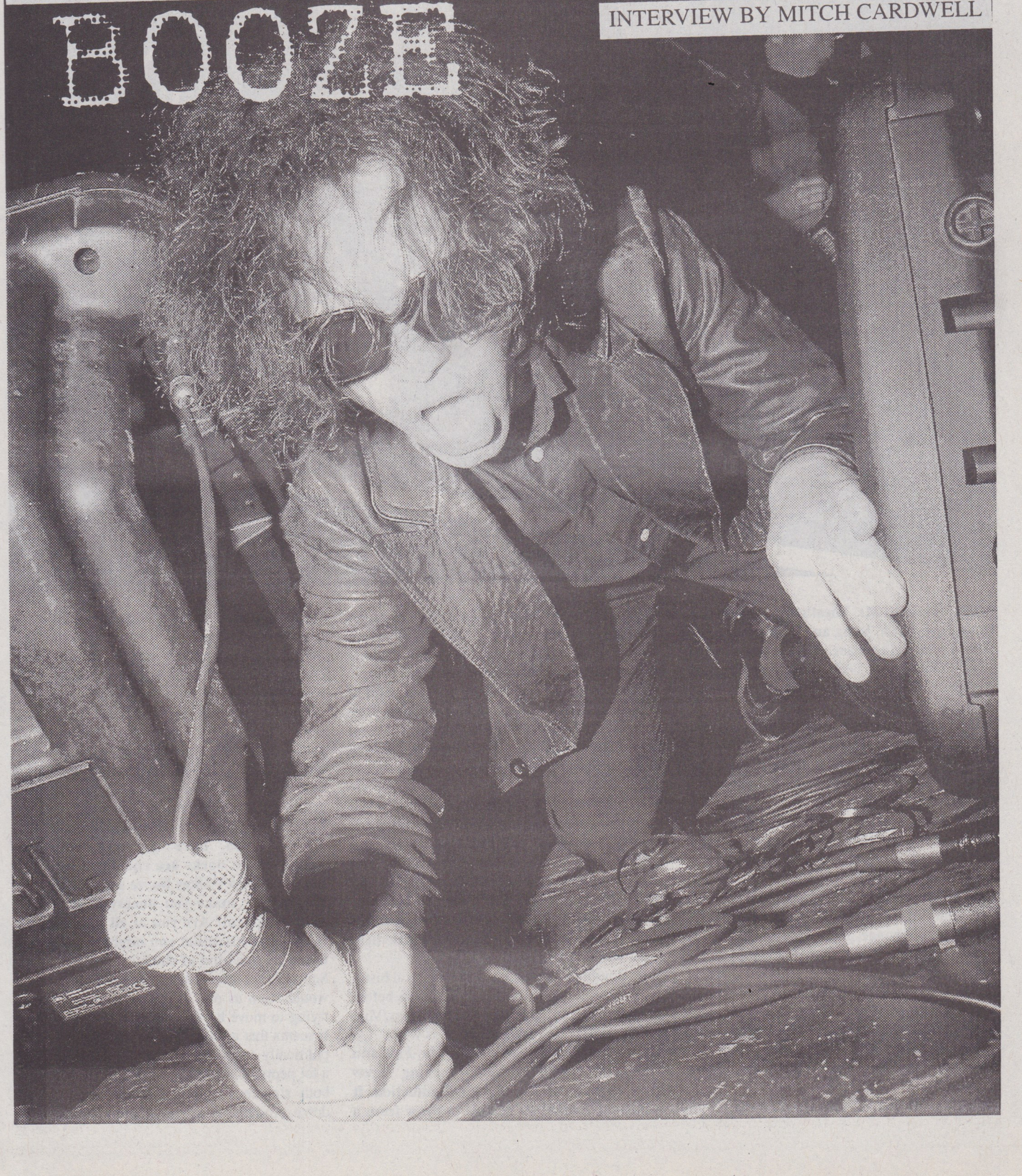
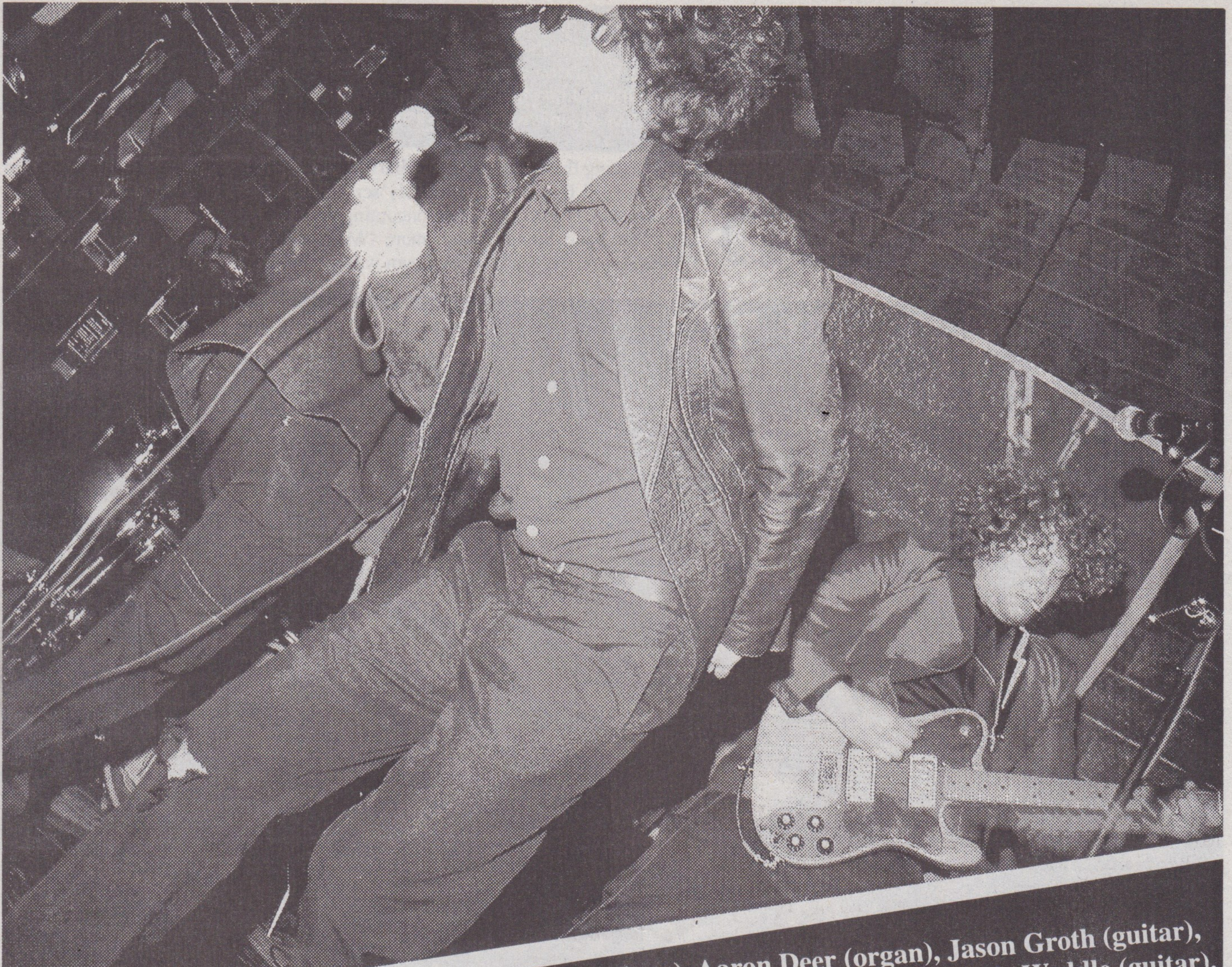
JOHN WILKES BOOZE

I didn't sit down with Seth Mahern of Indiana's dynamic John Wilkes Booze recently. How could I? Everything about this band makes me want to jump and get down! Since acquiring their debut 45 on Rock'N'Roll Blitzkrieg, I've been caught in an alcoholic, soul-inspired whirlwind that has transformed my once shy and timid persona into that of a whiskey-drenched dynamo with a total disregard for things like "rules" and "hangovers."

Upon hearing the excellent Five Pillars Of Soul series, the outcome was clear; I'm a full-fledged Boozaholic, aimlessly screaming about the virtues of Albert Ayler and Whiskey'N'Pills. Fuck the oncoming rulebook regurgitation. I can't think of any other band around today more "Maximum" or "Rock'N'Roll" than John Wilkes Booze. So yeah, sitting down was totally out of the question.

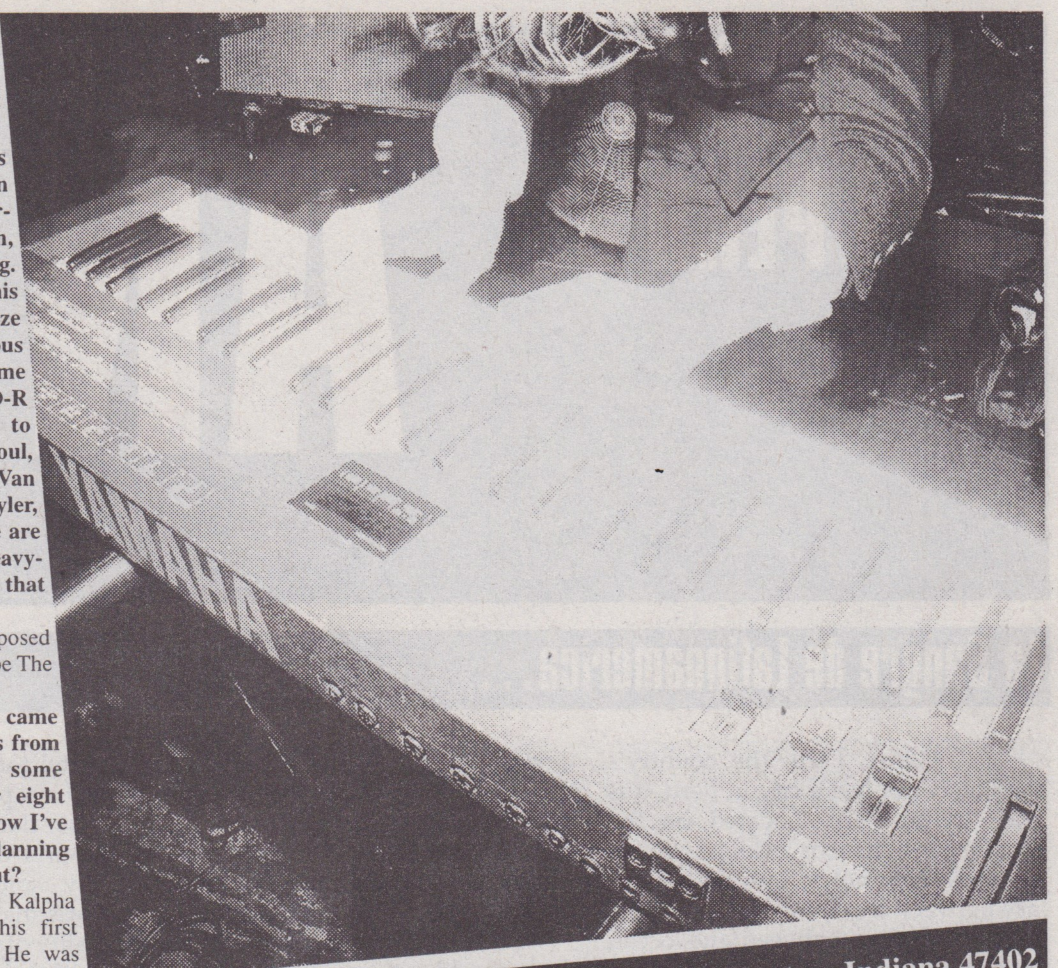
INTERVIEW BY MITCH CARDWELL





Chris Barth (bass), Aaron Deer (organ), Jason Groth (guitar), Seth Mahern (vocals), Mark Rice (drums), Eric Weddle (guitar).

MRR: So Seth, Mr. Vocalist of John Wilkes Booze, are you a "song and dance man?"
Seth: Damn right, I dance! You've got to move! John Wilkes Booze is about making it happen. And we all know to make it happen, you've got to move.
MRR: Man, that's sexy. Are you a band of "drunken soul assassins?"
Seth: We're an organization intent on investigation, education, and instigation. I'm not sure if that answers your question.
MRR: I see, to teach, not to kill. I'll just say "soul provokers" then. Can you give us some background surrounding the formation of John Wilkes Booze?
Seth: We formed in 1999 under the moniker The John Wilkes Booze Explosion. Early 2001 saw a line-up change, and we are now known as John Wilkes Booze. We started recording in the summer of 2001.
MRR: Can you get your uncle to give me any first pressings of the Zero Boys records? Sorry to bring that up, but it had to have some impact on what you're doing now. Am I wrong, I mean, you played the Zero Boys reunion?
Seth: Yes. We played with the Zero Boys. Of course they were fantastic. Paul Mahern of the Zero Boys produced our 7" and the first four *Pillars of Soul*. After that, he had a spiritual awakening and traveled to the low lands of New Mexico. When he returned, he began to refer to himself as Mahan Kalpha. As for the Zero Boys records, they're very hard to find even around here. I had to pay $40 for the original pressing of *Vicious Circle*, and that was close to a decade ago.
MRR: In your ever-so-professionally-crafted "bio," you refer to yourselves as a soul/R&B combo. Now that's all fine and dandy, but rather than mention Otis or Aretha, you throw out names like MX-80 SOUND and THE GIZMOS. You don't need to convince me that "Muff Divin" is a soul-stirrer, but some folks out there might need a little help from you on this one.
Seth: Southern Indiana has a rich musical history. Booker T. Jones lived here a decade before The Gizmos. We love the sound of Stax/Volt, and of course, we love punk rock as well.
MRR: Any band that covers The Fall and Melvin Van Peebles has a fucking screw loose, or way too big of a vinyl addiction. It would seem that you're able to draw from a wider source of influences than your average garage combo, no?
Seth: Living in southern Indiana, we don't get a chance to see as many legendary bands as we would like. So, we've spent a lot of time building up the record library here at the John Wilkes Booze headquarters. It seems that a lot of garage bands are content looking back to The Stooges and MC5. We're certainly enthralled with their work. And that's why we've tried to search out what really got them going.
MRR: One thing I've noticed about you folks is that you have a wide audience. Punk/Garage dorks are equally as likely to flip over John Wilkes Booze as indie-rockers are. Does it make you uneasy to have that kind of appeal? Are you at all prepared for the kind of attention you might get with the boom on this kind of shit?
Seth: I'm not sure why having a diverse fan base would "turn us off," it certainly doesn't. We're trying to move beyond the garage rock clichés. It seems that a lot of music these days is rather politically and spiritually void. I think there are a lot people out there that are into music that is both righteous and makes you want to get down. And that is where we fit in. I'm not wor-



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thebottle@johnwilkesbooze.com, www.johnwilkesbooze.com

ried about getting popular overnight. Coming from the hills, you just don't get that kind of attention. We're quite comfortable with building our reputation slowly.

MRR: I can understand that, it's great. It would seem that John Wilkes Booze simply isn't the average band in the average situation, which can't be seen as a bad thing. Anyway, on with the meat of this chat, 2002 saw John Wilkes Booze dive into one of the most ambitious DIY projects I've seen in quite some time, *The Five Pillars Of Soul* CD-R series. Each pillar was a tribute to JWB's personal foundation of soul, and the focal points were Melvin Van Peebles, Tania Hearst, Albert Ayler, Marc Bolan and Yoko Ono. There are some seriously misunderstood heavy-hitters in that list. Was this an idea that started with the band?

Seth: A student of Anthony Braxton posed me with the question of who would be The Five Pillars of Soul back in 1995.

MRR: The initial spark really came about that far back? It's obvious from the execution, that it wasn't some overnight scheme, but seven or eight years? That's fucking devotion. Now I've got an idea of just how much planning went into it. What brought it about?

Seth: On September 5, 2001 Mahan Kalpha (then Paul Mahern) experienced his first John Wilkes Booze performance. He was quite enthralled. About a week later, on his 38th birthday (September 11, 2001), Mahan presented John Wilkes Booze with the proposition of recording a handful of EPs. He was interested in what would happen if we were documented in a controlled environment. Given the news of the day, my mind traveled back to time spent in NYC, where the five pillars question was originally proposed. The multiple times and locations collided within my mind and the project was born.

MRR: Were these choices that clear-cut? Did you have to weigh against other pillars that you felt were as equal? Say ditching Otha Turner for Tania Hearst?

Seth: Oh dear. We love Otha Turner (RIP). However, I can honestly tell you that each of the pillars of soul was chosen for a reason. The five that we chose were drawn from a list of two hundred individuals. We're really content with the way they all stand next to each other.

MRR: I think what initially struck me about *The Pillars*, were the stances you take on them. They are, for the most part, decidedly different that what's normally thought of. There were folks that were chosen, who are seemingly ignored by soul-supporters today. Folks who the average person wouldn't even associate with soul, and folks who did things so far out there, most wouldn't know what to call it. It must have been a conscious decision to get potential listeners to re-think their opinions of the subjects.

Seth: Soul is about taking what you've got and doing what you can. Whether it's collard greens, a guitar solo, or a political movement; you can't be afraid to spice it up! I do hope that people look into the lives and works of the individuals chosen for the series. They've certainly enriched our lives. If more people were aware of their triumphs, the world would be a better place.

MRR: Agreed. There are currently plans on a wider release of *The Pillars* on one nice platter, right?

Seth: Yes. This will happen in the next year. However, we're not sure what label will be responsible for its release.

MRR: Tell us about an average live show for The Booze. Rituals? Goals?

Seth: As James Brown once screamed: "Get up, get into it, and get involved!" We try to do that with a little bit of Shake Appeal. These are cold, hard times. And its come time to stomp and shout! You've got to move! The goal of every show is to get people to feel it!

MRR: Care to estimate as to the number of times you've bled?

Seth: We've never tried to injure ourselves or anybody else. Most damage at shows is really minor. There have only been two documented hospital trips as results of John Wilkes Booze shows.

MRR: Only two? That's refreshing…Ah, Indiana. Besides ice and rocks, what moves you about your neck of the woods? Got any current favorite local bands? Care to comment on your area's great *rock and roll* history?

Seth: Southern Indiana is a great place. If there is a place that's truly all its own, it's Southern Indiana. Beautiful forests surround us. We're very proud to be from the same land as Sir Winston and the Commons, The Highlighter, The Gizmos, The Panics, The Zero Boys, Dow Jones and the Industrials, The Dancing Cigarettes, Mx-80 Sound and The Problematics. Of course, right now Indiana has some bands to really get you going. My picks are Racebannon, The Slurs, Sex Tiger, and Turn Pale. There's a new band on the scene called Mister Fister and the Shit Monks. They have a really amazing, primitive swagger. However, they'll probably all be dead or in jail by the time this goes to press.

MRR: Plans for the future? Touring? More records?

Seth: First, we'll be doing a west coast tour in July. The next year should also see the release of the *Five Pillars of Soul* with international distribution. We've also agreed to do an LP with a local label, St. Ives. It'll be a dance 12", limited to 300 copies. We're also working on a DVD.

MRR: Finally, does Marc Bolan really make you wanna fuck?

Seth: We're only human.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PERU'S: ANFO

BY COURTNEY

La Sangre de Latinoamerica...

Lima, Peru, the country's capital, is not just a city in Peru, it is the city in Peru. Located on the Pacific coast, its tens of kilometers of beaches seem not so much a boundary between the water and the shore as an interface between the ocean and the sea of people on the cliffs above. With a population of over 8 million, it's pretty easy to feel as though one is being swallowed up—drowning, as it were—in the sheer enormity of the place. Tiny Asian-model taxis and minibuses fill the narrow streets, bumper to bumper, impatiently halting and lunging at any break in the seemingly endless traffic jam, with little regard for man, beast, or traffic signal. Large billboards for Inca Kola and Cristal Cerveza hover overhead, while on the sidewalks and at bus stops street vendors sell cookies, candy, soda, and cigarettes from carts or trays hung from straps draped around their shoulders.

It's understandably difficult to generalize much about such an enormous place, especially a place like Lima where inconsistency is consistent; but there is one thing that is fairly safe to say with a large degree of accuracy: Lima is chaos.

Just as Lima is divided into a number of very different districts, the standards of living enjoyed by those within each section of the city are quite varied. In Rímac and La Victoria, two of the city's poorer districts, houses upon houses in faded pastel tones climb the sides of hills that erupt abruptly from the otherwise flat and concrete landscape. From a distance, they look like the tiny picturesque houses of a Christmas village, but up close the reality of the poverty they embody is much harsher. Many of their inhabitants are members of Lima's lowest class, provincial Peruvians who have moved to the city in search of a better life as their traditional agrarian lifestyles have ceased to sustain them—they account for one third of the city's total population.

In the districts of Miraflores and Surco, the home of the American Embassy, the picture is very different. Clean, quaint, quiet—here we find large homes and chic shopping

MRR: Let's begin at the beginning; how did the band start out?

ANFO: We started the band in mid '97 with a great desire to scream about and to demonstrate our disagreement with all the injustice that we'd put up with over the years!!! We have a distinct anti-establishment stance, fighting frontally against the system; you might call it "the tireless fight against power!"

MRR: It's obvious from your lyrics that you have a pretty far left anarchist political focus. How do people in Peru receive you? Do you find problems with having such an extreme leftist attitude in a country with a history of terrorism at the hands of the far-left group The Shining Path? Do you think that what you express is common sentiment there?

ANFO: It's very true that our lyrics have a strong anarcho-communist content and message, though we opt not to be a cliché and name ourselves as such because we think that has the nasty ring of a marketing strategy. We try to be independent and free. About the people's responses, well they're very fickle, but all in all we are pretty well received, which I think is demonstrated by the collectives we have worked with and have supported, although we've also received a whole lot of destructive criticism, lots of jealousy and questioning too. We have had a lot of problems with the content of our lyrics, since in Peru we have had a harsh civil war with the Shining Path, the MRTA (Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement), and other terrorist groups. Collectives, groups, and any organizations that are against the government, against the system, or against the established order tend to be associated with terrorism or with having the same views as those armed groups. For this reason we always have this problem with the authorities. It's as though people are predisposed to see things one way, and the lack of information allows people to think that way even more.

We've been through a very difficult time period, as we've already mentioned, with continual electrical shortages and enforced curfews. The state determined the hour until which you could be out in the street, and if they found you they would arrest you, draft you into the army, or you would simply disappear. You would walk by a bank and have to be very careful because you never knew if it would be attacked by a car bomb—an automobile filled with thousands of kilos of explosives. There

centers well suited to even the choosiest consumer.

Peru has been a political and economic nightmare since its inception. After destroying the great Incan empire, Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarrounded the city of Lima in 1535. Since then, even before the country's independence was recognized by Spain in 1869, Peru has been economically dependent upon and/or deeply indebted to foreign nations. Peru has suffered through military dictator after military dictator and economic crisis after economic crisis. Crippling poverty, vast social and economic inequality, and the meddling of outside forces in Peruvian affairs are nothing new to the nation. Whether Peru's president-turned-brutal-dictator Fujimori, who terrorized the nation throughout the 90s, was in fact Peruvian-born has even been a topic of debate. Tension abounds along class lines, racial lines, between provincial Peruvians and those from the capital city—Peru as a country and Peruvians as a people are very much divided. And as the country boasts of social and economic stability under its current president, Alejandro Toledo, one can't help but wonder just how genuine or enduring the sense of calm can be when 45 percent of the country's Andean population are living in absolute poverty, i.e., without access to clean drinking water, nutritious foods, or basic healthcare.

And there, in the midst of it all, we find ANFO—questioning and denouncing the system that has allowed for such a place to exist, for such conditions to persist. A system that has not only permitted, but has, in fact, facilitated the rapid degradation of Peruvian culture and society. ANFO's fierce music and strong, heartfelt political message resonate throughout Lima—down dark, dangerous, trash-filled streets, off the cold stone walls of the "Palacio de Justicia", through those god-awful "golden arches" that litter even Lima's landscape—and they tell the tale of a people chewed up, spit out, and left for dead by capitalism and greed.

were times when people would disappear from anywhere at any time; the army would come, and if they found you without your identification, of if you looked strange or suspicious, they would kidnap you or put you in jail. Or, in the best of cases, they would simply abuse their authority against citizens. They used every possible means to try to convince you to join the army. You couldn't say anything, or you could end up as just another statistic among the thousands of the missing.

MRR: What has been the greatest obstacle for ANFO to have the freedom to say what you want to say?

ANFO: In the epoch of Fujimori, the repression was very strong because there was such an intense and aggressive struggle against terrorism and against the whole anti-government movement. So they started investigating and monitoring people, which resulted in the unjust jailing of many of them. You couldn't express yourself, demonstrate for your opinions or your rights, or they would make you disappear. This affected concerts and all types of counter-cultural events; you had to organize concerts in a very clandestine fashion and it was tough to get the word out, which made it so fewer people participated. Moreover, there were people who infiltrated through the more openly anti-establishmentarian bands who were able to monitor things from the inside. They dismantled bands, concerts, organizations, and all types of anti government groups. Our band passed through difficult times, we've already been investigated and placed under surveillance and we almost ended up imprisoned. We've also learned that state security has some of ANFO's demos in their possession. All this happened in the epoch of Fujimori, one of repression and persecution by *death!*

MRR: Here in the United States and in many other parts of the world, many times you see that the anticapitalist and antiglobalization movements and the punk and hardcore scenes walk hand in hand; do you find this to be the case there also?

ANFO: Here, in Peru, there are not anticapitalist and antiglobalization movements that do direct actions in those terms. However, collectives do exist that organize open discussions, rallies, and concerts. These collective are groupings of people who aren't necessarily linked by music but who share the same ideology. These collectives organize open discussions and concerts and get their ideas out by means of flyers and articles in fanzines.

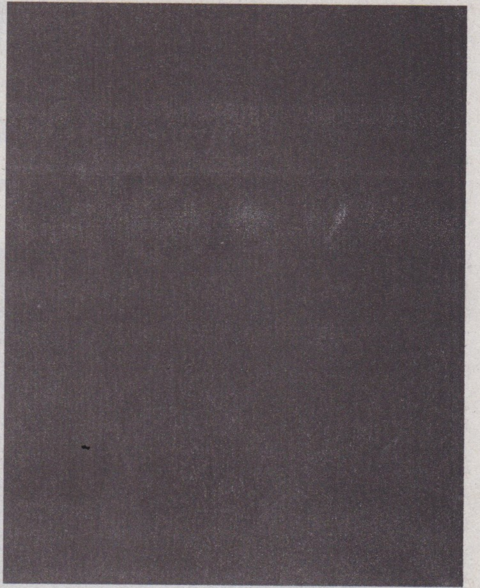
Almost always the funds collected at these events are used to support marches and protests or to distribute more information.

We are connected to these movements by participating in the concerts they organize, because we speak of similar concerns in the lyrics of our songs. Here, in Lima, there are also spontaneous marches and protests, where people—workers, students, union members, etc.—get together without these collectives to cast their vote of protest. When we play live we always give our manifesto. So, in that way, we collaborate to diffuse the message that anticapitalism and antiglobalization movements have so impoverished countries like Peru and Latin America in general, or to express that the FTAA (Free Trade Agreement of the Americas) and the war in Iraq are things that affect us *directly*, they quite unfortunately put us in a *worse* position of poverty and misery and even further decrease the amount of development here, because countries like Peru depend too much economically on the United States, so any change at all in its economy has enormous repercussions in Peru and puts us in a worse situation still.

The scene here in Peru is very small and disorganized, but it is also very young–I think that's why it's like that. The concerts, almost all of them, charge a lot of money, and you find bands ranging from pop to punk to metal, and the people who take this in are totally disoriented, without a specific identity or a particular ideology or anything. They are all over the place. On a smaller scale there are concerts organized under a theme or by an ideology, organized by movements, collectives, or the bands that want to use the concert to convey their message. They, at least, try to put bands from the same genre and/or ideology together, so that they can generate a scene with defined tendencies, as occurs in other countries. The idea is that bands can get their message out through these concerts when the concerts are more consistent. DIY concerts are always the most difficult to make happen, because of economics, but the people who come to those events, who are almost always the same, little by little bring in more and more people, who, in turn, make more bands who share their views, who aren't interested in playing commercial shows just to bring in as many people as possible, regardless of who they are, just so they can fill their pockets with cash.

MRR: The immensity of social injustice in South America, and, more specifically, in Peru, is well documented. Tell us how that affects your people. As a band, how do you confront this?

ANFO: Effectively, a lot more injustice exists here than we can speak of or of which we are even conscious. This injustice is present throughout the whole world, but is much more brutal in poor countries like those in South America. Already the majority of people here are so beaten down that they are numb to it. In Peru, there are many places where people don't know how to read; the stupefaction by means of limiting people's ability to communicate is dramatic. The disinfor-



mation, the lack of identity, the abuse of authority, religion, and underemployment are all factors that work to the benefit of the powerful so that they can more easily dominate our people.
This injustice is present in our lives constantly. In '97 some bands, not just political or crust bands—to tell the truth there aren't many, dare I say that we're the only one in Lima—but also punk, anarchist, activist, animal liberation, emo, underground bands, all political and non-conformist bands, came together for a common end, to carry out counter-cultural activities. We all put in some money, something symbolic in many cases, and we've put on some activities that diffused information: concerts, propaganda, recordings, and more. Situations like that, to this day, are still going on, but not as openly as before. ANFO tries to organize and diffuse our ideas by means of our music, producing and distributing our own material in a fair manner without any type of lucrative aim, and selling it at a very, very low cost, since our principal motive is the diffusion of ideas. For that reason, ANFO doesn't charge for our participation when we are invited to play concerts that we ourselves didn't organize.

One of the biggest problems that we face in South America is economic, so to organize independent activities like concerts, open conversations, video showings, plays, poetry readings, and all of that is really difficult. Here, in Latin America, it's a real struggle. You see that bands, labels, zines, and organizations from Europe and the United States are able to function, but their realities don't really correspond to ours. The strain here is, in most cases, multiplied by a thousand. Genuine opportunity for bands coming from places like Latin America to express themselves and to disperse their ideas really doesn't exist, and we want for our voices to be heard too. There are so many European and North American labels and the rest that are political and talk about solidarity, support, and diffusion of ideas. We ask, isn't it pretty questionable that this is happening? In Latin America we live in constant struggle, we live hand to mouth from one day to the next. People from the US and Europe can't even imagine the misery and exploitation that exists here. We aren't speaking of all record labels, organizations, or zines, but we are speaking of a large number of them.

MRR: A this very moment, what is the biggest concern that you'd like to voice? Tell us, what is currently happening in Peru?

ANFO: We are very fucked here because, I don't know if you know, but for the last 10 to 15 years the Peruvian government has been neoliberal. Toledo, the current president, is a complete asshole who is sucking the cocks of the so-called "developed" countries—ha,ha,ha—just to boost himself up. This asshole Toledo, capitalism's puppet and faithful friend, is most of all sucking Bush's dick, so what do you know, he has accepted the FTAA. So now subsidized products can enter the Latin American market. These products are exonerated from paying taxes, and they generally come from the United States. They pose a great threat to the peasants here, who can't compete against these products with their own, which, in many cases, are their sole means of supporting themselves. This is making the poor poorer, and the rich richer. This law was already accepted in various South American countries, bringing a lot of danger to this continent, and to all modest people. That's why we say *no* to the FTAA!

MRR: You've already spoken a little about the relationship between the United Stated and Peru. Obviously there has been a very strong reaction in the international community against the war in Iraq. Tell me, what is the general point of view of the people of Peru? How is the war affecting you all now, and how do you think it will affect you all in the future?

ANFO: The worst repercussion would be from the economic dependence that we have with the USA. This war will make it so that "less-developed" countries like Peru are going to continue being dominated and enslaved; the end result of this massacre and the demolition of Iraq being that the United States will be even more powerful and dangerous for all of humanity. Our manner of fighting against this is to stop consuming, to the best of our ability, all products made in the United States, as is happening in Chile and Argentina, as I understand it. We can't accept the information we are given about the United States, as if it were the savior of the world. We all know very well that real aim of this war is the oil that is so required by North American capitalism, for without this oil that is being robbed from Iraq, the United States would economically crumble and cease to be this monstrous capitalist entity that enslaves the rest of the "less-developed" world. The United States is the real enemy of the world.

MRR: Any final words?

ANFO: Thank you to all who have helped us. Thanks to Effrenata Licentiae Records, for all the love they've shown toward us, without their help it wouldn't have been possible to diffuse our ideas through the 7". We hope that more doors will be opened for bands from this part of the world and that we can break from this cycle of shit that exists in some places.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH PERU'S: ANFO

EN ESPAÑOL

MRR: Empecemos en el principio, ¿como se inicia la banda?
La banda se inició a mediados de 1997 con muchas ganas de gritar y demostrar que no estamos conformes con toda la injusticia que venimos soportando durante anos!!! Tenemos una actitud muy clara contra lo establecido, luchamos frontalmente contra el sistema, o sea una lucha incansable contra el poder!!

MRR: Es obvio (por sus letras) que Uds. son una banda con un foco bien político (muy de izquierda, anarquista) ¿Como se reciben Uds. la gente aya? ¿Encuentran Uds. problemas con tener un actitud muy de la izquierda en un país con la historia de un grupo terrorista de la muy izquierda el sendero luminoso? Piensan que Uds. expresan un sentimiento muy común aya?
Si bien es cierto nuestras letras tienen un contenido y una propuesta anarco-comunista, nosotros optamos por no ponernos ningún cliché o sobrenombre porque nosotros pensamos que esto ha sido creado como estrategia de marketing. Tratamos de ser lo más independientes y lo mas libres. Hablando acerca de la respuesta de la gente, bueno esta es muy voluble, pero dentro de todo tenemos una buena aceptación, así como lo demuestran los colectivos con los que hemos trabaja y apoyado, así como también recibimos muchísima crítica destructiva, mucha envidia y cuestionamientos. Hemos tenido muchos problemas con el contenido de las letras, como en el Perú hemos tenido una fuerte guerra civil con sendero luminoso, el MRTA y otros grupos terroristas. Estos grupos armados contaban con una muy fuerte organización, la gente tiende a asociar a las personas, colectivos, grupos, organizaciones que están contra el gobierno, contra el sistema o el orden establecido como terrorismo o que tiene que ver con estos grupos armados. Por eso es que siempre tenemos problemas de este tipo con las autoridades. Es como si la gente estuviera predispuesta, la falta de información ayuda mas aun a que la gente piense así.
Eran tiempos difíciles porque se vivía una época muy difícil ya que contábamos con cortes de energía eléctrica continuamente y existían los toques de queda (el estado determinaba una hora limite de permanencia en la calle, si te encontraban te detenían, te incluían en el ejercito o te desaparecían simplemente), pasabas por un banco y tenias que tener mucho cuidado ya que en ese entonces habían ataques con los coche bombas (automóviles llenos de miles de kilos de explosivos). Eran épocas donde la gente desaparecía en cualquier momento y en cualquier lugar , venia el ejercito y si te encontraban indocumentado, o les parecías extraño o sospechoso te desaparecían o te detenían en el mejor de los casos, se realizaban abusos de autoridad contra los ciudadanos. Te inculcaban de cualquier manera para que les sirvas al ejercito, no podías decir nada, ya que podías terminar como una cifra mas entre los miles de desaparecidos.

MRR: ¿Cual ha sido la etapa más difícil de ANFO por decir lo que piensa?
En la época de Fujimori la represión era muy fuerte porque había una lucha bastante agresiva contra el terrorismo y contra todo movimiento contra el gobierno y estado. Entonces se realizaban seguimientos, el resultado de esto era que mucha gente entraba injustamente en la cárcel, no podías revelarte, demostrar tu opinión ni tu opción ya que ellos te desaparecían. Esto afectó a los conciertos y a todo tipo de eventos contraculturales, se organizaban conciertos de manera muy clandestina y era de difícil difusión, esto afectaba a que menos gente participara en estos eventos. Es más habían gente infiltrada entre las bandas más contestatarias así se realizaban seguimientos de una manera mas interna, de esta manera se desarticulaban bandas, conciertos, organizaciones y todo tipo de manifestación contra el gobierno. La banda paso por épocas difíciles ya que fuimos estuvimos intervenidos y casi terminamos presos. Inclusive la seguridad del estado tiene en su poder demos de la banda. Todo esto paso en la época del Fujimorismo, un a represión y persecución a muerte!!!!!.

MRR: Acá en EE.UU. y en muchos otros lados del mundo, muchas veces ves que los movimientos anticapitalistas/antiglobalización y las escenas de hc/punk caminan mano en mano, ¿encuentran Uds. que este sea el caso aya también? Cuéntanme brevemente ¿como son estés movimientos aya, y como trabaja la escena hardcore/punk y bandas como Uds. para adelantarlos?
Acá en Perú no hay movimientos anticapitalistas y antiglobalización que tengan acciones directas en estos temas. Lo que si existe son colectivos que organizan conversatorios, manifestaciones y conciertos, estos colectivos son agrupaciones de personas que no necesariamente están ligados a la música pero que tiene la misma ideología. Estos colectivos al organizar los conversatorios y conciertos hacen llegar sus ideas a través de afiches y artículos en fanzines. Casi siempre los fondos recaudados en estos eventos son destinados a un apoyo para realizar marchas, protestas o sacar más información al respecto. Nosotros estamos conectados de esa manera a estos movimientos, participando en los conciertos organizados por estos colectivos así como también incluyendo en nuestras canciones letra que hablen sobre estos temas. Acá en Lima también hay marchas y protestas espontáneas, o sea que sin necesidad de colectivos la gente se reúne—trabajadores, universitarios, sindicatos etc. etc. a hacer su voto de protesta por estos temas. Siempre al hacer una canción o al tocar en vivo también damos nuestro manifiesto sobre estos temas, ya que así colaboramos a difundid el mensaje de la antiglobalización y del anticapitalismo que tanto empobrece a países como Perú y en general a Latinoamérica, temas como el ALCA o la guerra en Irak son cosas que nos afectan directamente y desgraciadamente nos pone en peor posición de pobreza y miseria y menos aun genera desarrollo porque lo peor es que países como Perú dependen demasiado económicamente de USA, entonces cualquier cambio de su economía repercute demasiado en Perú y nos Pone en peor situación.
La escena aquí en Perú es muy chica [y] desorganizada pero igualmente muy joven—creo que por esto es que esta así. Los conciertos, casi todos, son con fines de lucro, y se pueden encontrar bandas desde pop, punk, metal, etc. etc. todas mezcladas entre así y la gente que consume esto totalmente desorientada, sin identidad por alguna ideología ni nada. Todo a la deriva. Dentro de todo este desorden también se encuentran en menor escala los conciertos organizados bajo un tema o por una ideología, organizados por movimientos, colectivos o las mismas bandas que quieren hacer llegar su mensaje por este medio. Donde se trata por lo menos en juntar bandas de un mismo genero musical y/o ideológico ya que así se genera una escena con una tendencia definida como ocurre en otros países. Lo idea es que las bandas hagan llegar su mensaje través de este tipo de conciertos y ser más consecuentes en este aspecto. Los conciertos organizados tipo hazlo tu mismo son los más difíciles de realizar por el problema económico, pero la gente que llega a estos eventos, que casi siempre es la misma, poco a poco se agregan más personas haciendo esto que crezco y haciendo que crezcan más bandas que tengan que ver con esto y no con los de fines e lucro o

con los meramente comerciales que solo les interesa hacer entrar a mas gente no importa como solo para que llenarse los bolsillos de plata.

MRR: La injusticia en Sudamérica, y más exactamente en el Perú donde ustedes viven es bien documentado. ¿Como les afecta como personas, como banda, y como la afrontan?

Efectivamente, actualmente existe mucha más injusticia de la que nosotros podemos denunciar o de la que estemos consientes, esta injusticia esta presente en todo el mundo pero es mucho más brutal en países pobres como los sudamericanos, ya que acá la mayoría de personas están como adormecidas; en el Perú hay muchos lugares donde hay gente que no sabe leer (analfabetas), el embrutecimiento a través de los medios de comunicación es dramático, la desinformación, la falta de identidad, el abuso de autoridad la religión, el subempleo, factores que son aprovechados por los poderosos, para que sea mas fácil el poder dominar a pueblos como el nuestro; esta injusticia esta presente en nuestras vidas constantemente, como en 1997 cuando algunas bandas no solamente crust políticas (a decir verdad no hay muchas, hasta me atrevería a decir que somos la única en Lima!!!) sino también bandas punk, anarquistas, activistas, liberación animal, emo, subterráneos, todas políticas y contestatarias, nos juntábamos con un fin común para realizar actividades contraculturales, todos ponían una cuota de dinero, algo simbólico en muchos casos, para así poder llevar a cabo actividades de difusión de ideas, conciertos, propaganda grabaciones y más... situaciones que hasta ahora se viene dando, no tan abiertamente como antes, quizá con otras personas, algo mas cerradas; actualmente ANFO trata de organizar y solventar sus actividades de difusión de ideas por medio de la música, de una manera independiente produciendo y distribuyendo su propio material de una manera justa sin ningún tipo de afán lucrativo, a muy, muy bajo costo, pues la idea principal es de difusión de ideas, por eso ANFO no cobra por sus participación cuando es invitado a tocar en conciertos que nosotros mismos no organicemos. los problemas económicos son uno de los más grandes que afrontamos pues en Sudamérica organizar este tipo de actividades independientes como conciertos, conversatorios, exposición de videos, teatro, poesía y demás son totalmente difíciles, aquí en Latinoamérica esta la verdadera lucha, pues observamos como algunas bandas, sellos zines, organizaciones de Europa o EEUU toman como suyas realidades que no les corresponden, y los esfuerzos acá en la mayoría de los casos son multiplicado por mil, pues siempre apoyan a las mismas bandas, y dentro de nuestro punto de vista es cuestionable, no existe una verdadera oportunidad para que bandas provenientes de pueblos como america latina se puedan expresar y sean difundidas, pues queremos que nuestra voz también sea escuchada; y todos estos sellos y demás son políticos y hablan de solidaridad apoyo y difusión entonces nosotros preguntamos... cuestionable o no? pues en Latinoamérica vivimos una lucha constante y diaria de que llevarnos a la boca el día de mañana, la miseria y explotación que existe acá no se la pueden imaginar, esto no lo decimos por todos los records, organizaciones o zines pero si por una gran cantidad.

MRR: ¿En estos momentos cual es su mayor preocupación, lo que ustedes quieren denunciar? ¿Qué es lo que esta pasando actualmente en el Perú?

Nosotros estamos muy jodidos acá porque no se si ustedes sabrán que los últimos gobiernos que hemos tenido en el Perú en los últimos 10 a 15 años han sido y son gobiernos de política neoliberal, entonces Toledo el actual presidente (huevonazo) es un chupa pinga de los países llamados "desarrollados," ja, ja, ja, potencias. Este huevonazo de Toledo, muñeco y fiel amigo del capitalista es aun mas chupa pinga de Bush, pues como Ud sabrán el ha aceptado la ley del ALCA para que puedan entrar productos subsidiados de impuestos a los mercados de américa latina, estos productos exonerados de pagos tributarios por lo general son provenientes de EE.UU., y al hacer eso hacen un gran daño a los campesinos, y no pueden competir contra esos productos que en muchos casos son de primera necesidad, haciendo mas pobre al pobre y al rico lo hacen mas rico, esta ley ya fue aceptada en varios países sudamericanos, haciendo gran daño a todo este continente y a toda la gente humilde de el, por eso NO al ALCA!!!

MRR: Ya han hablado un poco sobre la relación entre de EE.UU. y Perú, obviamente, ha sido una reacción muy fuerte en la comunidad internacional en el asunto de la guerra en Irak. ¿Que es la vista general aya en Perú? ¿Como se afecta ahora mismo la guerra, y como piensan Uds. que se afectaran en el futuro?

La peor repercusión sería la dependencia económica que tenemos con USA, esto generara que países subdesarrollados como Perú va a seguir siendo sometida y esclavizada pues el

resultado a toda esta masacre y atropello [en Irak] será que USA se vuelva más peligroso y poderoso para toda la humanidad. Nuestra manera de luchar contra esto es dejando de consumir en la mayor manera posible productos hechos en USA, así como se está realizando en Chile y Argentina como tengo entendido. No podemos aceptar la información que dan sobre USA como si fuera la nación salvadora del mundo, todos sabemos perfectamente que esta guerra tiene como propósito final el petróleo que tanto necesita todo el capitalismo Norteamericano, sin ese petróleo que le estí robando a Irak, USA tendría a caer económicamente y dejaría de ser ese monstruo capitalista y esclavizador del resto del mundo subdesarrollado. Estados unidos es el real enemigo del mundo.

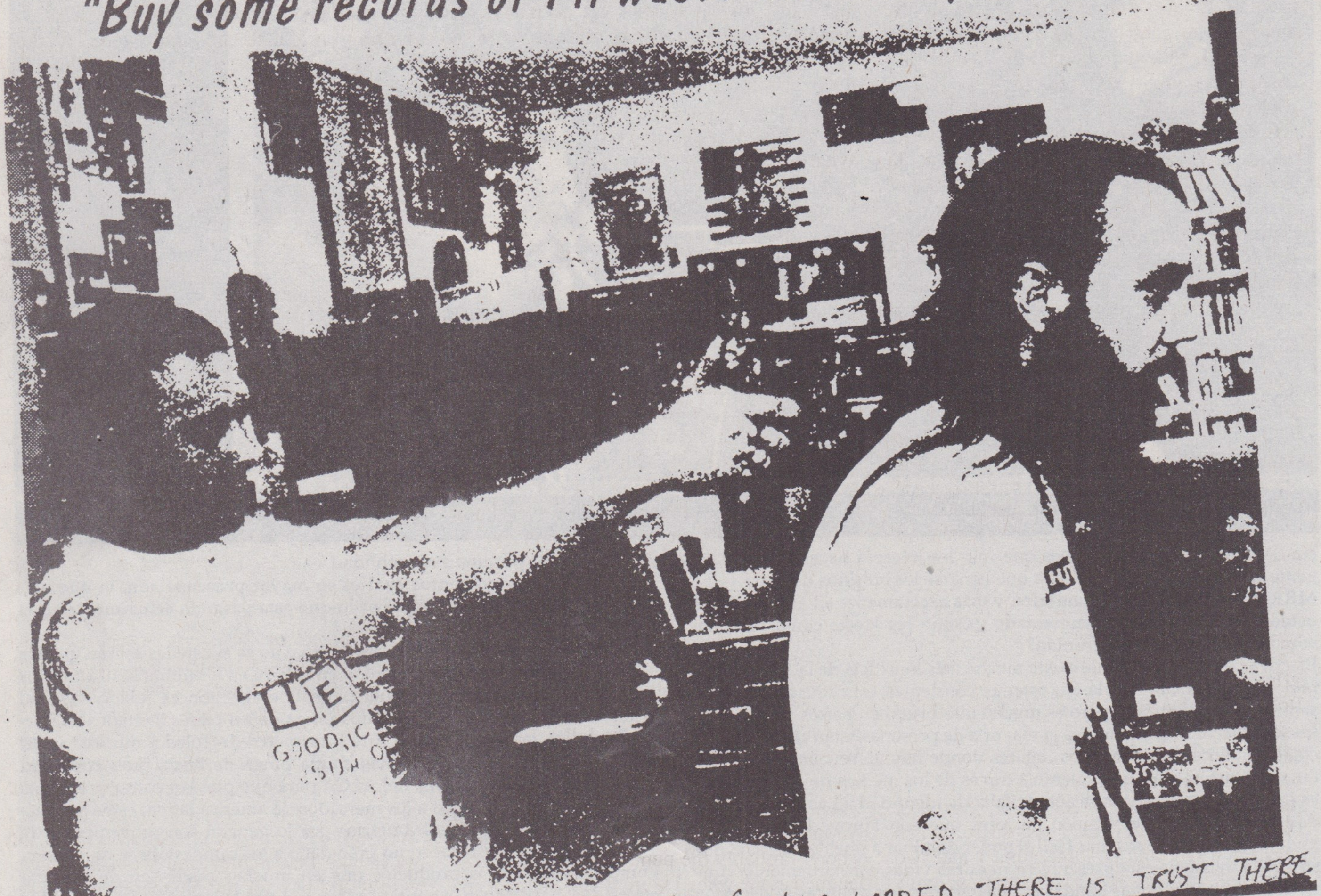
MRR: ¿Algunas palabras finales?

Gracias a todos los que nos hay ayudado y a ustedes [MRR] por darnos este espacio y permitir que difundamos nuestras ideas y a si poderles contar que es lo que pasa en esta parte de nuestro planeta. Gracias a Effrenata Licentiae Records, por todo su amor hacia nosotros, sin [su ayuda] no hubiera sido posible difundir nuestras ideas a través del 7". Esperamos que se puedan abrir más los espacios para bandas de esta parte del mundo y se rompa ya con todo este círculo de mierda que aun existe en algunos lugares.

Interview by Chris Bland.

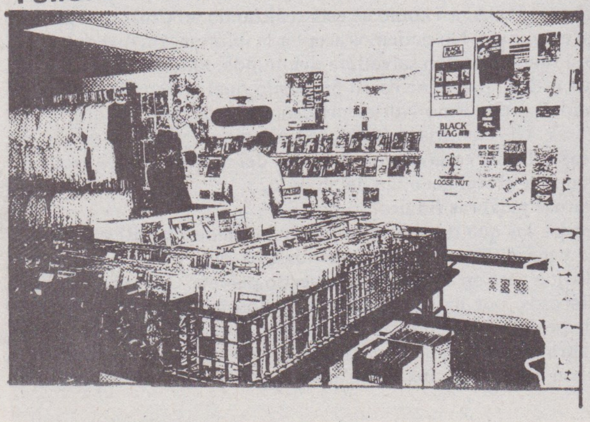
BOB SUREN:

"Buy some records or I'll waste this filthy hippie."



ME AND BOB YUCKING IT UP. YES THE GUN IS LOADED. THERE IS TRUST THERE.

Recently I flew to Brandon, Florida, to play a show at the Burrito Records festival, so I figured that this would be the perfect opportunity to interview Bob Suren, the man responsible for Burrito Records and Sound Idea Distribution. I caught up with him as he was preparing his store to be invaded by people there to see classic bands like Roach Motel, Failure Face, and Scrotum Grinder.



MRR: Tell us who you are and about your record label, distribution service, and record store.

Bob: Okay, I'm Bob Suren and I'm 34 years young and I started Burrito Records in 1991, explicitly for the purpose of releasing a 7" by a band I was in called Flaming Midget. I never expected to put out a second release on my label or to ever run a label per se. I just thought I was gonna put out a Flaming Midget record and that would be that, but I soon discovered that putting out records was a hell of a lot of fun and I found more and more projects that I wanted to work on. So I was putting out more records. Unfortunately, I was unable to sell most of them. I had stacks and stacks of records in my closet and I was selling a couple here and there by mail order, a couple here and there to stores, and somebody told me "You know what you ought to do is trade your records for other people's records and then you have more titles to offer." I resisted that for a while. I didn't want to do that, I thought it would make things complicated. Well, it did, but in a good way. Without having started Sound Idea I'd probably still be sitting on stacks and stacks of the early Burrito Records releases, but I learned early on to trade, trade, trade, as much as possible with just about anybody who wants to trade unless it's total crap. And that's what I do, I trade with everybody unless it's total crap. So if you send me a promo and you don't hear back from me in a couple weeks, it's because your record is so shitty.

MRR: [laughter]

Bob: Could you put in a parenthetical that that was kind of sarcastic?

MRR: No way! Okay, when and why did you open the record store?

Bob: Like I said, the record label started in 1991, and that necessitated the distro, which began in 1993, and at some point I had two bedrooms full of records in my parent's house. It got a little ridiculous, and I figured I'm sitting here in this office six, eight, ten, twelve hours a day answering phone calls, sending faxes, writing letters, packing mail orders. I might as well have a place where people can walk in off the street and buy records as well. So I came to Brandon because I was in a band called Failure Face and everybody else lived in Brandon, so I moved here to do Failure Face and open the record store, 'cause there was a big scene in Brandon in 1995. That's when I opened the record store. The scene kind of died a couple of years after I moved here, and it was in a real drought for a while, and now it's in a real upswing I think. In short, the label spurned the distro and the distro spurned the store. That's the order it came.

MRR: So which is your favorite, the label, the distro, or the record store?

Bob: Um, that's hard to say, there's aspects that I enjoy of everything. It's extremely satisfying putting out records, and that's why I still do it. I don't put out records unless it's a band that I like, and of course, when I put out a record by a band that I like I get super-excited when it's out, 'cause I enjoy listening to it and I like discovering hot new bands like Bread and Water, Otophobia, and Scrotum Grinder. So that's what I love about the label, and about the distro, that I'm in contact with interesting characters from all over the world, from South America, Europe, Asia, Australia, and I get to find out what's going on in their part of the world. I'm a big international hardcore nut and I just love it when I get a record from some weird country like Luxembourg or Portugal or Uruguay or something, I just think it's the coolest thing that people are doing the same thing in those remote locations that we're doing right here in our own back yard. What I like about the store is that the store is probably the most hands-on, DIY aspect of Sound Idea, because I come into direct contact with so many people. It's not emails and letters, it's people walking in and saying hi and shaking my hand and hanging out with me listening to records. I really enjoy being able to spin a record for somebody and saying "Check this out, this is really good, you should check it out." Also, the store puts on a lot of shows, which is really satisfying. Not only do I get to see a whole shitload of great bands, but I get to introduce a whole younger generation of kids to a subculture, if you want to say, that they probably didn't even know existed. A lot of the kids that come to the shows here at Sound Idea, some of the older people might laugh at them 'cause they show up wearing a Korn t-shirt or something, but they don't know any better. And maybe after they come to eight or ten shows at Sound Idea, instead of listening to Korn they'll start listening to Brother Inferior or Burned Up Bled Dry or Otophobia or something killer like that. You know, everybody's got to start somewhere. I admit that I used to really snicker when I'd see kids in Green Day shirts and Nirvana shirts, but everybody does start somewhere. Probably the punk rockers in 1982/83 laughed at me when I wore Black Sabbath and AC/DC shirts, they probably thought I was such a weenie, so it's the same thing today.

MRR: We already touched on this, but why did you choose a small town like Brandon to open your store?

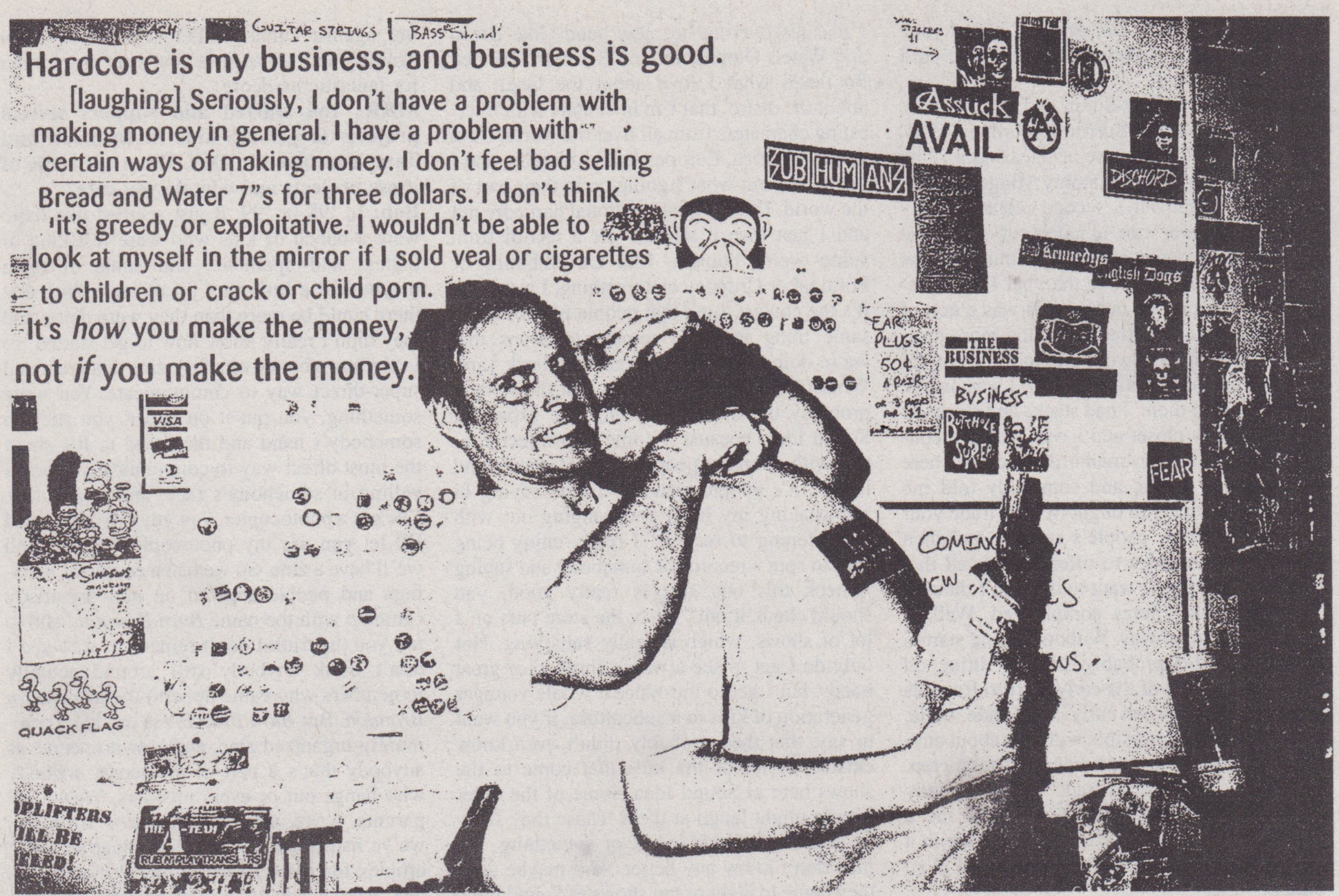
Bob: Brandon is a small town. Like I said, when I came here in 1995, Brandon had a kickin' scene. Brandon is a suburb of Tampa for people who don't know it, and all the bands that people generally think of as Tampa bands, most of them started in Brandon, or most of those kids grew up in Brandon, and they usually just say they're from Tampa because people can identify Tampa and people can't identify Brandon. People from Scrotum Grinder, Failure Face, Murder Suicide Pact, and I think some of the people from Assuck, they all went to Brandon High School, they're all Brandon kids. People think of them as Tampa bands, but really most of them are Brandon people. Brandon is a really cool little town. It's not a cow town and it's not a booming metropolis, it's kind of in the middle, it's really suburban, but as history has shown, suburban towns often create great hardcore bands like Adrenaline O.D., Naked Hippy, and the Blood Farmers. I've got nothing against suburbia?there's a lot to rebel against, and sometimes that's an inspiration for fantastic hardcore.

MRR: You started and support several projects to get the kids in Brandon and Tampa involved in DIY. What are some of those projects and why do you care?

Bob: In '98 or '99, it just seemed like there were a bunch of kids who were just kind of listless and apathetic, and some of them maybe had a little tiny bit of an inkling that there could be more than they were doing and they didn't really know how to get started, so I said how about a zine? A zine is a great and super-direct way to communicate. You write something, you put it on paper, you stick in somebody's hand and they read it. It's about the most direct way to communicate, short of yelling in somebody's face, and I said, hey, I've got a photocopier, you guys write shit and I'll let you use my photocopier for free and we'll have a zine. So we had a couple of meetings and people showed up and somebody came up with the name *Burn Brandon*, and to tell you the truth I don't remember who and I don't think anybody still around actually remembers who came up with the name *Burn Brandon*. But *Burn Brandon* is our local community-organized zine, and how it operates is anybody that's a part of the scene, anybody who hangs out or even outsiders. We've had parents write articles for *Burn Brandon*, we've had people from other countries write articles for *Burn Brandon*, pretty much anyone who wants to write something, writes something and gives it to us, and when we've got enough articles, when it looks like we've got about an issue's worth of stuff, I say, "Hey, it looks like we've got about 48 pages worth of good material. Let's have a show." We'll have a benefit show and a shitload of kids will show up, we'll charge five dollars a head, and we'll take that money and we'll buy paper with it and pay for my photocopier expenses and staples and everything, and we'll print them up and right before the benefit show, usually, we'll assemble them and hand them out. We've done, I think, eleven issues of *Burn Brandon* so far. The twelfth one is going to print the first week of April 2003. I think the smallest print run we've ever done was 75 and the largest print run we ever did was like 140 or 160 or something like that. Basically it's just enough for the people around here who are interested in the stuff, and maybe some people on the fringe who are curious. So we make these and we have the benefit show and everybody comes and grabs a stack of them and they take them to school and they give them to their friends, and I leave a box of them here at Sound Idea and people just walk in off the street and grab them and take them home and read record reviews for Drop Dead and read interviews with bands like Useless I.D. from Israel. All of these interesting bands have toured Sound Idea, we've interviewed some of them, we've put their interviews in there, and it exposes people to stuff. A lot of the kids have jumped on it and are now totally into some really cool stuff. Some of them still haven't made that commitment yet, but

Hardcore is my business, and business is good.

[laughing] Seriously, I don't have a problem with making money in general. I have a problem with certain ways of making money. I don't feel bad selling Bread and Water 7"s for three dollars. I don't think it's greedy or exploitative. I wouldn't be able to look at myself in the mirror if I sold veal or cigarettes to children or crack or child porn. It's *how* you make the money, not *if* you make the money.



there's a couple of full-on hardcore fanatics in this town now thanks in part to *Burn Brandon* and the benefit shows we do for *Burn Brandon*. Some time I think in 2000, we had the idea to spin off *Burn Brandon* zine into a record label, and we have since put out three releases on Burn Brandon Records. The first one was a 14-band CD that came with a 16-page magazine. We made 1,000 copies of it and every band got an equal number of copies to do whatever they want, to give them away. I've got to say that all the *Burn Brandon* zines and record releases are free. We don't charge any money for them, they're paid for by benefit shows, so it really doesn't cost us anything to make it, so we're not going to sell them, we give them away. So we made 1,000 copies of that CD and we gave them away, we made 500 copies of a 7" of two local bands, a split 7", and gave them away. In February of 2003 we put out our third release, the Reckless Deerhunters / Dancing Lepers 7". We made 700 copies of that and they're almost gone. I've only got about 30 copies of it left. It's been out about five weeks and there are only thirty copies of it left. The next project we're gonna do is a six band compilation LP of all young Brandon bands. Many of them have never recorded before, many of the people have never been in bands before, but we told them you pay for your recording and Burn Brandon will pay for the record, we'll put it out, and each band gets an equal number of the records to give to their friends and family. So that's what we're working on now, it's gonna be a six-band album, the bands are Lawnmowers Gone Awry, Anoxia, The Reckless Deerhunters, Dancing Lepers, DFC, and my new band John Madden and the Electric Condoms.

MRR: In a lot of the liner notes for your records, people thank you for helping them get started, and I know you've put out several bands first records, a lot of people won't take the chance or the initiative to do a bands' first record. Why do you?

Bob: I get a kick out of being the one who finds the band, so does Felix Havoc. At one point Felix told me that he only wanted to put out bands' first records. He doesn't do that anymore, but I think at one point he did. I feel the same way. It's cool to be the one that breaks the band. I introduced the world to Ulcer, Scrotum Grinder, Failure Face, and probably a couple more that I can't think of.

MRR: Reason of Insanity?

Bob: Yeah, Reason of Insanity. It's just cool to be the one to recognize talent and I like to reward the band by saying you guys kick ass and you deserve to have a record, so that's what I did.

MRR: Okay, you've put out 16 records?

Bob: 17 at this point, the Bread and Water album will be number eighteen.

MRR: 17 records: What was your favorite project to work on?

Bob: Well, the one that gave me the most thrill was the first one, the Flaming Midget record, when I found out what it takes to put out a record, when I found out how easy it is, and basically if you have the money you can do it. It's not rocket science, it's not like you have to get a business license or get permission from anybody, it's like any dickwad with a couple of bucks can put out a record if he wants, and I thought that was so totally cool when I found out how to make a record. I seriously couldn't sleep for like three nights, I just laid in bed all night thinking about what this record was gonna look like, going it's gonna be on yellow vinyl, I'm gonna do this for the cover, I'm gonna do this for the label, I'm gonna put the songs in this order. It was so exciting, I seriously couldn't sleep for like three nights, and when the record finally came out it was just like the greatest thing in the world, I just blasted it over and over in my room. So that was probably the most thrilling record I've ever put out. Probably the record I'm most proud of: it's a close one, probably, between the Murder Suicide Pact album, because I was so involved with that as the singer and songwriter and I was just really pleased with the production on that, and I'm really pleased with the cover art and everything, I just like everything about that record. I'm also really pleased with one of my more recent releases, the Hated Youth / Roach Motel album, because those were two of my favorite bands as a kid—Florida hometown heroes—and to be able to put out a record by these kids that I… These grown men now that were kids when they made this music, being able to put a record out by these two bands that I listened to when I was like fifteen or sixteen years old, and getting to talk to them on the phone, and having them send the original copy of the music and having them send me

BURRITO RECORDS DISCOGRAPHY:

Flaming Midget, *Midget Melodies* 7", 1991
V/A, *We still can't help it if we're from Florida* 7",1992
Failure Face, *Failure Face* 7", 1993
Failure Face / Ulcer 7", 1994
H-100's, *Distort Cleveland* 7", 1995
Failure Face / EBS LP, 1996
Scrotum Grinder, *Scrotum Grinder* 7", 1997
Murder-Suicide Pact, *Murder-Suicide Pact* LP and CD, 1998
Murder-Suicide Pact, *Lobotomy Kit* 7", 1998
Scrotum Grinder / Combat Wounded Veteran 7", 1999
Otophobia, *Source of Confusion* 7", 1999
Bread and Water, *Future Memories* 7", 2000
Terrorain, *1988 Demos*, 7", 2000
Bread and Water / Reason of Insanity 7", 2000
Hated Youth, *Hardcore Rules* 7", 2000
Hated Youth / Roach Motel LP, 2002
Otophobia / Reason of Insanity 7", 2003
Bread and Water LP, 2003 (released soon)

all these cool photographs and old show flyers and everything, it was just like "fuck." It was so fun putting that project together, designing the covers and designing the booklet and everything. The really great thing about that is that if I didn't put out that record, nobody would have ever heard that stuff. All of that material is not a reissue, it's unreleased dead material, it's material that's been sitting in vaults for years, and I really feel like I introduced it to the world. Probably before I put out that record a lot of people didn't know who Hated Youth or Roach Motel were, but now a whole shitload of people do, and I'm glad, because they're cool bands and I want people to know about them.

MRR: So, which one of your bands is gonna make you rich and famous one day? [laughing]

Bob: I don't think any of them will. I know you're being funny, but I don't think there's anything remotely commercial about any band I've ever been in. One ex-member of one band I've been in, and I won't say who or what band, said to me one time, "Bob, do you still care about DIY and punk rock?" and I said "Yes, of course I do." He said, "I think our band could be huge, I think we could be doing stadium tours and they could be selling our stuff all over the world in shopping malls." And the guy was serious, he wasn't kidding. I was like, "There's nothing remotely accessible about our band," and he said "Look at Slayer, they sing songs about Satan and Nazi concentration camps, and they're millionaires!" And he's like, "They're not accessible either, and yet somehow they're doing it, they don't play Slayer on the radio but they're millionaires, we could be as big as Slayer" And I said, "You're ridiculous and I don't want to be as big as Slayer." I have no interest in that, but I couldn't believe the words that came out of that guy's mouth; I really never expected that from him.

MRR: All right, since you touched on it, there are a lot of different philosophies on hardcore and making money and selling out. Since hardcore is your business and it supports you, what are your views on this?

Bob: Hardcore is my business, and business is good. [laughing] Seriously, I don't have a problem with making money in general. I have a problem with certain ways of making money. I don't feel bad selling Bread and Water 7"s for three dollars. I don't think it's greedy or exploitative. I wouldn't be able to look at myself in the mirror if I sold veal or cigarettes to children or crack or child porn. It's *how* you make the money, not *if* you make the money. And if there's a totally DIY band, let's just say that all of the sudden Bread and Water just gets super-popular and you guys sell 100,000 copies of your record, does that make you not as good of a band if you sold 100,000 copies of the record? And if you're selling that many copies of the record, there's got to be something going to you, right? So, if you're only making $1 a record, nobody's going to fault you for making $1 a record if you sell 500 records, but what if you sell 100,000 records, that's when people are like "fucking rock stars." Well, you know, same thing, $1 a record, they're just selling more records. If they're not changing the music or changing their ideals or anything, then they're not sell-outs. There are bands that have changed their sound and their style to sell more records, and those people suck, but if Otophobia all of the sudden got to be as popular as Korn and never did anything different than what they're doing now, if you turned on the radio and you heard a Korn song, then you heard an Otophobia song then you heard a Godsmack song, it would never happen, but if they did it and they didn't change their sound and they're still selling 7" records for three dollars a piece, but they just happened to sell five million of them, you gonna fault them for that? I wouldn't. So, that's my feeling on that.

MRR: Let's finish this off with a story. I once heard that you jumped into a moving car to stop some shoplifters; why don't you tell us about that?

Bob: Yes, when I first opened the store. A lot of people don't know this, but I'm going to divulge, I am a third degree black belt in Hopkido and I studied martial arts for over twenty years, and I'm not kidding. I haven't worked out lately, but I've still got the moves. So anyhow, when I first opened the store, it was right around closing time, these four or five kids that I had never seen before walked into the store, and it had been a slow business day, I hadn't sold shit all day. These kids walked into the store and started piling up CD's in their hands, and I was like, great, I'm gonna make some money today, thank God. Each kid had like four or five CDs in their hands and somebody gave a signal or a look or a glance or something and they all burst for the door at the same time. I fucking ran after them, and most of them dropped the CDs in the parking lot. There was this one little fucking fat porky kid that I was running behind and he was dropping the CDs as he was running and I could hear him fucking panting and sweating. And he got into the car. There was some kid waiting around the corner in a car with the engine running and I fucking did a flying dropkick through the fucking driver's side window and I kicked him with both feet in the fucking face and snapped his neck back really fucking hard. They got a couple CD They probably grabbed about 20 CD's, but they probably only got away with about six, but I've never seen those kids since. Somebody came in here after that happened and told me that they knew who did it, and I said ask that kid how my fucking foot tasted.

MRR: Oh, that was great... Okay, do you have any closing statements to make?

Bob: I guess, just be true to yourself. I guess it's cliché, but just do what you like and be able to look at yourself in the mirror and that's really all that matters. You shouldn't care about record reviews, if some record reviewer hates your record or if cool kids don't like your band, or if you're stepping on people's toes but doing what you like to do and doing what you believe in, then that's cool.

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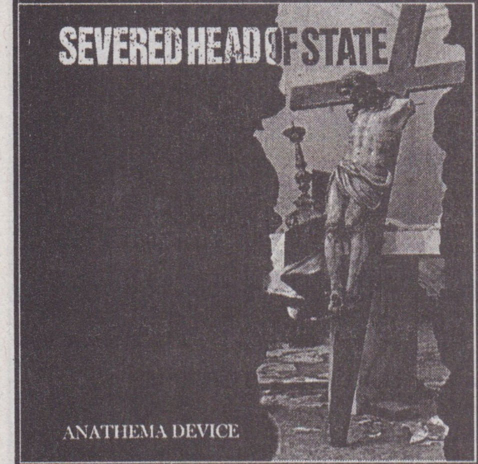

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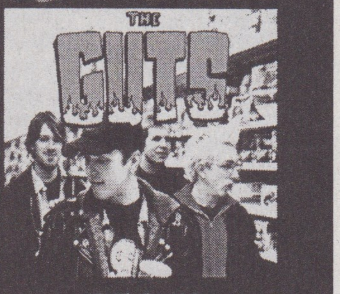

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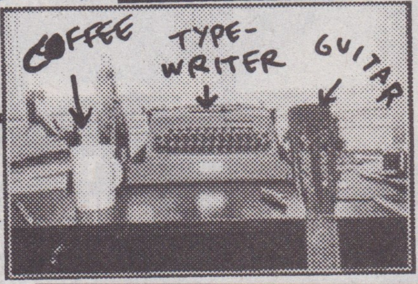

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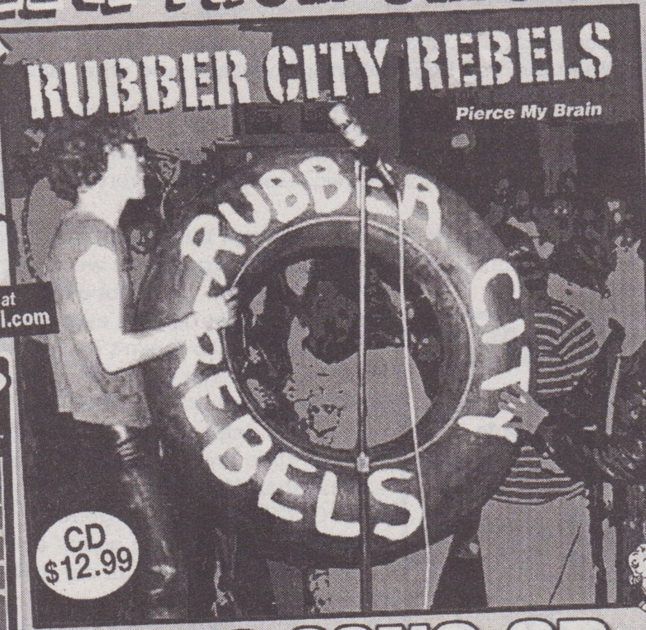

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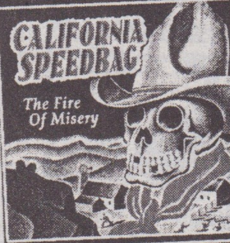

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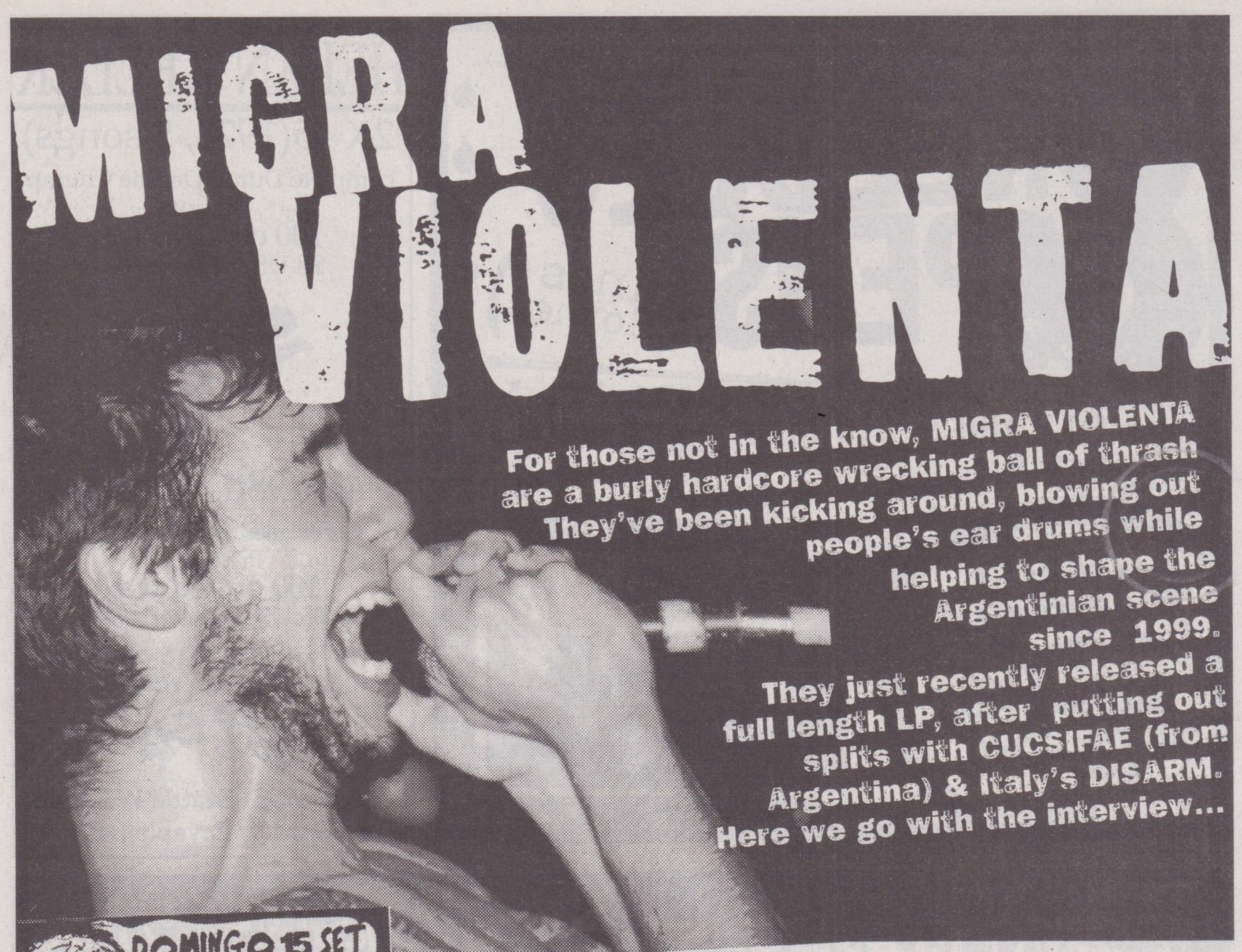

MIGRA VIOLENTA

For those not in the know, MIGRA VIOLENTA are a burly hardcore wrecking ball of thrash They've been kicking around, blowing out people's ear drums while helping to shape the Argentinian scene since 1999. They just recently released a full length LP, after putting out splits with CUCSIFAE (from Argentina) & Italy's DISARM. Here we go with the interview...

Daniel (screams), Carolina (guitar), Juan (bass),Alejo Troise (drums).

MRR: When did you begin playing together, and what has changed in the band in the years since?

Carolina: OK, we've been playing since the end of '99; it's been four years now. What's changed? First, we've had too many drummers, we've played with seven different kids; that is a problem for us, because there is a very small number of kids who like HC/punk/crust/DIY.

MRR: You have almost the same line-up, but your records sound different.

Daniel: Yes, I think that is because we are growing; we're not playing the same way we used to, and we're not listening to the same music. To me, a band that doesn't evolve from one record to another is a band that doesn't go further. That's not good. Our releases show the different moments of the band and our different moments too.

In the demo tape ('99), we had many things to say, but our style wasn't too defined and we came more from a punk than HC perspective. On the 7" split that we did with CUCSIFAE from Argentina, we started to play HC, but really fast, and the songs are short and with a more compromised message. In our first CD we sound more like what we really like and we say what we want to say. Then came a 7" split with DISARM from Italy, and we recorded those few songs with a more violent sound than we used to. Since, we've also recorded four songs for a 7" split with KONTRAATTAKE from the USA, and a new CD with a new sound where the songs are well defined. The sound of the recordings has to do with the money we were able to spend, and also, there aren't really studios or people who really understand this type of music who can do good

work. Here, it takes a lot to do a record with little money.

MRR: How do you see things differently, being from different countries in South America?

Alejo: We have the luck to know to have lived in or been to a lot of South American countries. Traveling surprises you in different ways: the poverty, the violence, the goodness of the people; these things help you to have a vision of what reality is, and they put you in a much more extreme position to fight the different types of injustice. These experiences define you as a person who is against all establishments.

MRR: How is playing HC/punk in Argentina? Describe the scene, places, and people.

Juan: It's really hard to take a band like MIGRA VIOLENTA further; our economic situation becomes a very big problem when we have to gig or put out records. We have been fighting all this time with a lot of conviction, always using the DIY way as a tool for doing things in HC/punk, which is a difficult way of doing things here. This place has a strong scene that is empty of political content, and musically, it's commercial. Recently, a lot of mercenaries have appeared who've tried to make a very big business out of HC/punk; they take advantage of the economic power they have. To be more graphic, I'll tell you this: last year a comp CD was released called *Invasion 2002.* That CD contained bands that have a large number of people at their gigs, all of those bands have CD's already, and had been playing for years; that CD was supposed to be a HC/punk comp. It had a very homophobic cover. That shows that, here, there is the wrong vision of what HC/punk is about. Most people act superficially and are too willing to compromise, they start going the rock star way; they feel wonderful with the fiction that the producers and musical mercenaries give to them. We have faith that, little by little, "our" scene will grow up. There are some new bands coming up that haven't released anything because of their economic situations, bands that are leaving behind that type of music, that are *saying* something; that's what we like about them.

MRR: What problems does South American HC/DIY scene have, being so small?

Daniel: As far as music goes, many bands are playing 80s HC/punk, and the bands that play a more "modern" style don't care about DIY; they do it in a commercial way, they want to have a manager, a record company. And the different "scenes" are divided: sXe, anarcho punk, HC, emo, NYC HC.

Another problem is that there are bands that care about their music and their image, but that don't care about the content of their lyrics. The DIY bands care about their lyrics, but they don't care about playing well, or their artwork, etc. And most of bands choose not to be independent; they are like that because they don't have another choice, and that's why the DIY spirit has been left behind by most bands. We are trying to change those things; we're trying to play better and to continue to not compromise what we do, to take care with the artwork—but with a 100 percent DIY attitude—and to play with different kinds of bands. We are one of the first Latin American bands that have done things this way; and in a short time, in different places, there are now more people that do these things in the same way, who share what we do.

MRR: What is the relationship that HC/punk has with social and political movements where you live?

Juan: We have to be truthful; here, there aren't any big movements in HC/punk that have any relationship to the political processes that are going on in this part of the world. But what does exist here are individuals and collectives that are helping struggling social movements. This has to do with the scene's own characteristics, because here, a scene with a political focus doesn't exist. That would be a difficult thing to have happen here.

MRR: Carolina how do you feel today, after you played with an anarcho-punk band from Venezuela?

Carolina: Well, I feel better. When I was playing in Venezuela, it was my first experience playing in an anarcho-punk band. What I can say now about how it felt being the first girl playing guitar in a place where people had never seen that, a place where people have sexist and machismo attitudes? Plus the xenophobia towards Colombians that exists in Venezuela made it very hard for me to live there. But, anyway, here in Argentina things are different; there aren't too many girls doing things in the scene, but when someone like me starts to participate, it makes other girls get into this underground world.

MRR: What is the relationship between the things you say in your songs and your own lives?

Daniel: Something we talked a lot about with each other was not to say things that we can't practice. If you read our lyrics, you'll see that they reflect political, social and personal situations that affect us; we talk about things like the conditions of workers in this part of the world. We don't have deep ideological definitions that we want to diffuse; we are a HC band that expresses our opinions about the most problematic situations that we have to live with. Each one of us is a different person with different experiences and

with different ways of seeing reality. We all agree on DIY as a way of living in the world; as far as political practice, each one has his or her own way of searching. We talk about reality on a global level and also in terms of the place where we came from—Latin America—and where we live. We also take DIY to heart in a full way, by being alert with what we eat and with what we wear, where to play shows and with whom, and the places where we work. This doesn't mean that we haven't worked in the worst conditions; in fact, Daniel used to work 14 hours a day in a taxi, and Carolina worked in a factory that exploited her for coins. You are the most rebellious when you live with your parents; when you are independent many times you have to leave behind certain things because your stomach is hungry, and you are always thinking how to get out of that.

MRR: What do you think about that violent and peaceful revolution?

Juan: It's absurd to think that peace is possible when there isn't social justice. We see how wealth is in the hands of the few, putting millions of people worldwide into misery and death. Dominating classes use violence; what can be more violent than countries being exploded, little children dying of hunger everyday? To me, that's *really* violence; *oppression* is violence. Human history shows us that the great transformations of social structures had to combine every means of struggle, but violence is necessary to liberate countries.

Latin America has a long tradition of struggle, and it still exits. That is because of the big apogee from the new social movements: the struggles that worked in coca fields in Bolivia, for the landless in Brazil, the natives from Ecuador, the protesters from Argentina. And, because of that kind of resistance, what's the system's answer? It's jail, persecution, and death. We want a just, peaceful world. We struggle because of these causes. We are not disposed to turn the other cheek; we'll support resistance and, if it's necessary, the right of the oppressed to use violence.

MRR: What's up with the new CD?

Carolina: After almost two years without recording anything, we have a new CD that has fifteen songs, and it's *awesome!* We did it with the support of nine different labels from around the world so we could get a good sound and nice artwork. It even has an interactive track, which is like a web page with a live show included. It took a lot of time because we had a lot of problems with drummers—we changed drummers in the middle of the recording. Because of that, we had to record again. We also had some problems with the interactive track. Well, it took five more months, but luckily, all the labels put up with us without any problems.

MRR: What are your plans?

Alejo: We are planning the European tour for September through October 2003; get in touch! Also, we're waiting for the split with KONTRAATTAKE. There also upcoming comps we've been asked to participate in and labels that want to release new editions of our albums.

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Jackson 8

I saw the Jackson 8 for the first time at Rubber Gloves in Denton; I hated them. I saw them a second time at a house show in Denton. I was in love. I even punched myself in the nose for hating them before. I danced around trying not to get blood on other people in the room where we were receiving our gift of the Jackson 8. With Dwayne s flailing arms playing that bass, while yelling "Baby" constantly in the mike, Naz s sweet vocals and holding that guitar like a machine gun and Josh beating the shit out of those drums while his neck muscles are visible when he sings along. The Jackson 8 knocks me out like Muhammad Ali. Interview by PearlFish. Photos by Mariel Tam.

MRR: First off, introduce yourselves.
Dwayne (bass guitar, vocals), Josh (drums, sings sometimes), Nazli (guitar, vocals).

MRR: How long have you been playing together? Tell me a little bit about the birth of the Jackson 8.
Dwayne: Josh and I have been playing together for ten years, but as the Jackson 8 it's only been about a year and a half.

Nazli: It all started with my first band ever, this all-girl band thing I had going with a few friends. One day my good friend, and our drummer, Chia-Lun, was sick, so we had Josh fill in. Later that same day, we saw Dwayne and ended up playing with him. It worked so well, that we ended up writing three songs.

MRR: I know that Dwayne and Josh grew up in Palestine, which is a really small town in East Texas. What was it like playing music there? Was there a support network for punk rock?
Dwayne: There wasn't a support network for any style of music. Basically we were the music scene.

Josh: The only way to have a show was to rent out a space and try to break even. It was small town Texas. No one was interested.

MRR: Denton is definitely a musician s town, did you all move to Denton to play music? If not, how did you end up here?
Josh: Well, Dwayne and I originally moved to Dallas to be involved in a music scene there. Getting to Denton took several years and numerous false starts.

Nazli: Josh and I moved here together. But I didn't grow up in the country; I was in Plano, which is like an hour away. So I already lived in Dallas, then moved up to Denton with Josh.

MRR: Has the audience of Denton been supportive? What do you think of the community here?
Josh: Has Denton been supportive? I'd say yes, for the most part anyway. At the moment everything seems to be in transition, for the best.

Nazli: Places like Mable Peabody's Beauty Parlor and Chainsaw Repair have been great. Everybody's so friendly and actually interested in your music, which is something new. Bands like Blue Print Sea, Tank Tank, Esperance, Retro-Spectro, and others have all been really supportive. We all support each other really. So, the answer to your first question is yes.

MRR: How do you generally write your songs-is'it all collaborative, or do you each write songs? What is the process like?
Dwayne: Oh, it's all collaborative-one of us will come in with a basic idea and we all just make a go of it. The person who sings the song is usual-

ly the one who brought it in. Then one of us has some crazy chorus idea and we all say, "Yeah! That's it!"

MRR: Are your influences mainly punk rock?

Nazli: Well, mine are bands like the Ramones and the Eyeliners. I tend to dig female-fronted bands; I guess I can better identify with them. Another thing is, which is really odd, but cartoons. I love the feeling you get from watching cartoons, and I transfer them to my songs. Stuff like innocence and simplicity.

Dwayne: The first album I bought was the Beatles' *Rock 'n' Roll Music, Volume One* in like '85. From there I found bands like the Who and the Stones, so 60s rock is kind of my thing. But it goes on of course to old country, old jazz, funk, and new wave. I dig music.

MRR: Given these influences, how would you define your musical style?

Josh: It's tough to pinpoint, really. I've always thought we possess that cartoonish quality of bands like the Ramones or KISS. I'd say we are a "cartoon rock" band if anything.

Nazli: But our newer songs are going in a different direction. The ones written within the past like two months or so, I think have been heavier. Maybe we're maturing, moving on from cartoons to video games.

MRR: Naz, you ve definitely gotten a lot of attention being a female musician. What is your take on this women in rock thing?

Nazli: Hmmm. I'm not really sure. I've been all for giving girls credit, but sometimes it seems like not all the ones that are given credit, exactly deserve it. Take X-tina or whatever the hell her new "edgy" name is. She's fucking awful, and yet she's everywhere. Why? She looks like a zombie with a head cold. She doesn't even play rock music, yet is in all these women in rock countdown bullshit. But at the same time, it's great that bands like Sleater-Kinney get some recognition. Another thing I guess, is when I play, I don't want people to say, "Wow. There's a girl on stage," and not move on. I guess what I'm trying to get at, is that it's cool that women are starting to play rock and roll and getting recognition, but it sucks that sometimes it's just because they're women.

MRR: Are there common themes to your lyrics?

Josh: As far as lyric writing goes, the only rule of thumb is to simply say what we mean. I've become so tired of all this ironic posturing and bullshit people write to be cool or whatever. We don't have an attitude, we're earnest, and silly, that's it.

Dwayne: My common theme would be the word ain't.

MRR: How did you record your record?

Dwayne: It was all done in about 30 minutes in a bedroom. We ran through the songs once or twice and then added vocals. Kind of like a low-budget sex film. This friend of ours, JR Thomason, did all the mixing and recording. Then we just sent it to be pressed on vinyl.

MRR: Your live shows are some of the most fun shows I ve ever seen. It is obvious you all have a really good time on stage. What has been your favorite show to play?

Nazli: My favorite was the one right after Josh, the drummer of this fine band, and my wedding reception. We had a little ceremony at the house, and did a traditional reception for the family, then we went to this gay bar called Mable Peabody's Beauty Salon and Chainsaw Repair and we played our little hearts out still dressed in tuxes and me in a wedding dress. That was really fun.

Dwayne: I really like the house shows. I don't like the separation of the rock kids from the bands when there's a stage. It feels more like you're in it together when they're all right in front of you and around you and falling on you and holding your mike from hitting you in the face again. You don't feel that need to impress so much. Kind of like, "We're up here and above all of you on this stage and you will like us because we are cool." While the kids down there are thinking, "I could be up there, they're not so great, clap, clap, shrug."

MRR: How did you get the name Jackson 8?

Josh: It was a really stupid inside joke. These days, I just explain how we are the other three Jacksons. We always invite the original five, but they never show up.

MRR: I keep waiting for you guys to go on tour. I can not wait to see what America is like after its Jacksonated, any plans to hit the road in the near future?

Dwayne: We should be heading out West sometime in July. It'll probably have to be a one-week, playing every night kind of tour. It's hard when we've all got to take off from work. But that's what you've got to do, right? We want to get our stuff out there and see if anyone thinks, "Hey, that's good music." So, 2003 is the year of the Jackson.

MRR: Give me a brief Jackson 8 *Behind the Music* episode in 20 years.

Josh and Dwayne: Music changed, yeah, that's what happened, then we all joined Damn Yankees, the Nuge was there. Yeah, I remember that bro. Then I went off to form Coverdale/Prisk. (laughter and the clanking of imaginary beers.)

MRR: What would be your Jackson 8 mission statement?

Josh and Nazli: We just wanna have fun.

Dwayne: "Head butts and head kicks!" and "Have a good time, all of the time." Wait, that's Spinal Tap's mission statement, isn't it, the "good time" part? Oh well, it works anyway.

beatkidrecords@yahoo.com, http://www.jackson8.net
Who Said Its Gots To Be Good EP, Beatkid Records
Split 7" with Retro-Spectro, out this summer

SNAKEPIT

Interview by:
David Morris.

When you first look at *Snakepit* you notice how raw and crude it seems. Each three-panel strip is based on a day in Ben Snakepit's life, and he draws them every evening (almost) without fail, whether he's energetic and focused enough to lavish two hours of attention on it, or depressed and drunk and sloppy. Especially when he first started to draw the strip, the latter tended to dominate. At first, I made the mistake, in part because of the rigorous schedule it's drawn on, of seeing *Snakepit* as a confessional diary and self-indulgent catharsis, rather than as carefully crafted art. Then, a couple of nights before I was supposed to interview Ben, I read through the second *Snakepit* Anthology and realized how seriously I'd underestimated the magnitude of his achievement. I also realized that, instead of just getting drunk and bullshitting with him, I needed to think of some serious questions. I think we did okay, although, in grand *Snakepit* tradition, we did get drunk. In fact, about two-thirds of the way through it gets real obvious, real fast. Watch for it.

MRR: So, um, talk a little bit about why you decided to start *Snakepit*.

Ben: Well, do you know *The Onion?* A long time ago, in the early 90s, they used to run four panels a day of a comic strip called "Jim's Journal". Basically, I just ripped it off, straight up. It was just this dude's life, "Today I went to work, then I sat around and played with my cat." And that was it. There're three or four books out, and they're great, really awesome. A couple of years ago, I guess it was summer of 2000, I was messin' around on my roommate's computer, trying to look up some shit about "Jim's Journal". And it turned out that it was fake, there was no Jim; the guy who wrote it just made all of it up. That really bummed me out, and I was like, "Somebody should do that for real, so I guess *I* will." Before that, I was drawing these weird diary strips—they weren't even comic strips. I had this sketchbook, and I would just draw until I felt like stopping, then I'd quit, and then I'd pick it up the next morning. They were all random and basically came out of taking too much acid. And those things just sort of melded together.

MRR: So before you started drawing *Snakepit*, did you have art experience, or training?

Ben: I went to art school for four years, three and a half years or so. I dropped out; I didn't graduate. I didn't set out to do comics; I just wanted to make some art.

In high school I was really into art, I was president of the art club and crap. So I went to art school, because I didn't know what else to do. And after a year of it, I got like, "Whatever." It really made me hate making art, so I was coasting for the next few years, just scraping by and skipping class and smoking a lot of weed and playing video games. I dropped out of college basically because of *Super Mario Brothers III.* But I can bust that shit out now, man, I can get the 1-up factor and everything.

After I dropped out of art school, I hated art for so long, I didn't want to look at it, or do it, I didn't want to draw or anything. I played music, but it was just for fun, just kind of dickin' around a little. Only maybe a year or so before I started doing *Snakepit* did I really get back into drawing.

MRR: It looks in your early strips—and I guess what you're saying kind of corresponds to this—it looks like you just did them in one go, scrawling out whatever happened to you. Is that how you're still doing it?

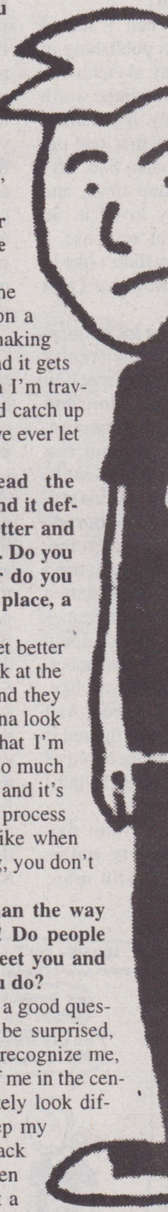
Ben: Yeah, basically. I don't put it down and come back to it later. I always finish it all at once. But I take my time with it, obviously, now. When you do something every day for two years you practice a lot and get better at it, of course.

MRR: How long does it take you to do an average strip?

Ben: Umm, usually about a half hour.

MRR: Today?

Ben: Today was fifteen minutes, maybe. It really depends on what kind of mood I'm in and how much time I've got, where if I'm real stoned and bored I'll spend an hour on it. I'm sure there're a few strips you've seen that I've spent a lot of time on, and I just felt like doing it that day.



MRR: When was the last time you missed a day?

Ben: That would have to be sometime in December of 2000.

MRR: Wow.

Ben: Yeah, I made a New Year's Resolution when 2001 hit that I was never gonna miss another day, and I'm still doing fine.

MRR: Since then, you've never cheated and gone back and done the previous day's strip?

Ben: Occasionally, yeah, sometime when I'm traveling. You can draw on a bus, but it sucks. You start and it's shaking so much and you can't even write, and it gets really annoying. So sometimes when I'm traveling I let it go two or three days, and catch up all at once. But I think the longest I've ever let it go is three days.

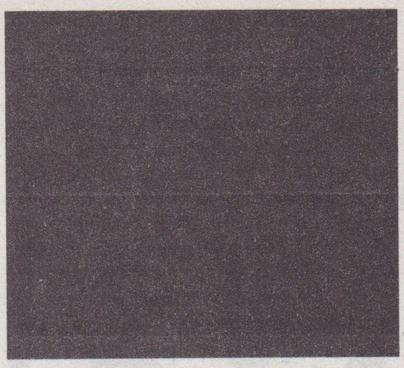
MRR: I've gone back and read the anthologies over and over again, and it definitely seems like you've gotten better and better over the last couple of years. Do you think you'll keep getting better, or do you see yourself finding a comfortable place, a style?

Ben: I don't know, I mean I hope I get better of course, but I've noticed . . . I'll look at the old strips I did a couple years ago and they look terrible to me. I don't even wanna look at them anymore. And I look at what I'm doin' now and I'm like yeah, this is so much better, but then I go back six months and it's not much better at all. Its such a slow process that I don't even notice at all. It's like when you're a little kid and you're growing, you don't even notice.

MRR: You look a lot different than the way you draw yourself in your strips! Do people ever seem surprised when they meet you and find out who you are and what you do?

Ben: Not that I know of. Crap, that's a good question. No, no one's ever seemed to be surprised, really, and it seems like people *can* recognize me, somehow. I guess there's a picture of me in the centerfold of the first one, but I definitely look different from that now, too. But I keep my strips up to date, like my hair is black now and it's pretty long, and I've been drawing it that way. But you've got a year turnaround on when the comics come out.

MRR: I have to admit I haven't been keeping up on the— I guess it's monthly that you do the little ones?
Ben: There's a monthly one that's like a zine, that's always free, you just have to ask me for it. Then there's the quarterly ones which are every three months, and a guy in San Diego distributes them through Young American Comics, then there're the yearly ones that I do myself. And I try to keep those cheap, 'cause most of the copies are real shitty and whatever, it's all DIY.
MRR: When you were doing it in the early days, did you keep drawing yourself the same way because it was easier, or what?
Ben: Well, at the time I had a shaved head. And the comics I drew before I did *Snakepit* I drew myself as a monkey, and the monkey's name was BananaBoy. And he kind of looked like me, he had that widow's peak hairline, but you know, I have that kind of hairline anyway when my head is shaved, so I just kind of started drawing it that way. I haven't shaved for a really long time though, I've just been growing it out lately.
MRR: The more recent comics you have are obviously better, because you've put more time into them. Does the idea that people have been reading your comics encourage you?
Ben: Yeah, definitely, definitely. When I started doing *Snakepit*, I didn't even plan on publishing it, I was just doing it for myself in my sketchbook. And only after I'd gotten about three months worth of strips did I put out the first monthly. It became a monthly after that, because I put the first one out and a lot of people really dug it. I made, like, fifty copies and just gave them out around town, and everybody just flipped out and they loved it. So yeah, I've been getting an excellent response. I don't think anyone's ever told me they didn't like it, so that definitely encouraged me to work hard at it and put in more time.
MRR: I was considering asking you a lot of questions about how your comics "break the frame" and are self-referential, with all that interaction between the characters and the narrator, and how you use visual metaphors and puns and, increasingly towards the end of the second volume, you do, like, abstract expressionist stuff. But basically it boils down to whether all this stylistic innovation is conscious, or if you're bored.
Ben: I think most of it is just boredom. I'll do something that I think is neat, like, I'm sure you noticed towards the end of the second volume, I started doing background designs and all the four frames would make something. I started out just doing weird shapes, and then I did letters. I remember, probably a month before Halloween, I was like, "Wow, I bet I can make it spell out Halloween! And that last 'N' will be on Halloween day!" I figured it out like that. Now I'm kind of getting more bored of that stuff, and I'm going back to just letting the individual strips speak for themselves.
MRR: When you're going through your day now, do you think about what aspects you're going to draw in your strips, or is it still more something you think about at the end of the day?
Ben: Usually, if something really crazy happens to me, like I get into a car crash or I make out with a girl, while it's happening I'm like, "Ooh, I wonder how I'm gonna draw this in the comic." But, for the most part, if it's just a day of nothing I'll just sum it up at the end of the day.
MRR: Do you have days that you feel deserve more than three panels?
Ben: Sometimes, but part of the fun of doing it for myself is disciplining myself to realize that, just because something is a big deal when it happens, I still have to break down every day into just three panels and make it fit, even if it really doesn't. And for me it's therapeutic. Like, I just lost my job, and I lost my house a few weeks ago, and those are things that normally I'd really stress and freak out about. But when you draw it in a comic, and there's this little cartoon man there going "Oh No! I don't have anywhere to live!" Then that's not that bad, there are people that are doing a lot worse than me right now. It really helps me keep a good outlook on things, and no matter how shitty things get, it always makes a funny comic.
MRR: Your policy has been completely honesty about your life. Has that had to change as more people read your comic? And what kind of repercussions has it had on your life?
Ben: I will absolutely, always refuse to compromise, no matter what. I've had people get really pissed off at me and never talk to me again; like, "I told you to stop drawing me!" You know, sorry; if you hang out with me I'm gonna draw you. Probably one day, somebody might try to sue me or something but, you know, whatever, fuck it, I don't care. But, the repercussions are that, I haven't gotten laid in a long time. You know, you meet some girl, and you're like, "Hey, here's my comic!" I remember this girl came into the record store, and I gave her a comic, and my friend, Lauren, was like, "Yeah, show her what you're gonna do to her, dude! Good job!" And so definitely, the action with the ladies has been tapering off, so to speak.
MRR: See, that's unfortunate. That was actually one of my next questions. I know you've talked pretty frankly about things that might've pissed some people off. One thing that struck me especially was in the second volume of the yearly anthology when you were leaving the Pink Swords, and you talked about what you thought about that band at the time. And then of course there's the way you constantly crush out on girls pretty hard in the comic.
Ben: And in real life, it's true. Lately, the real dilemma I've been having is with the closing of Sound Exchange [Austin's legendary punk record store]. A lot of kind of weird shit went down with the owner and the manager and the other people who work there, and it's this very awkward situation, the kind of thing I probably shouldn't publish. But I'm going to anyway, because maintaining my honesty in this comic is the most important thing in the world to me. And if I get in trouble, oh well.
MRR: Do you think that hole is gonna get deeper and harder to occupy as the comic gets more popular?
Ben: Yeah. See, what I'm hoping for, this is kind of a fantasy, but I'm hoping that at some point I'll reach a level of notoriety where, some people will wanna give me lots of money and crap so I'll put 'em in *Snakepit*. Not that it's like, for sale, but if someone comes out and give me like a thousand dollars, I'm gonna fucking write it in there, you know? I've already reached that kind of notoriety where people will hook me up at Kinko's or the grocery store; like, I'm in a bar and my friend's working, and they'll usually hook me up and be like, "So, you gonna put me in the new issue?" So I've been getting' a lot of free food from it already.
MRR: Do you find people who are, maybe they're not giving you a thousand dollars, but maybe they're being a little bit *too* friendly?
Ben: Oh yeah, yeah, and it's very obvious when they do it. But I tend to be polite about it. Like, a lot of younger kids. It's weird, it seems like a lot of younger kids really dig it. I'll be at a party and some seventeen-year-olds will come up, "Hey Mr. *Snakepit* Guy!" That's cool, and it's very flattering, but then they're like, "You Gonna Put Me in the Comic?" If they've got a beer, I'll be like, "Can I have that Beer!" And they'll be like, "Yeah!" And I'll be like, "Yeah, I'll put you in there!" Oops, they didn't make it. But *I* got a little bit drunker.
MRR: Does your mom get to see *Snakepit*?
Ben: Yeah, my mom loves *Snakepit*. Actually, she wrote me a letter the first time she saw it. I drew my mom in this one sketchbook, I have a sketchbook for every year and last time I went home for Christmas or whatever I just left one kind of laying around, and she looked through it. And she wrote me this letter, and it was the best letter I've ever gotten from anybody. It was very supportive and very cool, "This is the most brilliant thing that's ever come out of our family, and you're a genius and I love you." And it was just awesome. To know that my mom knows that I smoke weed and get drunk and shit, and is cool with that and supports me in what I do, that's fucking really cool. I printed that letter in one of the monthlies, the month that she sent it to me, as "The Letter of All Time, The Hall of Fame Letter." Yeah, she's cool.
MRR: Now that you've been doing it for so long, do you ever think about giving up *Snakepit* the daily and doing something different?
Ben: No way. I'm in this until the day I'm dead. The last one will be like, either, "Today I'm in bed with cancer, dying, and it sucks," and that'll be the last one; or, you know, "I'm partying real hard tonight, and tomorrow I'm gonna go do some crazy shit," and that'll be the last one. Whatever, but I'm gonna do it until I physically can't anymore. One of my heroes of all time is Charles Schultz, 'cause I fucking love Peanuts. And I'm sure you've noticed my drawings kind of look like that.
MRR: I know you've made reference to—
Ben: I always draw Snoopy in there a lot! Whenever I draw the parties I try to hide Snoopy in there somewhere.



MRR: Payday. Bling bling.

Ben: I really dig that shit, and he did that shit every day. He quit doing Peanuts, he retired or whatever, and three days later he died. And I think that was just fucking awesome, I think that was very cool.

MRR: Was there a particular point where you realized what you were doing was more than just some shitty daily diary 'zine?

Ben: When I got the letter from my mom I realized that, 'cause my mom's an English teacher. And she inspired me to do art and writing when I was young, and to have her support me that strongly when everything else I've ever done artistically, or musically especially, she's not too interested in . . . 'Cause, you know, it's hard to be like, "Hey Mom! I'm in a band called Kids in Service to Satan! We play four second songs and scream and throw up and break everything!" I consider my comics to be as raw and gnarly as the music that I do, but I guess other people don't really see it that way.

MRR: I may be totally imagining this, but it seems that I've noticed a lot more in the way of underground comics in Austin since *Snakepit* came out. Do you think that's a coincidence? Or do you think that you've inspired people?

Ben: I hope so. I hosted a 'zine swap at Monkeywrench Books back in October, and like, about a hundred people showed up. I was expecting twenty people, tops, and like maybe a hundred people showed up, it was crazy. And everybody had a little comic book they'd drawn. I don't know if I inspired them so much to draw comics, but I showed them that it's if you can't draw very good, 'cause you know, I can't draw very good. Even today, I drew myself talking on the phone, and it looked fucked up, and I will never, ever draw myself talking on the phone again, 'cause I don't think I know how. I've tried it a million times, and it just never works out. But I think the fact that it's made up of kind of shitty drawings, and I don't put much time into it, inspires people to be like, "Wow! If he can do this shit, I can do this shit!" And that's very cool. I really like that there're more comics going on in Austin.

MRR: At two bucks a pop for the *Anthologies*, and handing out comics for free, you're not exactly banking on this whole scheme. Have you ever thought about branching out and doing T-shirts? I mean, Dan Clowes did the ten-inch things and posters and stuff like that. Have you thought much about other aspects of the *Snakepit* Empire?

Ben: I don't know, not really. People have asked me about T-shirts. Have you seen the buttons that I have, the *Snakepit* Fiend Club buttons?

MRR: I haven't, I've read about them in the comic.

Ben: Oh, man, I'll give you one, I don't have any with me, but next time I see you I will. But yeah, that design, it's based on the Misfits Fiend Club skull thing, and it's just a picture of me, and it says, "*Snakepit* Fiend Club." And I've thought about making T-shirts of that, and you know, I might do it one day, but it's kind of really low on the ladder of priorities. Sure, I'd like to make money, but I'm not gonna try real hard. I'd much rather just be able to share my life with everybody. And you know, whenever I'm hungry, I can go to Thundercloud and trade a *Snakepit* for a sandwich. Or, if I need a drink, I can go to Emo's, and I always get in free 'cuz I trade *Snakepit*, and I trade *Snakepit* for beers. You know, it's kind of like money for me. And I actually have been selling them very well; a lot of distros have been taking my stuff. The last two months I've been able to pay my rent with the money I made from it.

MRR: Wow, that's pretty amazing.

Ben: Yeah, I'm making enough money, certainly. Much more than I was expecting to make. I'm definitely making back what I put into it, and then some. So it's cool, it works out.

MRR: You sort of did a one-off about your ex-wife, would you like to talk any about that?

Ben: I don't know, it's just, it was a sad, shitty story, it was just a major, major huge thing that happened to me. And if she hadn't gotten me into comics, I wouldn't draw comics in the first place. She's the person who got me into Dan Clowes, James Kochalka, John Forcellino. I guess those are my big three, plus I really like Adrian Tomine a lot, and some other ones. But she got me into comics, and a lot of the comics she got me into are crazy, not necessarily love stories, but stories about big changes in people's lives, moving somewhere, or somebody in their family dying, you know. They're comics that tell a little story, and they're really deep and, even though they're shitty drawings it's someone pouring their soul out. And I really like that, and I'd been planning to draw a comic about it for a long time, it just took me a couple of years to get around to do it. Then I wasn't sure if I wanted to publish it or not, and I asked some friends and they all liked it, and then I sent her a comic to make sure that she was cool with it. She said it was fine, so…I dunno, they've been sellin' great!

MRR: So, what do you think the future holds for Ben Snakepit?

Ben: Well, of course I'll always do *Snakepit*, that's the number one priority. I've been drawing some album covers. I did Attack Formation. I just drew a poster for them, this big crazy poster where I had to draw eighty-two different people's faces. My friend Brett does a radio show called the River of Gore, it's an all-metal show, and I drew a poster for him just recently. Um, I wanna do more album covers and more band stuff, 'cause music is obviously heavily ingrained into what I do anyway. And I'm also just doing some little comics for compendium-type things that my friends are putting out. This guy, Sean Granton, who does a comic called *Ten Foot Rule* out of Portland, he's putting together like a comp thing called *Modern Industry,* he does it every once in a while, this'll be like the fourth one or the third one. I just drew a comic for that. It's like a three-page comic about a train ride I took across country. And the guy that does *Young American,* who puts out my quarterly issues, does a compilation that he puts out every few months, and I just did a four-page spread for that. That's about all I've done so far. I'll probably put out another little one-shot comic like *Pills* about the time I moved to California. I did a one-page comic about that in one of the Anthologies, I think . . . I don't know.

MRR: Yeah, moving to California and being really frustrated . . .

Ben: I stretched that whole story out into twenty or thirty pages; I'll probably put that out. Little chunks of it are gonna be published in other magazines, but after a while, maybe next year, I'll just publish the whole thing as one little book. And I'll just keep doing stuff like that, I guess.

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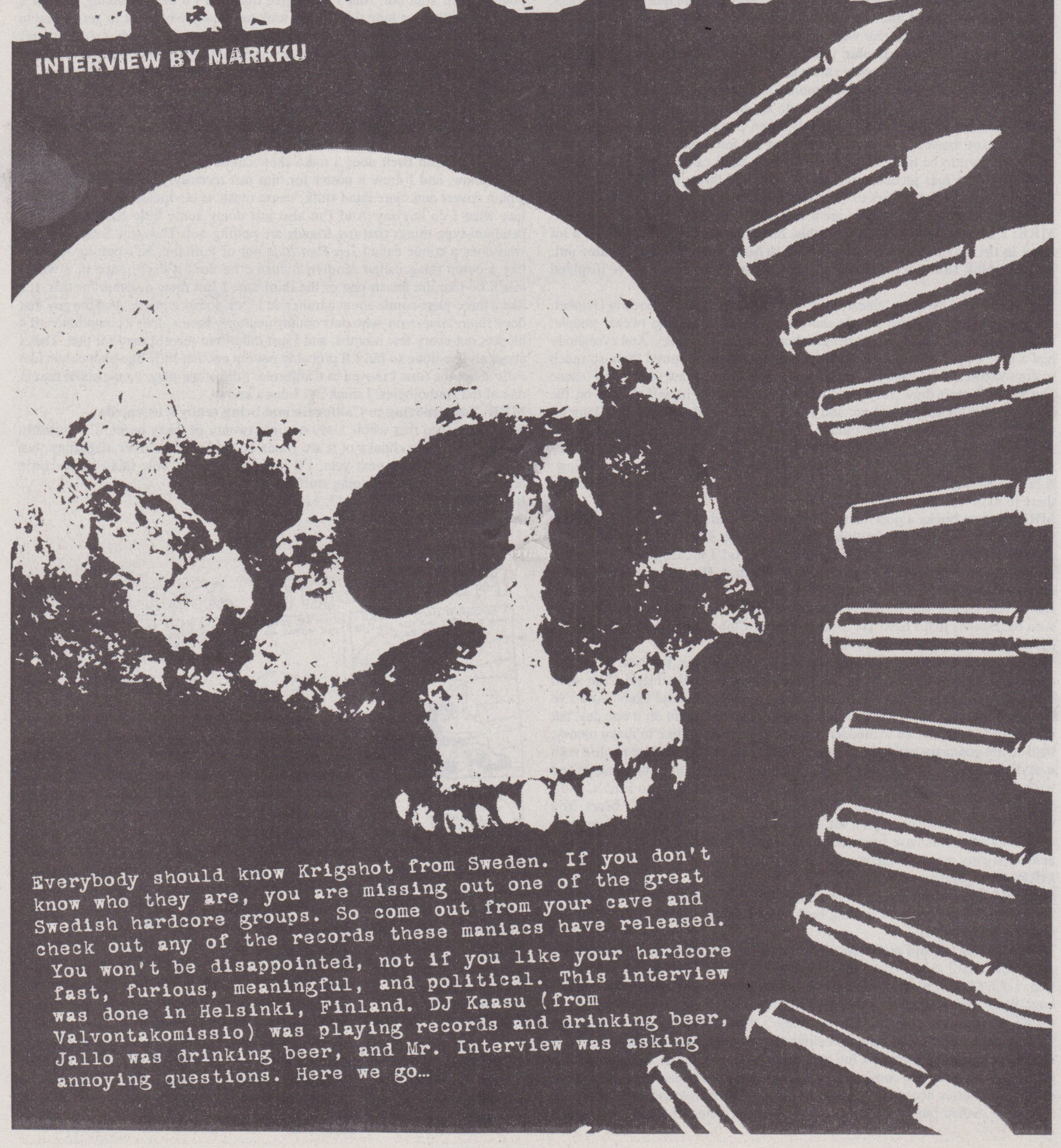
KRIGSHOT
KRIGSHOT

INTERVIEW BY MARKKU



Everybody should know Krigshot from Sweden. If you don't know who they are, you are missing out one of the great Swedish hardcore groups. So come out from your cave and check out any of the records these maniacs have released. You won't be disappointed, not if you like your hardcore fast, furious, meaningful, and political. This interview was done in Helsinki, Finland. DJ Kaasu (from Valvontakomissio) was playing records and drinking beer, Jallo was drinking beer, and Mr. Interview was asking annoying questions. Here we go…

MRR: Let's start from the beginning: When was Krigshot formed?

Jallo: Well, we formed the band, uh… Let's see, when the hell was it? What year is it now? I think it was sometime in 1997.

MRR: Whose idea was it to start a band like this and why did you want to have a band with this style?

Jallo: It was my idea. First, I asked Anders to join in with me. I knew that he's a good drummer and a pretty fast one, too. Anders also plays in Nasum, so you know he can be quite fast if he wants or needs to be. There's also another guy from Nasum playing in Krigshot. As you know, Mieszko sings for us. Mieszko actually is in quite a bunch of bands right now. I don't think I can even remember all the bands he is in. There's at least Genocide SS and Nasum, of course, but he also has some stoner rock band. It's some kind of a project only, I guess. They haven't done any records yet and I don't know if they ever will. We'll see if Mieszko is still on Krigshot's next record. The other night at the bar he said that maybe he doesn't care to do another record with Krigshot, since he has so many other things going on all the time. He maybe just doesn't have time anymore.

MRR: What other bands are you yourself in right now?

Jallo: Totalitär, Meanwhile, and Ääritila. I think that's all I have right now.

There are some other small projects here and there, but those are not active right now. Those are the kind of projects that happen every once in a while. It seems that none of my bands are very actively doing shows now. That is OK, though occasionally I'd love to do shows too. Ääritila is our new band and we released a 7" EP this spring. There's also an LP coming out later.

MRR: How can you find time for Krigshot, since all you guys have so many bands and other projects going on all the time? Is Krigshot the kind of band that only works when you don't have anything else going on? It seems to me that you don't practice too often with Krigshot?

Jallo: Yeah, actually, we only do couple of rehearsals before we go into the studio each time. But that's really all there is. Between different studio sessions we don't practice at all, not a single time. We haven't played any shows so far, since I'm playing both guitar and bass. For me it might be a bit difficult to play guitar and bass at the same time on stage. Though it seems that soon [in the summer of 2003] we are going to play our first show ever. That'll be at the Hulsfred Festivals in Sweden. Before that we need to practice like never before; it's our first show and all that. It will be exciting.

MRR: So why haven't you gotten a bass player and played some shows before this? Was Krigshot meant to work only as a studio band in the beginning?

Jallo: At first we didn't even think about the shows at all. We just had the idea that it would be nice to do some "mangel" [fast, old-time Swedish hardcore in the vein on Mob 47 and the like] for a change again, we were not planning to do shows at all. It was just fun to play with friends and do music. To have fun! But now it seems that we need to do that one show at least. I think it's going to be a pretty good show. Björn from Disfear is going to play bass for us at that show. Björn hasn't played with Krigshot before, so that's also one reason why we need to practice like hell to make the songs sound right and to be able to play a good show. He's not going to be a full member of the band, he's just helping us out with that show. We don't really need a bass player. I can play both guitar and bass in the studio. That works with us just fine. That's also the easiest way. I've written all the songs anyway, so I know how the songs were meant to be played and I know how I want all the songs to sound. No time wasted for practicing or teaching someone else how to play those songs in the studio. At least there's less people causing chaos in the studio, so we can finish the studio sessions faster and go to have a party and few beers. Ah, what the hell, all our records are done while drinking. That's the way it goes for us, anyway.

MRR: Where did you got the idea to play this kind of music? What were you influence by originally?

Jallo: Well, I've always had the same old influences, all the way from the day one. You know what those are. I've been listening those same bands all the time, since I first heard them back in the day. Now I just had a feeling again to play this kind of faster music with friends. Lately I've been playing with Totalitär and Meanwhile and, as you know, those bands are a bit slower than Krigshot. So I needed to do some real fast stuff too.

MRR: You must have played hundreds of shows in all these years that you've been involved in punk scene, so do you think there's a show that was the best or most memorable for you? What's the best show you've ever seen?

Jallo: That's a difficult one. The best shows I've been involved with, I think, must be one of those Totalitär shows. Some of those have been a real blast, over the top for sure! Like the time when we were in England with Totalitär. That was around 1991. We toured for three weeks in England and we only played maybe ten shows. We had lots of days off. Sometimes it was just pure chaos? Damn, it was fun! We traveled by train, mostly, had terrible hangovers, and had no idea where we were. Sometimes we were totally lost, but it didn't matter really, because most of the shows were so damn good there, that was a fun tour. Oh yeah, once in Jönköping, Sweden, we also had a very memorable evening with an extremely wild crowd!

Actually we were roaming in England with Meanwhile, too. That was also one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences. Turbo Negro is always the best band to see live, though I've only seen them couple of times. I almost wet my pants, it was so good.

MRR: What was the first punk record you ever got?

Jallo: Pretty damn hard question again. I think might have been one of those Sham 69 records.

Kaasu (from Valvontakomissio): Wasn't it that Exploited record you got?

Jallo: Yeah, I think the Exploited was the first one I bought myself and I somehow got that Sham 69, I don't remember. It might have been some 7" too.

MRR: Do you have plans to release more records with Krigshot and who would you want to release those?

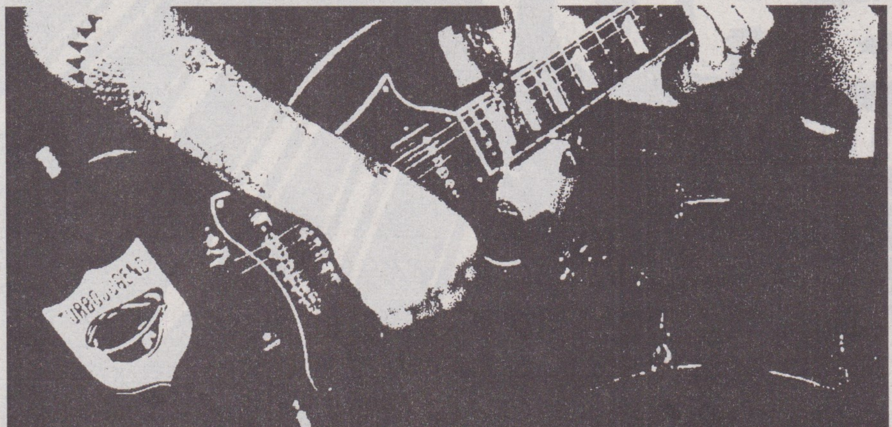
Jallo: Yes, we were thinking of doing a ten-song EP, that'd be a pretty fast 7". If Sound Pollution would like to release that one, too, that would be really good in our opinion. Sound Pollution has released all our records so far. I think we'd like to do all of our records for them.

MRR: How did you get the deal with Sound Pollution in the first place? Were those guys your old friends or did you just send in a demo or something?

Jallo: We recorded that first demo and after that we just sent it to all over to different labels. Sound Pollution was the first and fastest to tell us that they wanted to do it. We took it and it was also the best offer we got. Ken is also a really nice guy?he doesn't mess around. He knows what he's doing, the records come out when they are supposed to and there are just no problems with him at all. Everything's been working perfectly between us, just the way it was meant to be.

MRR: If someone wanted to organize a tour for Krigshot would you go?

Jallo: Yeah, I think would at least consider doing one. I don't think it would be completely impossible. Actually I think we might even do it, if it would be something that we all find interesting, then we would do it, I guess. But on the other hand, Nasum is really busy all the time. If they are not doing a new record they are on tour or something. As you know, they are touring all the time and that



takes time from us for sure. So if we were planning on going to tour it would mean that it had to be OK for Nasum, too, so that they had some free time for a change.

MRR: What do you think is the best thing in whole punk scene for you? What keeps you involved year after year?

Jallo: The best thing for sure is all the friends I've met and the people I still know through this scene. You get to know people all over the world, that's the best thing for me. Most of the friends I have come from this scene of ours. There are no bad things in this scene at all!! [laughter] No down sides in punk rock! And you know that it's nice to drink few beers with the friends every now and then. Like what we are doing here today right now! For some reason, it seems to be a fact that most punks do like alcohol. I don't know why that is. But it surely is fun to drink some alcohol sometimes, that's for sure. That's a fact in Scandinavia at least. And here we are drinking in Finland right now, ha.

MRR: Since we are in Finland, what are the Finnish punk records you've been listening to lately??

Jallo: In fact, I've been listening to lots of old Finnish stuff lately, mostly old records by Maho Neitsyt. Their third 7" called *Vitustakos näistä tietää* is fucking brilliant! It's got to be in the top five of the all the Finnish records ever. That's the truth. This time, I came to Finland to only listen to all these old punk records Kaasu [the drummer of Valvontakomissio] has here. [laughter] We've been listening to these records for a quite a while already. We've been rocking with Kansan Uutiset, Varaus, Riistetyt, and all the rest.

MRR: It's good that there is some spare time between the recording and mixing of this new Ääritila recordings.

Jallo: Yeah, we need some time to try to find some old-time spirit for our own studio sessions. This Maho Neitsyt is so damn good that you can't believe it! Listen to this! [Jallo rocks with Maho Neitsyt] My engine starts running on full speed as soon as I hear these records in the morning. After that, I don't have any problems anymore, no hangover, nothing, just rocking like hell.

MRR: Speaking of other bands, what's happening with Totalitär nowadays? Do we have any chance of ever seeing you guys playing shows again some day?

Jallo: Yes, we are actually thinking of playing some shows in the Island of Majorca. Some guy from there sent an email to us asking if we would be able and willing to do some shows there. So we thought about it and said yes, we'll go for it. We'll play two shows over one weekend. And in between shows we can have some piña coladas and go to the beach. Then in the evening we will play punk rock like never before! That sounds very good to me! I'm really looking forward to that one!

MRR: Who writes Krigshot songs?

Jallo: So far I've done all the songs. Actually Anders has composed two songs or so, but basically almost all the songs are from me. The other guys said it's totally OK, if I'm writing the songs, but the lyrics are written by everybody. Whoever has a feeling or something to say. We all write lyrics, and sometimes it happens that we write lyrics together at our rehearsal place. Sometimes we just realize that we don't have lyrics for some songs and then we write the lyrics together. I'd say that Anders writes half of all the lyrics and we write all the rest together.

MRR: Was it clear from the start that you would sing in Swedish?

Jallo: Yeah, we didn't have any other choice. That's also easiest for us of course. We don't need to think about any grammatical bullshit or anything. By the way in our new record we even have one cover song. It's "*Vapaa maa,*" originally done by Riistetyt. That's in Finnish, of course, but the rest are in Swedish.

MRR: Have you recorded all the records by yourself since Mieszko has his own studio and all?

Jallo: Yes, we have recorded everything by ourselves. We just go to Mieszko's place and do everything in his studio. That's really easy and very cheap for us. So that's clearly the best choice, no doubt about that. He knows his studio and all the equipment so well that it goes very smoothly and we don't have any problems at all. First we do guitar and drums. Then I play the bass on top of it, since we don't have a real bass player. Mieszko always does his vocals last.

MRR: How come you are so interested in Finnish punk, since you have lived all your life in Sweden? Have you always been interested in Finnish punk?

Jallo: In Sweden we had this radio program called *Ny våg* [*New Wave*]. That was around 1980 and I think it ended in 1984. They always played all kinds of good stuff, but at some point they were playing tons of Finnish punk and hardcore bands on there. I think that's where I first heard stuff like the Bastards 7" and all that. A big help for us was also Kaasu's father, who at the time was working at construction sites in Finland. He always brought us records from Finland when he came home. I remember him bringing Kaaos's *Totaalinen Kaaos* 7" and that Propaganda compilation *Hardcore 83*. He just bought all the records for us. By the way, there are so many good bands on that *Hardcore 83* LP. That's got to be one of the best compilations ever made! All the classics were on that one! Riistetyt, Tampere SS, Takuu.

Kaasu: Protesti was a total killer!

Jallo: Yes, indeed! Riistetyt really knocked me out and they are very good even nowadays. I think it was that particular compilation where I found all the Finnish bands. But before that, there was of course this other compilation called *Russia Bombs Finland*. That's definitely a killer too. They really knew how to make perfect compilations in Finland back in the day. Well, there are some good bands there now too, but those records have always been so important for me, so important!! Those were the first for me. I think that those records were pretty important for the whole Finnish scene too, not just me.

MRR: What do you think is the situation in punk scene right now in Sweden? What are the best bands there right now?

Jallo: I think it's just not as good as it used to be. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's how I see it. There are some good bands now too, for sure, but it's still different. There are not that many people doing fanzines anymore and that's a shame. Only ten years ago there were tons and tons of zines and I liked that. I think it's not as good now as it used to be. There were surely more people involved in scene back in the day, at least in Sweden. There was more stuff happening all the time. There were all kinds of activities going all over the country all the time. But I'm not saying it's crap nowadays or anything. I remember when I was playing in Jönköping with Meanwhile just couple of years ago. We played with Riistetyt and I think you were there with them…

MRR: Yes I was.

Jallo: ...and Kaaos was there too. That was a good show. There were more than 200 people in Eldslandet. That was pretty good when you consider that Jönköping is not a big city or anything. It's just a small town in the countryside. Finland has a better scene than Sweden right now. Finland has more people and more bands and more of everything. In Finland, you have your *Toinen Vaihtoehto* that comes out every month with all the information about shows and everything. We don't have anything like that in Sweden, we never even have! But you know I'm not 100 percent sure about all this, maybe I'm just a crazy old fart.

THE RITES

INTERVIEW BY JON COLLINS

MRR: THIS FIRST QUESTION IS MORE FOR MATT THAN ANYONE ELSE, BUT I'M WONDERING WHAT YOUR REASONS WERE FOR STARTING THE RITES IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU'RE THE MAIN SONGWRITER FOR TEAR IT UP, SO WHAT DID YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE RITES THAT YOU COULDN'T DO WITH THAT BAND?

Matt: I just wanted to do something different. I had been playing drums for so long in bands, and there were things that I wanted to say, not just write. I had been wanting to do a band like this for a long time but I just never got around to it; then I started to feel like I was getting older and wouldn't be good at it if I waited too long to start. Then, when Paul was moving, I just really still wanted to be able to play in a band with him, so we just got it happening and started to practice and put songs together.

Paul: Matt had been trying to get another band together for a while. It wasn't until I announced that I would be quitting Tear it Up that he asked me if I wanted to start up a side project with him, and that's when things really started to take shape. It was obvious to me that the full-time status of Tear it Up would never work out with me living 350 miles north of the rest of the band, but I think Matt and I both enjoyed playing music together too much to just all of a sudden stop because I was moving to Boston.

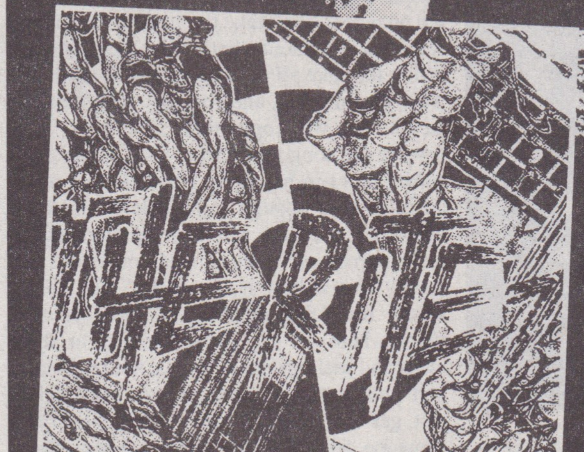
MRR: Matt, in every band that I've ever seen you in, even though you were stuck behind a drum kit you were always the extremely outspoken, hyper, and sometimes obnoxious one, whether you were standing up while playing drums in Fast Times, or grabbing Dave's mic between every song in Tear it Up to say, "Fuck that kid!" Was starting the Rites your way to get out from behind the drum set so you could get up front and jump off of everything and shoot your mouth off?

John: I'm answering for Matt: obviously, yes.

Matt: It was just a way for me to do something different with music than I had in the past. I really don't think that I'm any more or less of an obnoxious person now that I have a mic in my hand; maybe I'm wrong.

MRR: Originally, the Rites were just an idea in Matt's little brain and he had everything planned out like a year in advance. When he brought the idea to the table, it was as a finished deal. Everyone else was sort of fitting the role of "hired guns." Now, it seems like more of a band effort. How or why do you think that came about?

Matt: Dude, I didn't have everything planned out. Paul wrote a few of the songs on the first 7". But, I think the fact that we started practicing and playing shows got us all ready to do more songs. So when we practice once a month we have a whole bunch of new stuff to do. I think that, just off the bat, I had more shit lying around then everyone else did; anyway, to be a hired gun you have to be getting some sort of cash, and that's certainly not happening. You're all fired if you say otherwise.



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Paul: I don't really feel that the writing process is that different from the way Matt and I would write records for Tear it Up. Matt would come up with an idea for a record and write some songs for it, and I would try and fill in the holes with my songs. Then it becomes a band job to determine what works and what sucks. Pete and John are both really

great to work with. They also have the advantage of being in past bands together, so there wasn't much adjusting to be done as far as all of our styles blending together. I think all of us being really good friends first helps too.

John: The atmosphere of our band is really laid back, especially compared to the atmospheres of Tear it Up and Down in Flames, where we were constantly trying to meet deadlines and play everywhere and do this and do that. I think this band is more of a group effort because it's almost like a break from our other more demanding bands, so we just have fun with it. If I fuck up a Rites song live, I don't bum out for the whole rest of the night, while the opposite is true for me when I'm playing in Tear it Up and when I was in Down in Flames.

MRR: Matt and Paul, when you write songs how do you make the decision to bring them to the Rites? What makes them stand out?

Matt: I try to approach writing the songs in a different way for each band. I will usually set out to work on a record for one band and just concentrate on how I want that record to go and sound without thinking of my other band. The songs I write for Tear it Up have more going on in them because we have two guitar players, and since I play drums differently than Pete does, they just sound different. The Rites are definitely faster too.

Paul: The main deciding factor is how I picture the drums sounding. Generally, if I think I want a song to be played really fuckin' fast and crazy, it goes to the Rites. Pete has a really brutal and definitive style of playing, and as much as I love the way that kid plays his drums, not every song I write would work with that style. I think that might also be why I started Cut the Shit. But that's a totally different interview!

MRR: On the 7" you have a song called "PC Gestapo". I've had two different groups of people come to me saying that the song must be about them because of various issues they've had with your other bands, yet it's not about any one person or group specifically. I've spoken with Matt about it and his explanation was much more intelligent than your typical pigheaded answer of, "Fuck those PC kids." Would you like to explain that song further? And do you think that the type of person the song is about will pick up on what you're saying and try to understand, or will it just add more fuel to their fire?

John: It's just about dudes who think they have all the right answers, who think that if you don't agree with them you suck. I am sure Matt will add a lot more to this. But I think it will probably just add fuel to the fire. Seriously, when in the history of hardcore did someone have a song written about them, and then the guy or girl it was about goes "Oh yeah, maybe I *am* a jerk!" It's like writing a song about a poseur. No one thinks they are one.

Matt: First off, it is not a song denouncing anyone in particular, and I think that the only people who are going to get real mad about it are ones that don't take the time to read it and see what it's about, that or the kids who are trying to make all the kids at shows think one way, eat one way, and live one way. But I'm sure no one will cop to that.

I wrote the song about what I see going on at some shows in hardcore. I believe that we're all intelligent enough to be able to think for ourselves and have our own opinions. I get really turned off when a band comes out and says, "This is how it should be," or "You're wrong for doing this." I see hardcore as a place where we can come together to share ideas and feelings about issues, not try to convert people to our cause. Those kids should just get their throats cut. And, seriously, if someone feels that the song is about them, maybe they have to re-examine how they act towards people, and think a little bit about how to push their agendas more discreetly if they don't want people to complain.

MRR: I guess this next question is somewhat related. You all play or have played in three of the more popular bands in this

area in the past few years, and it seems that the Rites have attracted positive and negative attention based on those bands, sometimes from people that haven't even heard you or who don't know what you're about. Is that something that you're willing to just deal with, or would you rather have just started with a clean slate, and without any preconceptions?

Matt: Ha! Yeah, man, Dead Nation was real popular for, like, a show.

Paul: I think the "ex-member" syndrome is pretty inevitable in hardcore and punk these days. I guess for some bands, that kind of hype machine can work to their advantage. But the fact is, people are going to hear "ex fill in the blank" regardless of if we want them to or not, and that's the kind of thing we just have to deal with. This *was* our "clean slate". It's not like we can conceal who we are; we aren't going to start playing shows in costume—although that would be pretty funny. We'll just have to think of more ways to step outside of our own shadow and hope that people are willing to give our music a chance.

Matt: No, I don't care what people think. If someone is going to hate this band because of some life-halting personal issue they have from one of us wronging them three years ago, then I'm glad they're not going to bother even checking us out. I don't think that I'd ever get a clean slate unless I decided to play a completely different style of music and play shows outside of the HC scene. But I hope that kids checking us out will try to look past the fact that we were in those bands and try to see if they like the music or not, and not just be like, "Well it's a Down In Flames/Tear it Up side project, I like them," or I "Well, it sounds exactly like those other bands," without even listening to us. But, like I said, that's a hope; I don't want to give people too much credit.

Paul: Down in Flames never really had to deal with the tension that Tear it Up did. I mean we never had anyone think we were sexist and we never really had any beef with certain people like Tear it Up have or anything.

It's a funny spot for me, because kids that I am pretty friendly with get kinda bummed at me being in a band with guys from Tear it Up. I really don't care or anything, for me it's just like, these are all really good friends of mine and I have a great time playing with them, so fuck it, I don't care. If people are just gonna write me off because I'm in a band with some friends of mine, then fuck it.

MRR: With Pete leaving for California this summer, the future of the Rites doesn't look like a future. I know this started off as a project band, but will you be sad to see it end? Do you think you will have accomplished whatever it was you wanted to do with it as a project?

Matt: You know what, I really don't know what will happen. Of course I'm gonna be bummed when Pete leaves, but he's doing something he really want to do so it makes me really stoked for him. And if people can live in like six countries and do a band, we could definitely still do it; he has to come home sometime.

As far as accomplishments go, I'm really excited with all the stuff we've written and will record soon, and hopefully we'll get a chance to tour this summer with Cut The Shit. It would be a perfect world if we could do all that.

Pete: We have already accomplished way more than I thought we would. I didn't think we'd do much past our first 7", but I am totally psyched on the new 12" and never would have thought we would play as many shows and have as good of a time as we did. It could end now and I'd be content. I will be sad to leave these guys on the East Coast, but who knows, maybe we'll end up playing together again soon. It was definitely lots of fun while it lasted.

Paul: I will be one-hundred percent bummed out by this band coming to an end. It's not like it ever really had a chance to run its course, since none of us were able to give that much time to it. Most of all, I will miss seeing Pete around when I go home to NJ! As a band though, I think I am happy with what we were able to accomplish, considering how part-time of an activity it was.

Matt: I guess we'll just have to wait and see; man, you never know.

MRR: You're covering Turbonegro? What are you? Emo kids in your first year of college?

Paul: Yes, yes we are.

DEADFALL

Interview by
Bill Jackson
Photos by
Xtian

Deadfall is a band that's been playing around the Bay Area scene for a couple of years and causing quite a stir. Playin' the same crappy equipment they started out with, with their quick paced, aggressive, hardcore sound, they've outlasted some of their peers in exuberance and endurance. With two members from the Mid-west, a guitar player from Peru and a bassist from Belarus, they have quite an influential mix under their belts. A record, a U.S. tour this June, and spots on comps and in'zines. It looks like they ain't stopping anytime soon. This interview was also being videotaped by Melissa for clip footage for her documentary on live bay area music, recorded at Burnt Ramen last year, coming out soon. They are definitely a band worth listening to and catching live, and partying with till the wee hours of the morning.

MRR: What was some of the names you guys were using before DEADFALL?

Nick: when we started out we couldn't really agree on a name. We played a show as Black Label and we played a show under the name Postal Massacre. Deadfall was a song that I wrote when I was working as a courier in the financial district of San Francisco. It's basically about my fear of gigantic buildings and the fact that they all will inevitably come down some day. It's like the whole society we live in, it's going to crumble and nobody is prepared for it. We all liked the song, and I think it was Andrei who suggested it as a name. We all agreed with it so it stuck.

MRR: Tell me how shit started for you guys, and how you met, and how you came to be DEADFALL?

Andrei: OK so I came over from Belarus, it's a former republic from the Soviet Union, in 1996. Not much punk was happening there, but then I found out about some bands and I came over here and I got really into punk rock, and I moved to SF and I met lots of cool people. I always wanted to play guitar in a band so I bought a shitty ass guitar, I couldn't even tune it but then all these opportunities came along. Basically one day we had a barbeque over here at the Ortega house and we started jamming together.We came up with some songs and I was like "oh this is working out really good, lets write some more songs." We were just all friends, not just like some random dudes off the street.

Nic: I came out to SF to visit my friends from Michigan and I had wanted to start a band for a really long time. I was in punk bands when I was younger and none of them really got anywhere. My one band was called F.O.I. and I started doing bass and wound up doing vocals, I liked that a lot better, so ever since then I've been trying to start a band to sing in.

Scotty: He tricked us into it. It was Nic's conspiracy.

Mark: My brother lives here and I wanted to come here to go to school. I'm from Peru and I met Scotty on the bus. The day before he'd been at a reggae show and I recognized him. That's how we became friends.

Scotty: I moved from Michigan to SF. Nick and I were friends previously in Michigan, where we grew up in Brighton. I, like Nic moved out here to be with some friends. We kind all followed each other out here year after year. It took a couple of years but we all ended up out here together. I never even thought I'd be in a band and we all just started talking about being in a band. However it happened I got tricked into buying a drum set. I had never even touched one in my entire life and I was 23 years old. We Just set it up in the garage and started to play. Mark taught me the simplest beat and I just progressed from there.

MRR: Tell me your thoughts on being tagged as an old DC/Negative Approach type band? Does it influence your writing or do you even care?

Nic: I don't know. I've got a lot influence from those bands, but I've never tried to sound like them, or write like them.

Andrei: We just listen to so much music it's in the blood already.

Scotty: I think we're kinda like those bands but we're faster.

MRR: Ok, Do you guys have any personal goals that you want to achieve in this band or in general?

Scotty: I want to tour and record more.

Nic: Touring is the main reasonI'm in it To play music, obviously. No matter what, I want to be doing that. I think the main idea for forming a band, making records, and playing shows is to ultimately be able to go around the country and the world and meet people all over.

Scotty: We have so many friends we haven't even met yet.

Nic: I don't care what I'm doing. I don't care where I'm working. I just want to play in a band.

Scotty: What do you want to do Mark?

Mark: I want to rock.

Andrei: You know, you listen to all these bands and you love music and been listening to it since you were really young and now it's like "wow, I'm in a band, I'm actually doing something." There's people showing up at our shows. It's crazy —it's really cool.

MRR: Is there any personal experiences that led to the writing of the song, "Meathead?"

Nic: Just being at shows. Seeing people who are ready to fight at the drop of a hat, for no reason. Somebody bumps into them the wrong way, or they just go out and start pushing people around looking for a reaction.

Scotty: Our first show as Deadfall, some kid got his ass beat while we were playing for no reason. It fucking sucked.Basically this drunk ass squatter bumped into this Jock-ass dude and its crazy cause its even on videotape. The dude who beat him up was like "he was fuckin' with me" its like *come on!* There's always a drunk ass squatter at Mission records who's spilling beer and rocking out.

Mark: Always a couple of them.

Scotty: And it was just that kid, that day, at that show, and he got pummeled.

Nic: Yeah the idea of that song is that people like that are going to come around and I think that they need to be pushed out of the scene.

MRR: Do you guys have any friends that are like that you tolerate because they are old friends?

Nic: I've seen some friends of mine and people that I've known that have got in to fights at shows for no real reason and I just don't understand it. If you want to fight go to a bar and break bar stools over peoples heads or something.

Scotty: But acting up and picking fights at shows is unacceptable.

Andrei: Its not a fighting ground or battle scene. You don't go there to break bottles on your friends heads.

MRR:Tell me about Controlled by Plague Records?

Nic: We were financed by this guy Bob-does he have a last name? (laughter) I call him Bob Plague anyway, he wanted to start a record label and had a job and a lot of money

Scotty: At the time…

Nic: Yeah, but he thought we'd be a good band to start with.He financed us and we love him for it. Scotty's been taking care of every aspect other than money since then. Bob was kind of like our financial backer.
Scotty: Controlled By Plague was Bob. He paid for the record and dealt with the pressing plant and stuff. And then when the record came back Bob was out train hopping and hitching around the coun try for the summer. The record showed up at Nic's house. Andrei had the artwork done but we didn't have it printed. Our friend Christian made a huge effort to get the artwork done, and it even came out of his pocket a little bit to get the covers done. We did that but ever since then Controlled by Plague the address is my PO Box and I've been doing all the mail order and trading. And we've been folding and stuffing the records in my room. Controlled By Plague has been a collaboration of myself, Bob, Christian and DEADFALL. Christian and I are taking over and putting out more records. Case of Emergency is up next. More bad-ass Bay Area hardcore. They are touring this summer, too.
MRR: What labels are you interested in other than Controlled by Plague?
Scotty: We're doing a full length on Six Weeks later this year. But we're not that particular we want to work with everyone. Jeff and Athena (Six Weeks) rock!!
MRR: Andrei where do you get the ideas for your artwork?
Andrei: I usually talk to Nic and he tells me what the songs about and I read the lyrics.The 7" cover was pretty much based on the songs. But all the other parts....the army guys were pretty much my idea, on top of the songs and what stands behind them. I didn't see it as a dark conclusion of DEADFALL. I saw it a little bit lighter. I didn't want to go too cartoony or too realistic. A little bit stylized in the warped imagination. What is going on in the future or beyond that. Trying to create my own world The whole vision of DEADFALL. I also did the cover of the STFU 7", and the BLOWN TO BITS insert and the back cover on their new 7". The BORN/DEAD 7" fold out poster. A couple of T-shirts;the Super Sabado Gigante design. I go to school at the Acadamy of Art College. It's not reaily like an old fashioned art school., it's more commercial. But I think it will help me out, not in the commercial sense, but they know what they're doing I'm trying to listen to other peoples ideas and put them down on paper
MRR: What other bands or side projects are you in or have you been in?
Scotty: I play drums in VOETSEK. Hey, Mark tell em about your band, you haven't said shit about your band from Peru.
Mark: I'm in a band called ASMERIER. We only play once a year. We've been around since '96. We only play Lima. We always talk right before I go to Peru,"Yeah, let's go to Chile, let's go to Argentina let's go to Uraguay." Then I get there and it's like we have no money—we don't even have money for beer. We have to play shows to drink. Everybody at shows plays with the same equipment, because nobody has any. One band has to rent all the shit, then the other bands use the same gear. Nobody has any equipment, they just rent it from the studios. There's no DIY clubs or anything most of the places are to big. We played at one place that was really big, like an abandoned sky scraper. Like, in the basement. All the elevators were torn down, and the staircases were broken so you couldn't go to the other floors. It was like one floor, in a huge place. We played on these little amps so you couldn't hear anything.
Scotty: One thing I want to say about playing in DEADFALL and VOETSEK—if anybody ever thought about being in a band, or start playing an instrument or any thing like that, just do it! I didn't pick up the drums until I was 23 years old. And I've already been on one full U.S. tour, and I'm about to record a full length and a bunch of other stuff. If you're thinking about it just do it. Buy a drumset, get a guitar, write some lyrics do some shit. It's totally changed my life for the positive. It's so fucking awesome.
MRR: Any chance you guys are going to get tired of being broke and sell out like capitalist punks?
Nic: That's what we're going for!
Andrei: We're here—take us!
Scotty: I want to shout to all our friends BORN/DEAD, STRUNG UP, STFU, VOETSEK, DESOLATION…
Mark: Party people!
Scotty:Yeah, the party people world wide—UGZ punks, Pyrate Punks, *Short Fast and Loud*, *Maximum Rocknroll*, man all that shit is awesome. And to my sweetie waiting back home!

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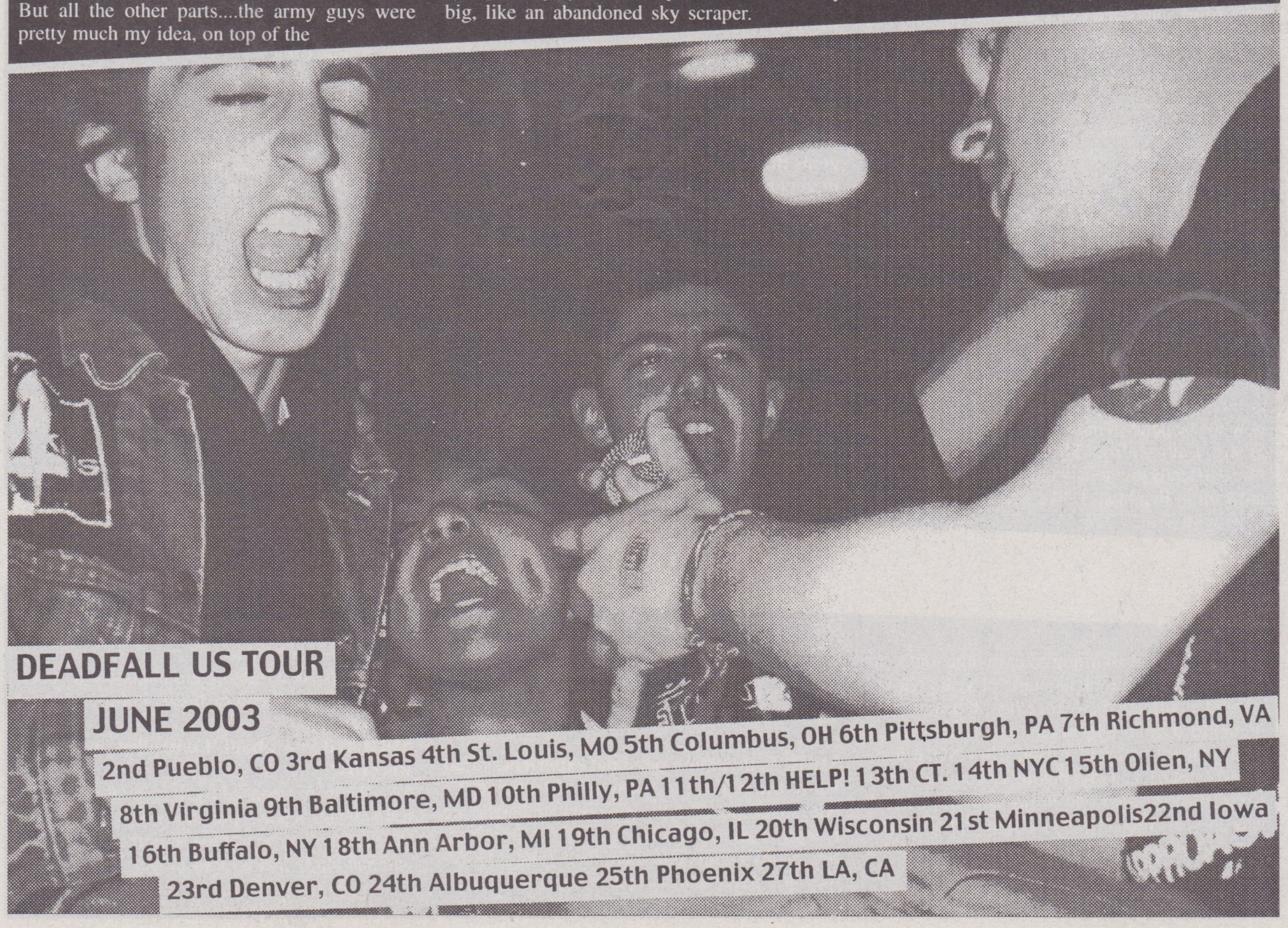

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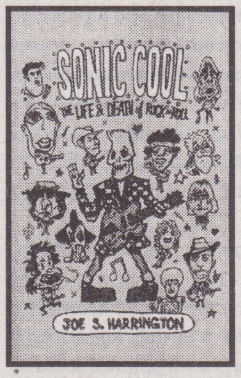


Sonic Cool: The Life & Death of Rock 'n' Roll • Joe S. Harrington

595 pgs. • $24.95
Hal Leonard
151 W. 46th St., 8th Fl. • New York, NY 10036

You do learn things. When I was younger, gawkier and more willing to suspend disbelief, I'd read these lavish coffee-table *History of Rock* encyclopedias and take their pronouncements as the Word of God. A influenced B, who in turn laid the groundwork for the stunning career of C. It wasn't until after I started writing about bands and records myself that I learned the truth: all the mock scholars and with-it critics who draft those essays don't know what they're talking about. I mean, like, *at all*.

For your approval: the mammoth tome that is *Sonic Cool: Life & Death of Rock 'n' Roll*. To put it roundly, it's a 600-page high school research paper that traces Everyone's Favorite Music from its humble origins to its modern-day slump. The trail begins with the down-home delta blues of Robert Johnson and the country ballads of Hank Williams, and leads through the tangled thicket of Sun Studios rockabilly, the career of Elvis A. Presley, a British Invasion, and packs of mods, hippies, skinheads, and punks, all armed with guitars and recording contracts. You got individual chapter devoted to the 1950s ("an extremely grueling time when conformity was rewarded and individuality was judged with suspicion"), Elvis, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, the Days of Malaise (the early half of the 1970s, natch), and inevitably, punk rock.

Harrington's thesis is that Rock (spelled with a capital R) died the death years ago an now exists merely as an easily-marketed form of mass entertainment. I was under the impression this was a long-established fact, but chapter 15 ("Post Everything") spends another 100 pages arguing the case.

I knew what to expect when going in, having read enough Serious Music Journalism to see me through at least two additional lifetimes. "Dylan had been one of the first composers to deal with the new realities of love and sex in the modern age", "Woodstock was the high point of hippie culture, but presented some obvious contradictions", "punk were buttheads—they butted their heads against the cultural elite", "some hardcore groups like the Misfits actually began lifting weights." Tortured words that would have benefited from a mercifully cruel edit, and constant name-name checking of the Stooges, Velvet Underground, and MC5.

The punk rock chapter is, as always, where I bust out the magnifying glass and pay close attnetion. Mainstream rock journalist types usually fuck up when they try to put a stylistic frame around the creative output of the Germs or Minor Threat, proving that if you like Bobby Dylan you should keep your mitts off Bobby Soxx. Some of it's good for a laugh. Not only does Harrington manage to name the British working class street-rock sound "Oy!" at least once, he pulls the kind of gaffe that newspapers offer official retractions over. Check the following excerpt, taken from a passage about the Dead Kennedys' Jello Biafra:

Spreading his message through the band as well as its two multimedia offshoots—the *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* fanzine (actually the province of aging Yippie Tim Yohannon) and the Alternative Tentacles record label—Biafra's interest in politics was real: he later ran for mayor of San Francisco, but his campaign was cut off when some opposition thugs broke his legs.

See, that *didn't happen*. Biafra ran for mayor of San Francisco in 1979 as a well-received joke/media prank. He was kneecapped at a Gilman St. about fifteen years later by errant crusty punk thugs. Tim Yo certainly was aging, and could have been characterized as a "Yippie", but established *MRR* first as a radio show in 1977 without any outside patronage from the DKs! To claim that excerpt reflects the truth is sloppy journalism, or willful ignorance, or both.

His poor handling of the big scary safety-pinned punk chapter tends to discredit the rest of the book, at least to my mind. Don't even get me started on the description of LA's Flesheaters as "typical Stooge-style riffings with a more Blues-based crunch that helped pave the way for the whole Green River school of ballistic guitar abandon."

Sonic Suck.

- Jeff A. Heermann

Zineography Re: Publishing Series Gabe Walter

112 pages • $10.00
Universe City • PO Box 668 • New York, NY 10116

Gabe Walter, who has been self-publishing for ten years, lends his knowledge in this odd instructional guide to publishing. What struck me straight away were the terrible layout, the cheesy graphics, and goofy cover. On reading this "guide" to self-publishing, I discovered that it is littered with plugs for Walter's own publications and publishing tools.

The book is divided into eleven chapters, leading the reader through the trials and errors of making a publication of some sort. These chapters are often incoherent and confusing in their dissemination of information. Walter tosses in assignments and worksheets to guide you on your glorious path to making a "pub" of your own.

While *Zineography* borders on the ridiculous (hey kids, send away for your Universe City Student ID card), the sentiment and some of the information could come in handy. What Walter needs is someone to edit, edit, edit his own endeavor.

The beginning chapters encourage writing and describe the basics, and I mean basics (take a pair of scissors and cut your text, then tape it to a piece of paper) of layout. These chapters—I'm talking pages of text to describe how to cut out a picture—are followed by a jumbled lesson in desktop publishing. Computers and CD-ROMs are hyped and even offered for a price at the Universe City website. Next: how to interview, with the lesson being excerpts from Walter's own zine. You get the point. The self-help-guide tone of voice, when explaining simple, basic ideas to those who already have a tendency to do it themselves, reads as redundant and arrogant.

Where Walters come through is in the tips for approaching a publisher, citing the jargon and ramifications of varying ways to print. This straightforward info is useful. Sadly, you have to dig through Walter's weird jokes and self-referencing to get to it.

And from here he delves into getting distributed, ads, and networking on the interweb. At this point, I was exhausted. Walter encourages the idea of doing everything yourself, hell even borrowing stuff from your friends, but loses this direction by referencing magazines like Rolling Stone and Cosmopolitan as familiar links to the world of publishing.

The language of *Zineography* is super-posi, suggesting that anyone can and should do a zine or write a book. And while I agree with that in some ways, I think using this book as a guide would be more discouraging then beneficial. Come on, Walter, do you really think people are so helpless that they need to buy special pens and notebooks from your website to become writers?

—Sara Double-Ears

The Flow Chronicles • The Urban Hermitt
198 pages • $8.00
Microcosm Publishing
PO Box 14332 • Portland OR 97293

How much do punks care about hippies? Since I'm reviewing *The Flow Chronicles* for *MRR*, I think it's a fair question to ask. Wanna know my super-secret theory? Punks care about hippies a lot. Much of punk identity, passed down from the old school days, is wrapped up as much in not being a hippie as in any positive statement.

Punks should love this book, then, because it's about The Urban Hermitt's escape from hippie culture. It's about a lot more than that too, of course. It's a coming out story. It's about wingnuts and sleazy men, what they can offer and what they can't. It's one person's journey through her late teens, just "trying to figure it all out." It's about identity and the search for a meaningful subculture. Mostly, it's a seductive chronicle of unsure and uncool feelings and events that most people try and pretend they never had.

The Urban Hermitt is one of the best zinesters writing these days. *The Flow Chronicles* differs from her zines in that it is a little more focused and a little less stream of consciousness. Every chapter starts with a fake letter from someone with a complaint or comment about her previous chapter. The Hermitt then takes the story from there, not directly addressing the letters, but using them to launch a new direction in her story. It's an original approach for a zine book, one that makes *The Flow Chronicles* succeed where many others fail. There are bits from her zines in here, though many are edited to fit the flow of the book. It's a mark of taking writing seriously, one that many zinesters bypass in their hurry to publish a collection of their works.

For example, I quoted a section of *Urban Hermitt #8* in a review three years ago. It was an amusing description of an annoying skater boy trying to get it on with her: "(Skater boy Ivan says) 'Okay, Okay. I'll leave, but I would like to do one special thing before I go. You don't have to do anything, I swear, but can I just finger your cunt a little bit? All the ladies love it when I do it. I'm really good.' I (The Hermitt) laughed. I mean he actually said, 'all the ladies love it' like a pseudo mack. So I let him finger me. Why not? Ivan was terrible and all I did was laugh. He got up and left and I kept laughing."

It has now changed into a full five-page chapter about the same evening, detailing speed-dealing, gender roles, unsuspected reaction to her tomboy looks, and a fuller examination of her feelings. The story becomes more complete with this paragraph:

"OK, you can do it a little, but I am not doing anything or giving anything to you." I (The Hermitt) said. I decided to milk Ivan for all he was worth. I wasn't attracted to him at all, but I sure as hell wanted to feel good. So, Ivan stuck his creepy little fingers and touched all around my clit. It didn't feel good at all, I just kept giving him this pessimistic bored look. He kept trying and trying, but honestly it felt like a misguided robot was trying to manipulate my clit."

Then she laughs and he leaves.

Though trying to admit to herself and others that she likes girls is a plot thread throughout the book, it's not just about sex. Punks will also love the joyful hippie-bashing and parodies of gross hippie men and hippie capitalists. One fake letter starts, "Using the term 'creepy, wanna-be, crystal healer dude' in your writing only creates a negative association about crystal healers who happen to have great respect for the YONI." The there's a whole passage about how hippie men appear from nowhere when she wears her hippie hat. "Haaaaay Seeeeeester!" and disappear when she shows her new dyke flat top. Punks love this stuff. We'd make it up if we had too. Luckily/unluckily we don't.

Some of The Hermitt's work is colloquial, some is fast stream of consciousness, and some is just wonderful writing. The food at a Rainbow Gathering is described: "In each ice cooler was an assortment of brown rice a la curry, oatmeal slop, spaghetti slop, brown rice a la slop, and oatmeal slop. Slop after slop served into stained coffee mugs with political stickers, tupperware containers from thrift stores, camping bowls, and random cups stolen from Burger King or parental unit's (sic) houses."

The only negative I would mention is that, besides the misspelling that is sometimes stylistic, sometimes not, and the occasional factual error (Tupac is not from New York, and I can't believe I'm typing this sentence in *MRR*) I became frustrated that the Hermitt couldn't leave her bad housing situation, creepy hippie guys, and straight culture behind sooner than she did. But it's also kind of the point of the book: how hard it is not to cling to things one is familiar with, even when you know you have to branch out.

The Flow Chronicles travels through the Hermitt's life as she shaves off her dreadlocks and leaves the hippie world behind. But I caution the punks that it's not an entirely bitter split, despite some of the hippie-culture bashing. It's clear by the end of the book that while she wants to go elsewhere and not look like an off-the-rack hippie cliché, Hermitt has learned a lot through her teen experiences, not all bad and creepy. At the end of the book, Hermitt interviews a 35-year-old, ex-hippie, ex-a-lot-of-things, prophet that she meets at the natural food co-op. Hermitt, trying to "figure things out," all book long, asks him, "what is your point?"

He replies, "...everybody goes through their phases, but if you are constantly the same stereotype/subculture your whole life, and everything you do has to fit that, then you're an idiot who needs to grow up. All I am saying Hermitt is don't let the Punks take you, or The Ravers, or Yuppies, or anybody. Do not let anybody take you in." *The Flow Chronicles* is about searching for meaning and subculture, but also about not getting swallowed up in someone else's game. The Urban Hermitt has pushed herself past her zines in her first book and shown she has a lot of talent as a writer. I think you'll be reading her soon. If not in this book, then in the next.

—Gordon Zola

Squatting In The Bushes
Tina and Darren
114 pgs. • $10.00
Direct Action Against Apathy
P.O. Box 3345 • Belfast
BT9 7LP • N. Ireland

When I first received this book for review, I thought, "Oh great, a glorified travel zine." Then I

felt like a jerk, jumping to conclusions before I had even read one word.

The story follows Tina and Darren as they travel across Europe by thumb, bus, or train and details theexperiences they have in each country. Starting off in Ireland, they slowly make their way across England, France, Germany, Poland, Lithuania (twice!), and so on. Along the way, they get involved in local projects like Food Not Bombs, the G8 demo, Reclaim The Streets, organic farms, and various protests. While the accounts of these events were interesting and sometimes exciting, they were also few and far between.

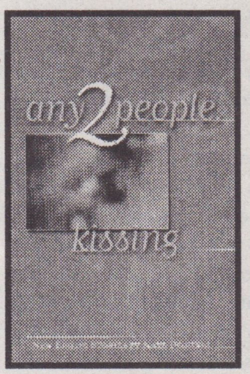
The things that interested me the most about this book were the various thoughts on National Identity while traveling and how it can affect you and your surroundings. Also, the bits on keeping your health (and sanity) in check while traveling for months at a time were interesting and useful.

The one thought that kept plaguing my mind while reading this was, "What makes this any different from a self published travel zine, besides the binding and the amount of pages?" Some chapters seemed like they were lifted right out of one of their journals and, to be quite honest, many people's journals are boring. A little bit of editing might be needed when you have 8 paragraphs about waiting for your water to boil for tea.

I don't want to slag these kids because they put up such a great effort. Traveling across Europe with your friend can be exciting and fun, as well as dangerous and tiresome. I realize that they put a lot of time and money into this (10 months on the road and 10 months writing and revising), but I find it difficult to read people's travel diaries these days. There's so much widespread monoculture. The writer has to pique my interest with their writing style or with accounts of truly insane adventures. Neither of these things really happened.

That being said, if these two people ever showed up in my town during their travels, they would definitely have a floor to sleep on and some food in their stomachs. They sound like a couple of great kids that I could find some common ground with. Their personalities came across as engaging, even if their book did not.

—Greg Harvester - NO WAR IN IRAQ!!



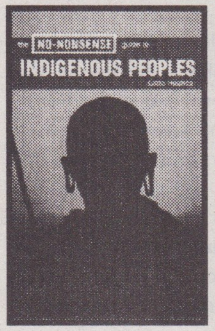
Any Two People Kissing
Kate Dominic
199 pages • $12.50
Down There Press • 938 Howard St. #101 • San Francisco, CA 94103

On my 33rd birthday, a few freaky friends brought me a bottle of melon ball Boone's Farm and some cheap porn. It was the sort I would steal when I was small. Very few photos, mostly supposedly true stories of anal sex virginal sexy mom huge breast humping. Not high literature, but it turned me on. So, my birthday people expected me to get drunk and wank. Hmmm.

A few days later, I began reading *Any Two People Kissing*. 13 short erotic stories. I liked it, if you know what I mean. There is some varied, crazy sex going on in these pages. Some pirate sex. A little female to male tranny fuckin'. Guy on guy B & D.

Kate Dominic manages the difficult task of short story character development very effectively, with the reader getting to know the players in just a few short paragraphs. And there are some memorable folks in this book. For example, one tale features a man who is a dog to his partner's master. Another has a woman whose split personalities manifest themselves as sex toys and all fuck the dominant (human) personality. A little silly maybe, but interesting reading. And that is what finally revealed to me the difference between this book and the porn me friends gave me. They are both all about fucking and sucking and fucking some more, but this here book is curl-up-on-your-couch, read-and-be-fascinated porn. Sure it is intended to get you hot, but it's also more than that. It's also just plain good reading.

—Jake Filth



The No-Nonsense Guide To Indigenous Peoples
Lotte Hughes
144 pages • $10.00
Verso • 180 Varick St.• New York, NY 10014-4606

Sometimes we talk about returning to nature. There are those of us who idolize pre-industrial cultures. We want to rock out on our Lab Series amps screaming songs about fucked-up society. What the fuck do we want? Do we really know anything about what it could mean to be an oppressed subculture? I mean, shit, we have chosen our oppression. We have decided to fight back against authoritarian systems. Really, what could it be like to be a fully developed, yet dynamic, rounded culture existing for upwards of 60,000 years, then having the Man come in and destroy everything you and the ones before you have built?

This book fucking rips. It is mandatory for punx, anarchists, communists (blech!), rebels, and anyone else who has any interest in building alternative cultures.

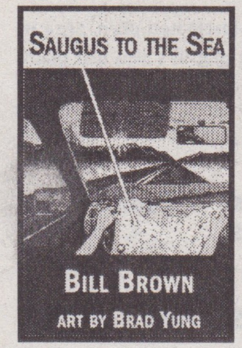
The author successfully recognizes the fact that there are just too many specific cultures and variable internal laws within these cultures to make detailed statements of what each (Maji, San, Nagas, Kurds, etc.) want from what they define as life.

Instead, Ms. Hughes focuses on the general ideas that a majority of indigenous, tribal, aboriginal fucks hold in relation to the Western, capitalist world—which, from an uncaring, ignorant, romanticized idea base, has allowed us to destroy a huge portion of the earths languages, medicinal practices, and family relationships. It appears, after reading this text, impossible to confine all these groups of peoples into one belief system. We have to generalize to get even a basic clue.

Hughes summarizes, with the use of comprehensible graphs and quotes and statistics from world aid groups, combined with clarity of writing, the impact that our (basically white, Christian, imperialist, and capitalist) dominant world paradigm has had on different viable societal structures. We are guilty of genocide. Soon, all of these millions of peoples will be wiped out. Fuck. By the year 2050, Arabic, English, Japanese, Chinese and other dominant trade tongues will subsume 90% of the world's languages. 60 people still speak Tofa, a language of the Siberian reindeer herders. What happened to the rest? Coke and Exxon and you and I have killed them.

Depressing. Yet this book still dares to delve into the beauty of these "fifth world" folks. There are chapters on resistance. There are chapters on the ancient knowledge tribes have accumulated. Healing. Feminism. Masculinity. Music and magic. This is the greatness of the book, the author is able to communicate that the destruction can be stopped. The planet can return to a sustainable balance of life, death, love, killing, and birth. I mean, shit, the USA been here for a couple hundred years. Most of these indigenous societies have existed for upwards of 14,000 years. Mentioned briefly above, the Australian Aboriginals have been almost isolated from the rest of the planet for 600 centuries. They live well. You hate America? Want something new? It has been done. Think the pigs are beating us down? It can get worse. But...it can get better. Take a fucking lesson, asshole.

—Jake Filth



Saugus to the Sea
Bill Brown; art by Brad Yung
186 pages • $17.95
Smart Cookie Publishing
2017 W. 15th Ave. • Vancouver, BC • Canada V6J 2L4

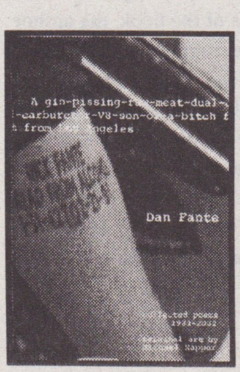
Saugus to the Sea looks like a book. There's a permabound cover, an ISBN, a barcode, a suggested subject of "Literature" and an awkwardly named publisher on the back cover. All right, it is a book. But when the writer is a long-time zine writer (Bill Brown of *Dream Whip* zine), the issue gets complicated. Not that other zine editors haven't made the leap to a more durable format before—Aaron Cometbus's *Despite Everything*, Al Burian's *Burn Collector*, etc. But those are anthologies of back issues, a logical extension of popularity, supply and demand. *Saugus to the Sea* instead goes for a new, sustained narrative for all of its 186 pages.

Am I squabbling over a minor point? Well, this is *MRR*, and the zine reviews far outweigh the book section. And the dialogue over jumping ship from the DIY scene to different pastures is never really over or irrelevant. So what does it mean when one of your favorite zine writers puts out a book? Even a somewhat DIY book? You might miss the stickfigure drawings that Brown does in the *Dream Whip* travelogues (especially because the drawings in this book are as stilted as any from the dreaded *Children's Illustrated Classics*). You might wish that the jokey quotes (from the writer and illustrator) on the back of the book didn't exist. You might not want to know that the author "enjoys taking long Greyhound bus trips in his spare time" because it sounds, well, embarrassing. You don't get that sort of problematic information with a zine unless the author willingly shares it. At least there's no author photo here showing an earnest young man wise beyond his years.

Typical opening grumbles aside, *Saugus to the Sea* can be an enjoyable read. There's a playful conspiracy theory, and a thick, constant forest of metaphors. An independent water sprinkler mechanic stumbles upon a network of handcrafted antique sprinklers in the desert of California City. Soon he's experiencing late-night earthquakes and hunting down cryptic roads from a 1953 travel atlas. The greater Los Angeles area yields rich material (see Mike Davis, Raymond Chandler, and Chester Himes novels) and Brown relays this sense of place much better than he does with the characters or plot. Readers of *Dream Whip* will recognize the narrator's enjoyable philosophical digressions, and his short, imagistic chapters.

But the characters, particularly the punk aspects of the book (bike mechanics listening to Dead Kennedys, skinhead bands, trainhopping with guerilla gardeners) feel a bit 2-D. They mouth their lines, show their wacky yet endearing aspects, and then move on in a puff of cigarette smoke without us getting any feel for them as humans. Which is not to say that the author is an outsider, only that such subject matter can be treacherous in book form. Not a bad first book, but here's to hoping that he keeps his *Dream Whip* day-job too.

—Travis Fristoe



A Gin-Pissing-Raw-Meat-Dual Carburetor-V8-Son-of-a-Bitch from Los Angeles • Dan Fante
127 pages • $15.95
Sun Dog Press
22058 Cumberland Dr.
Northville, MI 48167

Dan Fante's new book of poetry is a writhing dedication to addiction. Publisher Sun Dog Press adds Fante to its roster alongside Billy Childish, those kids who did *Banned in DC*, and a slew of Bukowski interviews and extra bits. Fante draws from his decades of experience as an out-of-control writer to chronicle the slim good and often bad times.

His style fluctuates from great prose-driven, nearly narrative missives to so-so sing-songy short rhymes or choppy flat poems. While many of the poems subscribe to a clear structure, there are a few untitled poems that are coupled with titled works—these pieces blend in their divergent directions to create complex layered imagery.

Fante writes on writing, addiction to drugs and alcohol, love, then the subsequent divorces and family. The autobiographical nature of these poems alludes to a man consumed by his daily existence, a man trying to cope with the years that have suddenly stacked up on him. The clarity of sobriety bursts forth as if the life he had led were uncorked and decanted at his writing table. There is a serious amount of guilt and anger here, folks.

A diaristic theme runs throughout the book, with Michael Napper's bombastic furtive illustrations. These haunting drawings are scrawled along with notes on scraps of day-planners and receipts. Napper weaves a thread of urgency by using recycled bits of paper as his medium.

Truly a man of the 20th century, Fante has a tone of voice that relies on colloquialisms and realism. These short bursts into his life travel along with the television blaring, with the petty fights with girlfriends, with the late night drives in bright red American cars. And of course Fante likes women, but he also likes to hate them. His oft misogynist shrieks at ex-wives and other ladies slips in and out of borderline annoying.

I am reminded in many of these poems of another poet, John Yau. There is a similar style of an anecdote turned into a poem: a night at a bar, a talk with a parent. Fante writes well in this way. Fante also clearly lists his influences with many nods to Raymond Carver and Knut Hamsun.

A bulk of the poems is laced with references to Fante's father, the writer John Fante (of *Ask the Dust* fame—that book that Bukowski said had a big influence on him). The sphere of influence and crippling self-doubt of living up to the expectations of having a famous novelist for a father are apparent in Dan Fante's poetry. He idolizes the man and harbors anger for the lack of recognition his father received for his work while he was alive. In his poem "4-16-00" Fante showers anger on the mainstream media attention his father garnered after death by linking the last moments of his father's life with the praise of these reviewers. The talent and sentiment expressed in these poems relating to John Fante is real, sometimes heartbreaking, but what is clearly expressed is the basic need of a man grasping for his father.

What the middle-aged AA set will find entertaining is Fante's sharp-witted punch line poetry. Poems that end with a good car or a nice pair of tits. Bitterness and anger shines through in these self-indulgent rants.

Dan Fante is most successful in this book with his love poems. Not like cheesy, roses and gushy mush, but those poems in which he sloughs off the pretentious dick-stroking shtick and dedicates his time to paying homage to those he truly cares about. In "Bassia", Fante does not long for the teenage kicks and sex of his taxi-driving days, instead he laments for a past that reaches out past physical sensations and delves deeper, to emerge with a resonating purity.

Here is a man who is grappling with the ability to be sane and sober. A man who is dealing with his decisions of the past, some of which make for wild entertaining poems, some of which drive home the sad fact that in some ways we may always be assholes. Fante has created the necessary implosion, through years of abuse and self-destruction, to clearly capture the mundane, humiliating, and explosive nature of this recklessness that many of us call life.

—Sara Double-Ears

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

KICK OUT THE JAMS

There's an articulate and vocal minority who feels that the MC5 are the greatest rock & roll band, ever. Eight years in the making, **MC5: A True Testimonial** is documentarian David C. Thomas's persuasive argument in support of the idea. Painstakingly researched, with a treasure trove of ultra-rare video and music, this may be one of the most encompassing portraits of any cult band on film.

The MC5 began like many a garage punk band in the mid-60, with an early style that was very similar to the great Sonics. Then even more than now, Detroit was America's hub of automobile manufacturing, and the MC5—or Motor City 5—soon discovered their sound over the din of factory noise. Over-amped to match the sound of a rumbling car engine, the band's songs quickly consolidated a following.

The band agrees that one of their main early character-builders were an artifact of the 60s, the battle of the bands. The MC5 took these battles dead seriously. No rival could match the MC5's churning rock & roll anthems; with Wayne Kramer and Fred "Sonic" Smith on guitar, the songs were harder, louder, and more aggressive than anything anyone had ever heard. The five might then punch their rival band to a pulp to consolidate victory. According to the band, they never lost a battle, and you can sort of see why. (At one point, they even did a battle with Cream that left the Brit-crooners in the dust.)

One highlight includes an extended performance outside the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, a barnstorming show that shortly preceded an infamous storm of violence from an enraged police force. It was here that the band popularized their consolidation with the White Panthers, a political action group formed in sympathy with the Black Panthers. FBI agents took numerous pictures of the band when they were playing, and through a Freedom of Information request, they can be seen here for the first time.

During a post-screening interview, director David C. Thomas mentioned that few great bands have a story that's quite as remarkable and interesting as the MC5. The band was also a great supporter of Iggy and the Stooges, helping set a foundation for modern-style punk.

A packed movie house is the best way to see **MC5: A True Testimonial**. But fans that miss the film's tour through America may have to wait until the DVD release, which includes a cache of bonus material, including interviews with Lenny Kaye, Dave Vanian, John Lydon, and Joey Ramone.

Many born after 1970 frequently think the Weather Underground might be some kind of rock band. In reality, they were one of the smartest, best organized, and most radical political organizations of the '70s. That they were able to evade all FBI pursuit for the course of their existence only helps cement their legacy. And now, of course, Sam Green and Bill Siegel's impressive documentary, simply titled **The Weather Underground,** makes certain the group's remarkable story won't go untold.

As the 60s drew to a close, it became clear that American policy toward the Vietnam War—which had already killed tens of thousands of American soldiers, and countless more Vietnamese—was only escalating under Richard Nixon, who had promised peace. In 1969, the Students for a Democratic Society held their annual convention in Chicago, and countless subgroups threatened to splinter the organization. The Weathermen, consisting of the most radical and committed SDS members, ended up "taking over" the convention, if only for a gulf in organized opposition. The Weathermen platform asserted that drastic times required drastic measures. The time for peaceful protest, they announced, had ended. Only by bringing the war home would America come to its senses about its draconian foreign policy. They would go underground and set up a series of bombings that would flummox law enforcement.

But the Weatherman were meticulous in following a basic credo: only property would be bombed, structures that symbolized the excesses and failures of the American system.

Post-9/11 parlance might easily mislabel the Weather Underground's bombings as terrorism. The fact is, the word "terrorism," a term so broad as to be useless, isn't even used in the film. The Weather Underground, unlike other radical groups, was only interested in violence against symbols of what they considered illegitimate authority.

Maybe their most impressive action was the organization of Timothy Leary's escape from jail, which involved the coordination of dozens of activists over two continents. An extreme embarrassment to law enforcement, this only stepped up surveillance via the FBI's operation COINTELPRO, which secretly (and illegally) bugged anyone thought to be suspect. COINTELPRO was eventually compromised after a break-in liberated certain classified government records. As a result of this illegal surveillance, most of the Weathermen would eventually claim freedom from prosecution.

The filmmakers do a fine job of interspersing the interviews with evocative news footage and penetrating interviews. The effect is like a zoom lens on history, offering a visual context for the group's radical ideas.

After the fact, most of the Weathermen admit that their methods may have been counterproductive. But none of them regret what they did—desperate actions to effect change in the attitudes of a passive American public.

You've read the ads in the *National Enquirer* and the *Weekly World News*—"Your Poetry Put to Song." It's hard to imagine a musical sub-underground quite as uncool as this, but it might be the next frontier in camp. This revelation wasn't lost on Jamie Metzger, who crafted his debut documentary on this musical underworld and the personalities who have kept it alive for over a century. **Off the Charts: The Song Poem Story** is amazing feature-length tour into a Shagged-out world of failed music and pop dreams.

The system goes a little like this. Want ads, from the likes of august-sounding companies like Nashville Records, promise a free evaluation of your poetry and song lyrics. After receiving your verses, the return letter invariably tells you that you have real talent, and that for a mere $400 or thereabouts, they'll produce, perform, and press a 45 with your song. For a nominal extra fee, they'll include your song on an LP crowded with similar tunes by other hopeful songsters.

According to Metzger, nobody has ever made money doing this, but it turns out to be the ultimate creative release for souls who lack the talent to actually play instruments, or the energy to put out their own records.

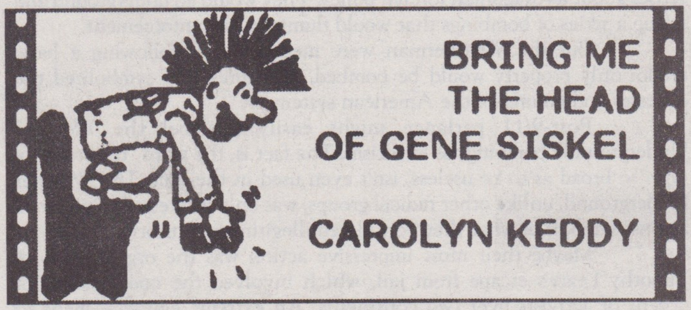
If there's any talent involved in this process, it's with the studio musicians charged with the task of bringing the ill metered, badly rhymed compositions to life. The entire process can take no more than a few minutes per song. On one end, we have one-man bands that sequence and sing the songs on elaborate, computer-assisted living room studios. At the other extreme, there are veteran singers who've done session work with the likes of Frank Sinatra, but somehow fell out of favor through the years. What they do is tantamount to a minor miracle, and the breadth of

their ability always seems to be more than equal to the mediocrity of the material. Ultimately, you don't know who to feel more sorry for.

Many of these performers and producers adopt fanciful stage names to perhaps distance themselves from their compositions. Producer/arrangers with pseudonyms like Sonny Cash tackle the versifications of Melcenia E. Bunk, Rampersaul Toolsie, and Chaw Mank, who come up with gems like "Non-Violent Tae Kwon-Do Troopers" and "I Can't Decide If it's the Beatles, Elvis, or Rick" in the vague hopes of fame or recognition. Having a polyvinyl disk of their efforts makes their efforts seem all the more legitimate. As we are guided through their homes, or trailers, it becomes clear that some of these would-be songwriters spend their entire disposable cash bringing their lyrics to life.

The records eventually end up in attics or remainder bins. These impossibly rare disks, limited to microscopic vanity pressings, are now the focus of a new kind of record collector interested in finding that rare, choice morsel of kitsch.

With this documentary you have a choice between amusement and pathos. Ultimately, you may end up feeling sorry for everybody concerned.



HERE'S THE BAND FOR YA BABY

I can't even begin to tell you what you missed if you weren't at the screening of **MC5: A True Testimonial** in San Francisco (or Chicago, Toronto, New York, Melbourne, London, or the few other cities where it has played). If you like music and films you should've been there. If you couldn't be there (I know traveling to see a film is pretty stupid), you'll have to wait for the DVD. Fortunately, there will be one.

Seeing **MC5: A True Testimonial** at the Castro Theatre in San Francisco was like going to see a concert. Actually, the crowd was better than most shows. There were more San Francisco rock celebrities (obviously my idea of a "celebrity") than I have ever seen in one place. All those people I haven't seen in years came out of the woodwork for this event. So far I've only come across one negative review. I am still trying to figure that one out. I left inspired and bummed out that I never saw them. I have a good excuse. I wasn't born—but still, it would have been great. As Brian Edge said, when I saw him outside after the film, "Tim [Yohannon] would have loved that movie."

MC5: A True Testimonial tells the story of MC5, five high school and college friends who form an amazing band. They hook up with John Sinclair in Detroit in the midst of the anti-war movement, the drugs and riots. Then all the bullshit burns them out and they call it quits.

The film begins were you would want it to begin, in the Grande Ballroom in Detroit. It's the site of their infamy. The space has long been empty and is rundown. We follow the camera as it creeps around the wreckage. Starting off with this piece of sappy nostalgia would have been overly annoying if the camera didn't segue right into a live performance in the same place. As the credits roll and the band is introduced, everyone in the theater started to applause as if they were actually seeing the MC5.

Then we are in a car with Wayne Kramer as he drives around Detroit. "The GTO is the sound of liberation," he says, as he drives to the location were he, Fred "Sonic" Smith, and Rob Tyner got together for the first time to discuss the band. Kramer does a bit of a reenactment of the fight between Smith and Tyner that started if off. Inside the restaurant, Smith knocks over a glass and says they should trash things and not give a shit. Tyner disagrees and they end up in the parking lot to settle it with a fistfight. Smith gets Tyner on the ground. Tyner looks up at him and defiantly says, "Why don't ya?" Ending their disagreement and starting off the band.

The best thing about the **MC5: A True Testimonial** is the amazing live footage. This is where the band is at its best. You can just feel it. The filmmakers get the entire spectrum of the band's history from playing school dances as a young clean cut cover band to the infamous Chicago Democratic convention to their pathetic attempts at a European tour with only two members performing with a replacement rhythm section and no lead singer. This last footage is particularly revealing with Fred "Sonic" Smith's embarrassed look after one song. It is what makes the **MC5: A True Testimonial** a great experience. You can research the specific details of the history of the band, John Sinclair, and the White Panthers, but seeing it all happen is so much better.

By far the best live scene is at Tartar Field. A campus television station shot the MC5's performance with multiple cameras in black and white. We get to see an entire performance of "Looking At You" complete with Wayne Kramer shaking his ass like a maniac. He doesn't dance like that anymore. Everyone in the band is going crazy and there we are watching it from the stage. We had the added bonus of the beautiful silver-tinted screen and the great sound system at the Castro Theatre to make it as close to being there as possible. Director David Thomas said there are two other complete songs from that show which will end up on the DVD when that comes out.

There are present-day interviews with Wayne Kramer, Michael Davis, Dennis Thompson, Rob Tyner's widow Becky, Fred "Sonic" Smith's ex-wife Sigrid Dobat Smith, John Sinclair, and Danny Fields. These interviews fill you in on a few biographical details. However, they never really delve into the controversies, the drugs, and the break up. I was interested in seeing Davis and Thompson. It seems that whenever something comes up about the MC5 it's always Kramer talking for the band. Plus, I am getting quite sick of him constantly talking about the Levi's thing, so I am not that interested in what he had to say.

I always get the feeling from Kramer that he is constantly playing up his side of the MC5 and working some angle. I don't deny his importance, but it can get pretty tedious. Thompson and Davis seem to hold their roles in the band as more reverential. When Davis says, "Who is that guy MC5? It's someone I know" you can feel how heartbreaking it is for him. He knows the MC5 was and always will be an entity. Even at the end when he gets choked up talking about the break up, his point of view comes across as more honest. Thompson comes across as more humble as well, even when he suddenly gets pissed off. Especially when compared to John Sinclair who simply declares, "I was huge."

The new interviews are shot with video. It is a sharp contrast to the film footage of the band. It's one of the main complaints I hear from people. It doesn't really bother me that much. Of course, film looks better, but I can easily understand the monetary restraints. Then the other obvious problem is the lack of interviews with Rob Tyner and Fred Smith. The interview clips the filmmakers managed to get were interesting, but you don't get their present angle on things. However there isn't much that could have been done about that. In their place were interviews with their wives Becky Tyner and Sigrid Dobat Smith, who lived the MC5 life as well. It was a good choice and provides a more personal perspective.

Even with the tendency toward being nostalgic, **MC5: A True Testimonial** keeps its sense of humor and doesn't forget to mention the word motherfucker. Perhaps it focuses a bit too much on that one small detail, but I am willing to bet it is one of things most people know about the MC5. I learned that "kick out the jams, motherfucker" was used to taunt other bands that played with the MC5. They were ultra-competitive. When they played a show with Cream, Rob Tyner recalled, "we outnumbered them by two guys." The band would proceed to play harder and louder than their predecessor. But as Dennis Thompson reminds us, "behind the motherfucker is peace and love and growth." And hopefully an always-necessary kick is the ass. I think we need to reinstate this practice at all shows. Kick out the jams or get the fuck off the stage. That would shake up this stagnant scene. Most bands wouldn't survive.

I have heard the MC5's records a million times. I know the songs by heart. I know the stories and the legends. Yet to actually see the band performing is what makes **MC5: A True Testimonial** such a great film. You know what I did after the film? I went home and listened to the MC5.

More information about the **MC5: A True Testimonial** at www.futurenowfilms.com.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com

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SUN JUN 8: the Profits, Deathbag, Abandon, (TBA)

SUN JUN 15: From Ashes rise, case of emergency, DSB (japan), assault (japan), funeral shock

SAT JUL 12: Grabass charlestons, tiltwheel, (TBA)

SAT JUL 19: Carrie Nations, the Bananas, Shotwell, dead things, Dave Dondaro, this bike is a pipe bomb

SUN JUL 20: STFU, conga fury (japan), chainsaw (japan), Rotten Fucks, Ammamucks, Voetsek

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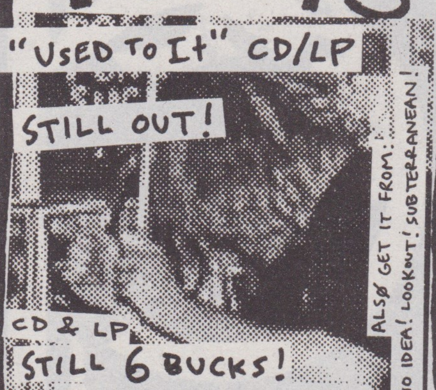

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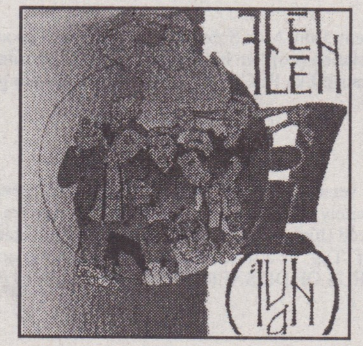


7 TEEN - "Hooligans" CD

Russian oi. Judging by the pictures on the sleeve (all the lyrics are in Russian), this is their fourth record (I have no idea whether its their fourth full length or not). You do get 16 tracks of speedy, fairly basic oi/street punk type stuff, sung with gusto, in Russian, with a significant percentage of the tracks with "Oi!" in the title (I guess oi in Russian doesn't translate well into the Cyrillic script!?) and chanted in the chorus. If nothing else, the new free market in mother Russia has brought us oi CDs. (RK)
(Neuro Empire, c/o Shemetova T.N., PO Box 58, Moscow, RUSSIA, empire@rambler.ru)

7 TEEN – "Ivan" CD

Russian streetpunk, mixed up with ska parts here and there and played with an aggro attitude. Songs sung in Russian, and as far as I can tell they're all about drinking, fighting, and soccer. Bless 'em. (AD)
(Neuro Empire, c/o Shemetova T.N., PO Box 58, Moscow, RUSSIA, empire@rambler.ru)

800 OCTANE – "Get in the Van" EP

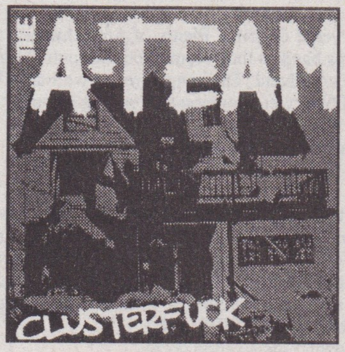
Three tracks of tuneful, upbeat punk from the soap-free zone known as Portland. Catchy songs about touring and old people, this is pleasant and not what I've come to expect from the world capital of doom and gloom. (AD)
(Infringement, PO Box 1224, Eugene OR 97440)

976 – "Avoid the 13" LP

Damn, I wish I knew more on the origins of this record, but there is absolutely no information included here. I think this was recorded years ago and is now just seeing the light of day. For those who don't know, 976 was born out of the local Bay Area scene (West Bay to be exact). Some of the band members were also in NO LESS and PLUTOCRACY. Their music is basically off kilter stop/start grindcore full of lots of throbbing bass lines and big riffs. And in all honesty it lacks a lot of that intensity that many of the other West Bay Cartel bands have shown over the years. But it is interesting to hear this and relate it into the family tree and progression of that scene. (RC)
(Hon Abe)

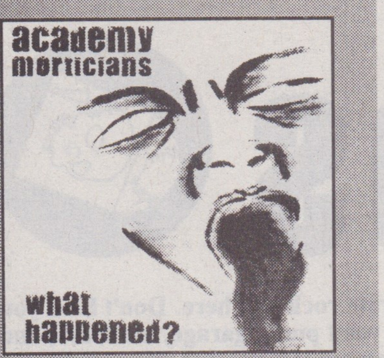
A-FRAMES – "2" LP

A great new LP by the pride and sorrow of the Pacific Northwest. The album starts out a little predictably, continuing the themes of technology and alienation that dominated their first LP, but by the end of the first side the band is into a total no-wave groove with guitar histrionics that approach the mighty MONOSHOCK on *Futureworld*. The second side of this sucker is flat out classic; they hit their stride on "Togetherness" and don't look back. These guys again meet the expectations I always have for hyped "arty garage" bands, and then some. I notice that this is produced by the FM KNIVES' Chris Woodhouse, who also did the great HOSPITALS 7" this month. That guy is starting to look like the TMOQ for raw art-garage. This one should be a lot easier to find than their highly elusive first…and it's worth every goddamn ducat. (RW)
(S-S, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 65814, www.s-srecords.com)



A-TEAM – "Clusterfuck" EP

As far as I am concerned, the expression "fucking a" is now an abbreviation for "fucking A-TEAM". Everything about this record is flawless. You know a 7" is awesome when every song can stand on it's own. There isn't a single thing I don't like about this record. From the production (good, but not too good), to the original sense of humor in the lyrics, to the great songwriting, to the thickness of the vinyl - it's all top notch. Imagine a faster, better, more rocking SLAPSHOT. Fuck, that doesn't even do them justice. Imagine Choke singing for D.R.I. My favorite songs on here are "Control Your Baby" (with the best talking rant in a breakdown since DAG NASTY's "What Now") and "Christmas Claws" which is all about a "Christmas beast from the polar caps/full of bloodlust, kicking ass". I don't think Painkiller Records could have released a better debut record. This is easily already in my top ten best records of the year. Get this or pose hard. (CC)
(Painkiller, 8 Burney St. #1, Roxbury, MA 02120)



ACADEMY MORTICIANS – "What Happened?" CD
Let's see, terrible name, terrible cover art, guess what—this sucks. I literally have no idea what these guys are going for—it's like wimpy punk with lame vocals that at times sounds like RUSH; like if you cut RUSH's hands off. How could you do this to punk? According to the booklet they broke up, and then got back together. Bad move. (AD)
(Iron Man, PO Box 9121, Birmingham, B13 8AU, UK)

ACEFACE – "God Save the Hooligans" CD
From the album title and cover I was expecting bad oi; this is punky pop. From England, ACEFACE have male/female vocals and sing amusing songs about everyday life, at times they remind me of CHUMBAWAMBA, other times TENPOLE TUDOR. I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not, but I quite like this, even though it's a little on the light side for me. (AD)
(Bitter Sweet, www.aceface.org)

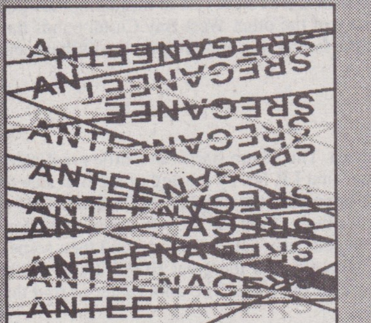
AIVOLÄVISTTYS – "Raivo" CD
Fashionable young Finnish lads – three of them are wearing eyeliner, have labret piercings and pouty little model faces – playing some fast hardcore reminiscent of mid to late period REFUSED. Plenty of melody and parts that all the kids can sing along to – in Finnish, of course; lots of double/backing vocals, contained speed, distortion guitars; everything to make a (contrived?) perfect record. Something about this CD raises flags and I think it has to do with near perfect, formulaic feel to their sound/music, layout, and pouty little, eyeliner wearing, model faces. If you like REFUSED you could very well like these guys. (WM)
(Stay Free Underground, www.sfu-records.com)

AMAZING TRANSPARENT MAN – "Taking Back the Covers" CD
ATM deliver six cover tunes of artists like; TRACY CHAPMAN, SHANIA TWAIN, PRINCE, and FIONA APPLE… not anything I'm really familiar with, but they've turned them into fairly decent pop-punk tunes. This is like ME FIRST & THE GIMMIE GIMMIES doing songs I don't know or particularly like. (HM)
(Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015-2043, www.springmanrecords.com, www.a-t-m.net)

AMEN 81 – "… mit 3 ps" LP
This record has a infinitely variable mix of lyrical content, from Max Schreck to crocodiles to scooters. At least I think that is what it is about. It is all in German and my translation program hates me. It's good discordant punk rock circa NAKED RAYGUN. This sorta reminds me of Italian music like PEGGIO PUNX. Very interesting. If you can figure it out, let me know. (JA)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272, Renninngen, GERMANY)

AMENDMENT 18 – "Defining the Color Conviction" EP
This band has definitely progressed past the basic fast verse/fast chorus formula that was so prevalent on their demo and first LP. I am not sure if I like it better, but it definitely fits better with the label that they are now on (Victory). The verses in general are just more rocking and mid-paced (like the SUICIDE FILE but not as interesting). The RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE rant on the breakdown of "Dig" is a little silly. My favorite song on here is the shortest one, "Where I Left Off". Contains the singer for CHORUS OF DISSAPROVAL and the guitarist of OUT-SPOKEN. (CC)
(Organized Crime, PO Box 213, Brookfield, IL 60513)

ANAL BEARD - "We the Dreg – 1997-2001 Variety Gala" CD
Hell Yes! Heave Spillage and crew have collected all the BEARD's demented drivel over their prime years. What a brilliantly odd collection of absurd oddities… If television's YOUNG ONES played a semi-acoustic rock set while tripping on acid on a rickshaw, ANAL BEARD would be the headlining the gig. Twenty-eight preposterous "tunes" in all! (HM)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2 WB, UK, www. bosstuneage.com)



ANGELIC UPSTARTS – "Teenage Warning" CD
Finally the royal Captain Oi treatment of this classic debut LP from the UPSTARTS! These guys started the second wave of punk in the UK with STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, the RUTS, and the UK SUBS, to name a few back in the day. This hard-to-find LP has been out of print for years except for a half-assed short-lived CD re-release by Warners UK a few years back. "Teenage Warning", "I'm an Upstart", and "Liddle Towers" are the punk hits off this essential punk LP. (RL)
(Captain Oi)

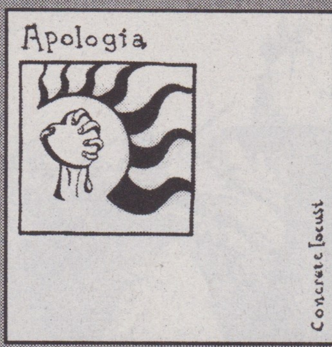
ANGELIC UPSTARTS – "We Gotta Get Out of This Place" CD
A re-issue of the UPSTARTS' second LP from 1980. A great follow-up to their classic debut and maybe even a tad more solid. A little better production and more powerful songs like "Never 'Ad Nothin'", "Police Oppression", and "Out of Control". This is a must if you don't have this until now hard-to-find release for any punk fan. Classic punk rock! (RL)
(Captain Oi)

ANODYNE/DEFCON 4 – split EP
ANODYNE are ultra-technical, heavy hardcore on the verge of grind. Plenty of time changes, and good use of the occasional blast part. The drums are really what drives this band as they seem to cut through the music like a knife. Good stuff. DEFCON 4 is much more of a riff-driven hardcore band. The songs groove well and the vocals do a good job of changing things up with a bit of ANTIOCH ARROW-styled moaning and yelling (though this make take just a little away from the music's punch). A good split either way. (SP)
(Ammonia, 103 Calumet St. #2, Roxbury, MA 02120, **www.ammoniarecords.com**)

ANTEENAGERS – "The Future's Coming Tomorrow" EP
A strange one to pin down, but I'll give my bloody best shot. A lo-fi marley bumper with fellow bi-spectacled scamonkers the BRIEFS could be an all too easy explanation. [*Whaa? —ed.*] However, it's just a bit too angular, choppy, and left of center to fit in with the formulated goings-on of the crop of 70s revivalists such as the DISTRACTION and the FM KNIFES. Twisting, distorted, and downright catchy, adding a new dimension to the no-arse skinny rib ticklers currently bashing out the new wave of rock & roll. An extra pair of white rimmed goggles for a splendid rendition of "Down in Amsterdam" by PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS. (SD)
(SDZ c/o N.Mugnier, 12 Av. Du Parc - 92170 Vanves, FRANCE, sdzrecords@yahoo.com)

APOLOGIA – "Concrete Locust" EP

Debut EP from this Scandanavian powerhouse. Fast, metallic hardcore with a heaviness reminding me of ECLIPSE or KAOSPILOT, yet with a bit more of a straightforward vibe. As with most bands coming out of this part of the world these days, the production on this is absolutely killer. Very solid, very heavy, very good. (SP)
(Evit Lidande, www.evitlidande.tk, www.entombed.com/apologia)



ARTIMUS PYLE/DIALLO - split EP

This is a four-song split from two great doom-laden hardcore heavy-hitters. Good stuff. Each band plays two songs. I wish there was even more, but unfortunately Diallo broke up just after this recording. Both bands play heavy, downtuned, devastating songs with fast, charging parts injected into veins of the darkness. This is an awesome pairing for a split, since both bands have similar, yet distinctive sounds. San Francisco's ARTIMUS PYLE play infecting, venomous crust, with powerful, grimy vocals over dirty, slow, metallic guitars, intertwined lots of changes from super-slow to thrash beats. DIALLO is Connecticut's answer to a Swedish/Portlandish crust sound...like…FROM ASHES RISE or HIS HERO IS GONE. This band totally kicks my ass. Emotionally and intensely brutal, this is truly dark and unforgiving hardcore. Vocals are a shouted scathing attack. Tribal drums and driving melodic guitar rhythms keep your heart beating and your fist pumping with anger and ferocity. Cover Artwork by Mike Bukowski. (LG)
(Busted Heads, Box 275 901 06 Umea, SSWEDEN, www.bustedheads.com)

BABY LITTLE TABLETS – CD

More Japanese snot punk, this time in English. Throaty vocals, muddy production, and the best song title I've read in a long time, "Descendents Say, 'I Don't Wanna Grow Up', Sure I Really Agree With That". It's got your typical post high school growing pains, disillusionment with the government, society and the status quo. Nothing new but nothing entirely obnoxious. (BM)
(Bostage)

BANG SUGAR BANG – "Greatest Hits" CD

Aspiring corporate rockers playing over-produced, slick, and soul-less crap. This is stereotypical LA rock star fecal matter. "...Dear *MRR*, can we use your magazine as a stepping stone to getting signed to a major label?" No, you can't. Your band's mimicry of mainstream music, or what you think currently sells at Sam Goody, just doesn't cut it around here. Pee-Yew. (AS)
(War Room, PO Box 93-1813, Los Angeles, CA 90093)

BANGERS-"Get Your Red-Hots" CD

This record appears so off the hook offensive, which really confuses me because the songs don't seem to be sexist, cock rock grossness. I'm sure BANGERS all own L7 records, the later stuff. I guess sex sells, which to too bad cause I have a hard time trying to like this record when the insert is so demeaning and insulting to women who play music. This isn't the right place or time to debate women's sexuality in music, so I won't go any further into that, just know that I think this is lame. (MM)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St. Toronto, ON CANADA, M6J3A9)

BATTLE STAR – "King Cool" CD

I really didn't think I was gonna like this record, judging solely by the artwork and insert photos. But it was all right. Early 90s-style East Bay metallic hardcore with Christina Aguilera on vocals. Kinda like if GRIMPLE had a female singer and wrote melodies for after-school specials. They lost me on the LIMP BISCUIT heavy metal hip hop breakdowns, but the more straightforward hardcore tracks stand out. (AS)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St, Toronto, ON, M6J 3A9 CANADA)

BAYSIDE/NAME TAKEN – split CD

My friend Parker and I were talking about how easy it would be to crap out a hit song, and we decided that we would form a band, write a massive hit with a bunch of subliminal messages and inside jokes, make millions of dollars, give it all to non-profit organizations and then disappear into obscurity. Well, either of these bands represents what that scheme would have sounded like, except they're fucking serious! BAYSIDE play syrupy punk pop in the vein of SIMPLE PLAN and all that MTV bullshit, while NAME TAKEN play syrupy emo in the vein of the USED and…well, all that other MTV bullshit. Each band lists managers, A&R people and lawyers in the credits. Memo to up-and-coming bands: if you think these people will keep you from sucking, you're fucking wrong. If you think this is the only way to do it, get a fucking clue and buy something put out by Plan-It-X. I would wipe my ass with this CD, but the sharp edges would chafe. (MX)
(Dying Wish, 750 Grand Street, Suite 3E, Brooklyn, NY 11211, www.dyingwish.com)

BELVEDERE/DOWNWAY - "Hometown Advantage" split CD

Five tracks each from two Canadian bands who desperately want to relocate to Southern California. At their best, BELVEDERE bring to mind NO USE FOR A NAME. But they can't sustain it. BELVEDERE fail utterly to add anything to this rather overplayed genre. Catch em both on the Warped Tour, I'm sure. (RK)
(The Union Label Group/www.unionabelgroup.com)

BIG BUBBA – "Fuck This Place" CD

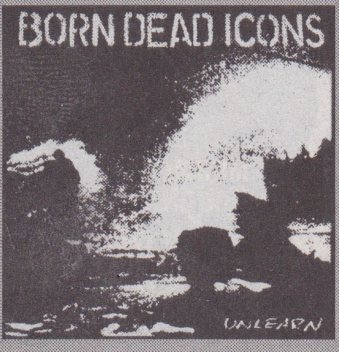
Mid-paced but by no means melodic hardcore from Oregon, like a sloppier faster FILTH with Roger from AGNOSTIC FRONT on vocals, but without the level of punch that might imply. Decent enough and shows some potential for a drunken chaotic good time of a live experience. (MT)
($7 ppd: 30700 Lone Pine Dr, Junction City, OR 97448, www.bigbubbapunx.com)

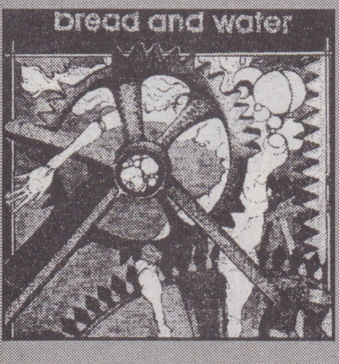
BIOVORE - "Scientific Proof" CD

Indie-metal with a sci-fi twist... this is one of those CDs that is so completely ridiculous that I tell myself it must be a joke, then I eventually I lose patience and give up, then all of a sudden I'm the sucker for wasting all of my time on this thing while the rest of the world is off listening to the RAMONES! What the fuck? (VH)
(www.geocities.com/biovore666/)

THE BLUE BLOODS – "Twice as Strong" CD

How come I get the feeling that this was only assigned to me because one of the guys on the back of the CD is wearing a basketball jersey? The BLUE BLOODS play great Boston street punk with strong hardcore overtones. This really isn't my thing, but I can recognize when it's done well, and this is done very well. It's fitting that their ripping cover of SSD's "Glue" is followed up by a solid cover of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN's "I'm Going Down". This band would be just as at home opening up for the BOUNCING SOULS at the Warped Tour, as they would opening up for KILL YOUR IDOLS at a VFW hall in front of 200 kids. I really like the vocalist. Depending on the attended venue, you could think this guy sounds Dicky from the BOSSTONES, or Lemmy from MOTORHEAD. (CC)
(I Scream, Broekstraat 10, 1730 Kobbegem, BELGIUM)





BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL - CD

SoCal beach punk at its best. Taking the snap and snarl of straight up punk bands like SMOGTOWN and the BURDENS and injecting some speed and harmony of other more well known pop edged locals like BAD RELIGION and even PENNYWISE. It's pretty slick but has enough skinny tie punk posturing to carry it through...great stuff. (TB)

(Destroy All, 3818 Sunset Blvd, LA Ca 90026)

BLULINE MEDIC – "Text Bomb" CD

I really liked this Australian band's first EP a few years back. But I missed their debut LP so I believe this is their second LP. This is mid-tempo emo pop with a touch of dissonance and up front vocals. This reminds me of UNWRITTEN LAW and even a little INTERPOL. Could be a soundtrack hit away from MTV. (RL)

(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box Gainesville, FL 32604, www.bluelinemedic.com)

BOMB HEAVEN – "War Fear" EP

Heavy peace punk like ICONS OF FILTH meets early period AMEBIX, with less metal tendencies from these Portland punx. It's got a nice creepy feel that I really like, which compliments the lyrical attack quite nicely. This is really great; hope they make it down this way sometime soon. (MT)

($4 ppd: Doomsday, 1951 W. Burnside, Box 1928, Portland, OR 97209)

BORN AGAINST – "Battle Hymns of the Race War" LP

So Vermiform's closing up shop and Prank and Kill Rock Stars have reissued this and *Nine Patriotic Hymns.* So here it is in all it's glory, the final BORN AGAINST recording, converted from 10" to LP format. The main differences are that it sounds a tad bit better, and the art is a little bigger. The record, in my opinion, is just as fresh sounding and relevant as it was ten years ago. The band mixed politics with humor in a way that appeals to me very much. Besides that, they simply rocked butt—the band did hardcore in a way that was unique and spontaneous, and didn't stick to a certain formula. A great record from a band I would have liked to have seen. (WR)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

BORN AGAINST – "Nine Patriotic Hymns for Children" LP

In the past, when I have offhandedly mentioned that I thought the recording on both BORN AGAINST LPs could have been *slightly* improved, people have looked at me like I just called Ian MacKaye a pervert or something. Now I can finally say I told you so. *Nine Patriotic Hymns*—soon to be followed by the rest of the BORN AGAINST catalogue—has been remastered and reissued on Prank (Kill Rock Stars is doing the CD; it originally came out on Vermiform in 1991); and it sounds exactly like it should have all along, with just that extra bit of heaviness and fullness. As I'm typing this, I can't help turning the volume up, up, up a little more, even though it's the middle of the night. Like clockwork, the opening chords of "Mary and Child" make the hairs on my arms stand up…these songs will never sound old to me. BORN AGAINST was very special: inventive, passionate, and unpredictable. They seemed fearless. Their attitude and aesthetic reinvigorated hardcore in the early 90s and were sources of inspiration for legions of followers to play out and drive into the ground. I do think this new recording is worth picking up, if you can afford it. (AC)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 941441-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

BORN DEAD ICONS - "Unlearn" EP

BORN DEAD ICONS play ferocious MOTORHEAD/AMEBIX meet HIS HERO IS GONE crustcore. These guys are from Montreal, Canada. *Unlearn* is their new four-song EP, and it definitely retains the unique, heavy-yet-rocking style of the rest of their releases. One of the songs is an instrumental track. These four songs were recorded at the same time as their *Ruins* LP tracks. Yelled vocals, thick power chords, melodic riffs, heavy rocking guitars, and moderate to fast beat combinations are what make this band enjoyable. Lyrics on this record deal with ethics, retaliation, politics, burdens…BORN DEAD ICONS songs are well-written and truly epic, like songs written by the bands they're influenced by. (LG)

(Born Dead Icons, PO Box 64, Station C, Montreal, Quebec H2L 4J7 CANADA, borndeadicons@yahoo.ca)

BOTTLES AND SKULLS – "Born in a Black Light" CD

I've had my ear to these folks since their first 7"; they have an eclectic mix of styles that really works. Imagine if you will, a hardcore band playing fuzzed out garage heavily influenced by BLACK FLAG and BIG BLACK. Sounds weird? Nope, sounds fucking great. This new disc is an absolute steamroller that will appeal to anyone into loud, fast music. What makes this band stand out is that they write real songs with hooks and character and then blow your ears out. This rocks like a motherfucker. (TB)

(Sick Room, PO Box 47830, Chicago, IL 60647 www.sickroomrecords.com)

BREAD AND WATER – "Everything So Far…" CD

As the title states, this is a discography of everything the band has recorded so far. BREAD AND WATER erupted out of Dallas, TX back in 1998 and has been charging it hard ever since. The first 12 songs on this CD are actually from their new LP that is out now on Burrito Records. Their music is fast and furious with a touch of melody holding it all together. Powerful female vocals belt out harsh political lyrics, though occasionally some male vocals creep in there. The lyrics are well thought-out and deal with topics like the drug war, prisons, religion, and the environment. As with most bands, the recordings and production became better with each release. This is some great stuff! (RC)

(Bread & Water, PO Box 595264, Dallas, TX, www.bread-and-water.com)

THE BRIGGS – "Numbers" CD

This really is Bruce Roehrs material, but I must say I dig it. Well done melodic punk rock here; I believe what the kids usually classify as "street punk"—I guess it's the gang vocals. It is strongly reminiscent of bands like SWINGIN' UTTERS, BLITZ, and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. A lot of energy on this recording. A strong release. (WR)

(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.disasterrecords.com)

BROILERS – "La Vida Loca EP" CD

Anthemic German punk that should appeal to both fans of streetpunk and straight punk rock. Some nice tunes and well written songs along with superior graphics and packaging put this head and shoulders above most of the (many) German punk and oi bands. They mix things up with reggae and ska parts that actually don't sound cheesy, but the reason that the BROILERS are really cool is their cover (in German) of SCREECHING WEASEL's "Hey Suburbia" which is just downright awesome. Very good. Along with the STAGE BOTTLES, this should appeal to Europe's smarter skin and punks. (AD)

(DSS, PO Box739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

THE BROKEN BOTTLES - "Bloody Mary/Never Again"

These Orange County, California punks have a hit on Gabe (STARVATIONS) Revenge Records! The title cut is a gloomy Mike Ness style slice of punk urgency! Any song that alludes to having sex with punk diva TEXAS TERRY is good shit! Flip this 45 over and you get "Never Again". This is a somewhat faster song with some of the same SOCIAL DISTORTION influences present. The BROKEN BOTTLES have a good thing going! Purchase this release at your earliest convenience! (BR)
(Revenge, 5835 Harold Way #203, Hollywood, CA 90026)

BUKA – "Debilana Sessions" CD

Super lo-fi recordings of punk noise-core/fastcore from the former Yugoslavia. At times they bring to mind a lesser LÄRM and/or HHH (specifically their demo era), while at other times they're a lo-fi to lo-lo-fi SORE THROAT. Seeing that I can't read a lick of Croatian to save my life I don't really know much about them or the material on this release other than they've shared a couple of releases with country-mates PATARENI. There are over a hundred songs on this CD pushed to the maximum time allowed for a 5" silver disc. Some would say, at times, "this is total shit" while others, at times, would say, "fuckin' aye!" (WM)
(Vegetarian Hardcore Classics)

BULLS EYE DIRT/BATES MOTEL – split EP

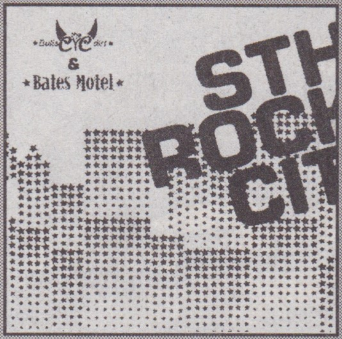
"Stockholm Rock City", proclaims the sleeve, and indeed, this EP appears to contain a record of music from two rock bands from that fair city. BATES MOTEL plays a chunky, garagey variant of the style, while BULLS EYE DIRT reminded me of NAKED RAYGUN or maybe HDQ. The record didn't get me too excited as a whole, although I would like to hear more from BULLS EYE DIRT. (AM)
(Feedback Boogie c/o Deaf & Dumb, Gullmarsv. 50, 120 39 Årsta, SWEDEN, www.feedbackboogie.nu)

BUZZCOCKS – "Jerk" EP

A typical BUZZCOCKS 45 in format. One side is a Shelley song, the other side a Diggle song. From the grainy picture on the sleeve, it looks like they are trying to go for a "punk" image for the first time in a while. A good EP, including a live version of "Oh Shit" with the "newer" rhythm section still intact. (RL)
(Damaged Goods)

CAREER SUICIDE – "Fall Out" EP

I'm gonna display my ignorance about modern-day hardcore in all its forms (you can't expect me to keep abreast of it all, can you?) I'm gonna say that CAREER SUICIDE are furiously obnoxious 80s style one-two-one-two "thrash" that brings the F.U.'s *Kill for Christ* to mind. To my mind, at least. These jokers have a firm grasp on the guiding principle of punk rock established the mid 1960s: come up with a "mean" riff, drive it into the ground brutally, and move on to the next mean riff. Free tagline: Commit Yourself to CAREER SUICIDE! (JH)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS, tyson@xa4all.nl)



THE CHAINS – "On Top of Things!" CD

Montrealers the CHAINS might not be as cute as the VINES, but at least they're wiling to appear in full color on the cover of *On Top of Things!* Seriously: the kids and kid-at-hearts out there oughtta know what they're getting into when exploring an otherwise unheard band, and that includes hair length of the principal players. These boys have all their ducks in a row, style-wise: it's mid-60s vintage garage pop and psych that tiptoes the line between Tough Guy and Sensitive Soul. "Her Name is Love" shows off some neat jaunty riffs and a high degree of vocal control. *On Top of Things* swings back and forth between beat, rhythm & blues, and spookhouse garage, and while none of it's gonna knock your skull off your shoulders, it's a pleasant buzz that inspires smiles rather than sneers. (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canobsburg, PA 15317 www.gethip.com)

CHARLIE BROWN GETS A VALENTINE – "Dismissed" CD

If the LAWRENCE ARMS played in more fucked up time signatures they might sound like these guys, which makes sense considering that they're also from Chicago and have enlisted Matt Alison to man the boards on this record (if there's a union of recording engineers, they should revoke his vocal enhancement software privileges). Not quite what I'd expect from a band that shares its name with a BEATNIK TERMITES song. If you're looking for some good Midwestern punk rock but don't feel challenged by the LARRYS or their brethren in ALKALINE TRIO, you should check this out. The lyrics are top notch, and damned if it doesn't rock more often than not. (MX)
(Whoa Oh, 52 McLoughlin St., Glen Cove, NY 11542, www.whoaohrecords.com)

THE CHARMING SNAKES – "Hang Your Head" EP

Distorted yet melodic indie-pop here, at times a bit shoegazey, but there's a certain undeniable catchiness. A lot of comparisons come to mind (SONIC YOUTH's more tuneful moments, perhaps? JESUS AND MARY CHAIN?), but the record manages to stand on its own. This is worth checking out. (AM)
(The Charming Snakes, 3924 14th Ave S, Seattle, WA 98108, charmingsnakes@yahoo.com)

CHORDVETTS – "My Boyfriend's Learning Karate" EP

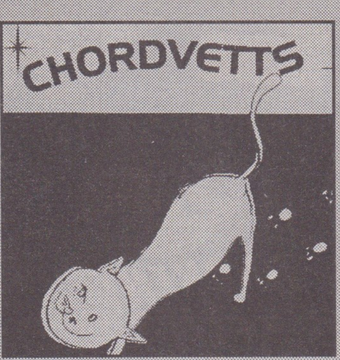
CHORDVETTS are an all-girl Japanese garage band doing five covers with varying degrees of success. They do a bang-up job on both "Hey Baby" and "My Boyfriend's Learning Karate". By the way, does anyone know who did the OG version of "My Boyfriend's Learning Karate"? I have been forced to watch two stoners dance to THEE HEADCOATEES' version of this song on a nightly basis for over a month, and there is no end in sight to their obsession. It is the catchiest fucking thing since SARS and it tortures me. In a good way. However, the surfy cover of "I Fought The Law" needs to be taken outside behind the barn and put out of its misery. This song is now officially a worse cover song than "Louie, Louie". Lo-fi, cute, and extremely catchy, although not especially groundbreaking, this record will still have asses wigglin' and titties jigglin' at your next dance party. Thumbs up. (JB)
(I Don't Feel A Thing, PO Box 858, Tempe, AZ 85280)

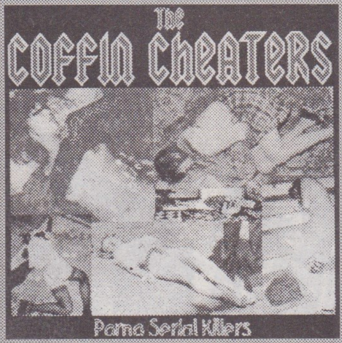
CLAIRMEL – "A Letter to Friends" CD

I was quite happy to see this in my bin. No Idea seems to consistently release quality shit—this new CLAIRMEL CD included. A melodic power punk joy ride, reminiscent of SAMUEL, DINOSAUR JR., DILLINGER FOUR, HOT WATER MUSIC, and JAWBREAKER. You can't go wrong with comparisons to those bands. Amazingly, No Idea manages to keep the spirit of the early 90s alive without sounding stale. And the hits keep rolling in. (AS)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainsville, FL 32604, www.noidea.com)

THE CODE/WHATEVER IT TAKES – split 10"

Ah, the lost art form that is the 10". In my mind, it's the ideal length for a release, as seven inches are over too quickly and full length LPs tend to drag. Too bad bands like these keep fucking up my format of choice. The CODE play fast, melodic punk with youth crew backups and some horrendous chugging riffs with the occasional out of place ska part, though they do get points for using a brief Lord of the Rings sound clip. WHATEVER IT TAKES is more of the same, while leaning a bit more towards the KID DYNAMITE side of things. For the love of god, stop riffing. (MX)
(Spent, www.spentrecords.com)





COFFIN CHEATER – "Porno Serial Killers"

Winning the prize of the worst thing I've ever had to review. One-dimensional sludgy punk not unlike ANTISEEN and all that tripe with songs like "Killin' Hookers", "Tits, Ass & Pussy", and "Fuck My Family". The cover is a montage of murdered women in states of undress…this is both offensive and unlistenable at the same time. Fuck this. (TB)
(Sell Your Soul)

COLDSWEAT – "Severed Ties" LP

Twelve songs of ultra fast, hectic, sloppy hardcore punk from the Pacific Northwest. Bitter lyrics and the tough, gritty recording make it all the better. Looking at the insert, I'm in disbelief that kids with X's on their hands and Nikes can play music this raw… It's YOUTH OF TODAY gone wrong, and it's so right. (VH)
(Rock & Roleplay, PO Box 17790, Seattle, WA 98107)

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS – "Live and Deadly: Memphis/ Chicago" LP

JACK and GREG OBLIVIAN's pre-OBLIVIANS band that reformed after the OBLIVIANS broke up, but have dissolved once again. Confused? I love the OBLIVIANS. They were one of the best garage bands to come out of the 90s. I like the COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS and try not to judge them based on my affection for the other band, but it's hard when you know what can be done. It's hard to listen to this live album. There is too much emphasis on very long ballads, which seem to become even longer when performed live. I really enjoy the studio albums that seem to capture what this album could not. I'm sure it was fun to be there. I saw them in SF and it was great. These recordings just lack any type of excitement or energy. (CK)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

CONFEDERATE FAGG – "Rock and Roll Hall of Flame" CD

CONFEDERATE FAGG give a new meaning to the term cock rock. This is pure gay, pure metal arena rock that fits in nicely among my MOTLEY CRUE, ACCEPT, and JUDAS PRIEST. Entertaining, but for novelty purposes only. (DP)
(Stereonucleosis, www.confederatefagg.com)

CONFRONTO – "A Insurreicao" CD

Whoa! This is some intense metal/hardcore from Brazil. Prepare to be barraged with an onslaught of mid-tempo drum beats, brutal vocals, and more riffs than you can shake a stick at. One thing that I like about this band is their strong political lyrics. So many of the bands in this genre have totally generic lyrics, so this is a refreshing change. I read somewhere that they toured Brazil with HEAVEN SHALL BURN, which should also give you a clue to their musical style. (RC)
(Cospe Fogo Gravacoes, Rua Baturite, 267, São Paulo – SP, 01530-030 BRASIL, www.cospexfogo@uol.com.br)

CONSUMED - "Pistols at Dawn" CD

Their third full length (at least, the third that's available domestically in Yankland), and another cracker it is. CONSUMED have always effortlessly taken the melodic hardcore of the 'classic' Fat sound (LAGWAGON/NO USE FOR A NAME), and added some classy Brit crunch (and humor) *a la* SNUFF. Fans of both won't be disappointed. (RK)
(BYO, www.byorecords.com)

CONTRACT KILLERS – "Dressed to Kill" CD

Smooth mid-tempo melodic punk by slick dudes singing about gin, women, and the sort. A sharper sound and smarter lyrics would make this mediocre 5-track album great. (SR)
(International Crime, PO Box 546, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416)

CONVERGE – "Unloved and Weeded Out" CD

Yeah, this fucking kills! There are so many bands that try to emulate them, but make no mistake, there is only one CONVERGE. This CD compiles some rare, out of print, and unreleased tracks, totaling 14 in all. The first track comes blazing out of the gates with a ferocious attack of wildly powerful riffs and Jacob Bannon's ear-shredding vocals. The band just continues to kill it here with no let-up from one track to another. They wrap their metal fists firmly around your throat with a collage of intense breakdowns, galloping rhythms, and ear-grabbing time changes. Shit, even the two live tracks ruled and I usually don't care for live recordings. I doubt there are many people out there who have not heard this band. So go do yourself a favor and go listen to them again. (RC)
(Deathwish, www.deathwishinc.com)

COUNTACH – "Huge Rock" CD

This is huge, for sure. A huge fucking waste of my time. Five tracks of hard-driving noodle rock of the extreme generic variety. It's not horrible, but it needs an injection of whatever makes rock rock. (DP)
(Rock Mafia, www.countachrocks.com)

CRAZY FUCKED UP DAILY LIFE – "Atrocity Exhibition" LP

Just so you are not confused, this band is also referred to as CFDL, though on this record they are called CFUDL You should also know that this is actually a reissue of the EP by the same name that came out back in the early 90s. And it looks like there are a couple of bonus tracks on here as well. If you have never heard CFDL, then you better bolt down the speakers and plug your ears, because they will totally crush you. On the back of the record they have explanations of their songs and in one it says, "We were pretty much influenced by SORE THROAT," which, I think, says a lot. Their music is totally blown out crustcore with great throat- shredding vocals. It is fast, noisy, and packed full of raging distortion. Damn, I forgot how great this band was! (RC)
(Answer, Hase Bld No.2 B1, 5-49 Osu 3 Naka-Ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460 JAPAN)

CRUCIFY YOURSELF/FULL BLADDER – Split EP

CRUCIFY YOURSELF, from the Czech Republic, deliver two songs of harsh, chaotic hardcore. They're not afraid to show their emo side, and back it up with brutal screams, furiously fast drumming and insane amounts of energy. FULL BLADDER play four songs of fast, straight forward modern hardcore. These guys don't have much of a style. It's so "by the book" that there almost isn't a point to it, but it's definitely not bad. (VH)
(Impregnate, Bohdan Mach, PO Box 2 76361, Napajedla, CZECH REPUBLIC)

CRYPTICS – "Kill a Punk for Rock 'n' Roll" CD

Retro suit-wearing Herberts mining the sounds of the Northwest circa '66. While not breaking any boundaries, they mix a bunch of punk rock into their WAILERS/SONICS homage, which carries them through. (TB)
(Twist)

CULTURCIDE – "Industrial Band/California Punks"

I first heard CULTURCIDE on John Peel's radio show in England back in 1987. They were a bunch of guys from Texas who took the rich pickings of the MTV (and alternative) culture of the 80s and tweaked it until what was left was a hilarious send up of commercialism (and a satire on the punk scene.) They would take a mainstream standard of the day by the likes of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, MICHAEL JACKSON, or PAUL McCARTNEY and distort it and change the lyrics to lampoon the artist and forward their own anti-capitalist manifesto. The two songs on this one-sided record actually concern alternative culture, one a cover of "American Band" changed to "Industrial Band" ("We're an Industrial band, we're coming to your town, we're gonna bring you down …") and the other a mutation of the BEACH BOYS "California Girls" which even mentions *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.* Both tracks were originally on the "Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-revolutionary America" album from 1986 which has long been out of print and are now available again thanks to the German Plot fanzine with which this is included (issue #22.) Plagiarism you can dance to. (AD)
(Plot Fanzine/X-MIST, Postfach 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY)

THE CUNTS – "La La La" CD

The CUNTS crank out a mid-tempo, organ laden, sixties sounding, garage, pop rock. Sometimes they sound like the DOORS with a Theremin other times they sound like filler SONICS songs... I think they could improve things by cutting one to two minutes off EVERY song. (HM)
(no address)

CURSED - "One" CD

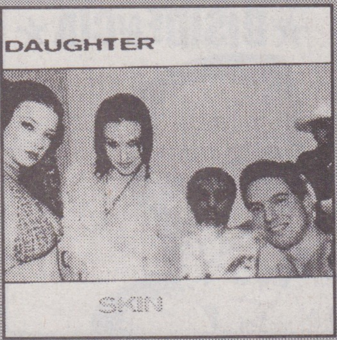
Metallic-styled hardcore, thick and chunky with plenty of distortions, delivered at a varying mid-tempo pace, in the general vein of bands such as some earlier CONVERGE, CATHARSIS, or even small bits of early DAMAD—but not as crushing, all powerful, or as crucial as those bands were. Has an ex-member of RUINATION and The SWARM within their fold. Check 'em out, as they could be just what you were waiting for. (WM)
(Deathwish Inc, www.deathwishinc.com)

DSB – "Battle Into Invisible Zone" EP

Awesome Japanese hardcore in the vein of LIPCREAM or DEATHSIDE (with less solo guitar). Distorted hammering guitars, catchy scaled baselines, shouted group vocals, this record is made to be played at extremely high decibels. This is an awesome EP. (LG)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13,1098 AA Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS, Tyson@xs4all.nl)

DAUGHTER – "Skin" CD

Weird, the cover looks like some dreadful Euro house diva record, shirtless guys and scantily clad models cavorting in a tub. I thought Ray had been smoking crack again, giving this to me. On listening I was still puzzled, this disc is all over the yard. Song one is a strangled garage number, then a pseudo hardcore number with horns (??), then artsy lounge dance tracks and some hip hop gear. I get the feeling this is some eclectic hipster deal which I'm just not getting…I'm hitting stop now. (TB)
(AUM Fidelity, PO 170147, Brooklyn, NY 11217)



DEADSTOP – "Fuck That Progress…" EP

No need to sugarcoat these 10 songs of ferocious hardcore fueled with the same anger and rage as early AGNOSTIC FRONT or CITIZEN'S ARREST… Fast, melodic, intense, pissed off, and to the point. Fucking Great! (VH)
(Wolfpack, www.reflexdistribution.com)

DEAN DEAN & THE SEX MACHINES – "NYC/NJ Rock & Roll" EP

Yeah, Here's some decent rock and roll that is really screwy. I'm having a hard time adjusting to the fact that the music and backup vocals sound right at 45 rpm, but the lead vocals sound right at 33 rpm. I remember the BUTTHOLES did that a long time ago, and I guess it'd be easy to do, but it sure sounds silly. (HM)
(Rock Hard, www.deandeanandthesexmachines.com)

DEATHREAT – "Consider It War" 12"

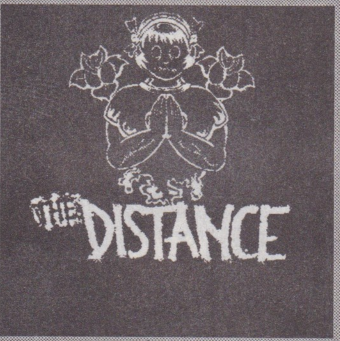
At fucking last…we've been waiting for this for two fucking years, and yes it was worth the wait. Recorded at Our House in Japan, the Japanese influences are evident, it sounds like the lost BASTARD record. Arse-ripping hardcore, way more straight-ahead than many of the bands these folks are involved with (TRAGEDY, FROM ASHES RISE, etc.), with gruff vocals from the DSB, FORWARD, BASTARD school. It's relentless musically, uncompromising lyrically, and worth every penny of your hard-earned pocket money. (TB)
(Partners In Crime, 6250 NE 6th Ave, Portland, OR 97211)

DÉRALLEURS/VIPÉRS – split EP

The DÉRALLEURS have a tightly-compressed, economic sound that reminds me a wee bit of the venerable French outfit STARSHOOTER: maybe they're related, maybe they bought their disused equipment in a Pigalle pawn shop. Whatever explanation, it works for me. Busy and desperate sounds. Les VIPÉRS are slower, drunker and all the more liable to huck a pint glass at your noggin point blank. Choppy, mechanistic. Both sides date from a couple years back, so here's hoping that both bands haven't thrown in the serviette and exist still. (JH)
(SDZ, c/o 12 Ave du Parc, 92170 Vanves, FRANCE, www.sdzrecords.fr.st)

DEVOID OF FAITH – "One Gene Away" 10"

Ah yes, somebody finally did a repress of the elusive DEVOID OF FAITH 10" that was on Bacteria Sour and limited to 222 copies. Well it was worth the wait because this long gone band has stood the test of time and can



still rip you a new one. They blast through nine songs of full tilt, go-for-the-throat hardcore that are packed with thick distortion and incredibly gruff vocals. The cover and vinyl look great, the production is great and the music kicks ass. There is truly no way you can go wrong by picking this one up. (RC)
(Soviet State, c/o Greg Gartland, Nicolaas Berchemstraat 7U, 1073VR Amsterdam, NL; sovietstate.net)

DIALLO – EP
DIALLO are fucking dead, one of the most promising bands cut down in their prime, this EP (along with a couple of others coming out) is their swansong. Dark brooding hardcore—the sound of the world slipping into the abyss. Heavy, fast, raw and depressing like a faster, rougher TRAGEDY. They will be sorely missed. Get this EP c/o of the band at…(TB)
(PO Box 1004, Windsor, CT 06095)

DIE MONITR BATSS – "Spread Your Legs, Release the Bats" EP
I'm one happy camper about the revival of the Rough Trade label sound circa 1978-82, that's no lie. Here's a band of nutso kiddies channeling that otherworldy SLITS promo/bootleg/improv LP from 1979, of course you've all heard *that*, right? OK, spastic random punk damage that reminds me of a more controlled COUNTY Z, to use a more current ref, and that ain't nuthin' but high praise. (RW)
(Hand Held Heart, no address)

DIOS HASTIO – "Cervix Inferno" CD
Sadly, this appears to be the final release of this quite underrated Peruvian hardcore powerhouse, and it is a fine exit for this band indeed. 13 fierce blasts of crushing hardcore that rips apart most contemporary hardcore bands any day of the week. Intense, ferocious, and relentless hardcore from the DISCHARGE meets WRETCHED school, that goes straight for the throat and never lets up, for even a second. They will be severely missed. (MT)
(Where's Your Anger? PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134, wheresyourangerpunk@yahoo.com)

DISIDENCIA – "P.F.T." EP
A damn fine record here. This band from Uruguay sounds like heaven to me. They are a fast hardcore band, but very melodic. The vocals remind me of Martin of CRUDOS and LIMPWRIST, but as I get deeper into the record, the band sounds very melodic, maybe like STRIKE ANYWHERE. "A Uruguayan STRIKE ANYWHERE!" Mike exclaims. Anyhow, I like this record very much, and I hope you will, too. A fine looking piece of work, too. (WR)
(Thought Crime, Boxhagener Str. 22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE DISTANCE – "Holding the Match" EP
The GIVE UP THE GHOST (formerly known as AMERICAN NIGHTMARE) influence is undeniable here. Lyrics like "It's not easy to live with a broken heart/I try to never close my eyes underneath the broken skies" pretty much sums it up. The singer thankfully doesn't bark like the vocalist for the aforementioned band, but I still can't get past the overall similarities. Still, the music is written and produced well, and I really do like the vocals on here. They sound young and almost snotty (however I don't think they were going for that). Four songs on a one sided 7". If this sounds like your cup of therapy tea, then drink it up. (CC)
(Takeover, PO Box 7043, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

DOWNBEAT 5 - CD
Soulful femme fronted 60s inspired rock 'n' roll. A sweat soaked mix of the DETROIT COBRAS and the RUNAWAYS. The guitarist (and songwriter) is none other than JJ Rassler who used to strum the six strings with Boston's DMZ, I can hear a lot of his old band in these cats and I'm diggin' it. (TB)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

DRAGSTRIP RIOT – CD
Four homies in pomaded 'dos rile and rage. You know the tip: music for tough guys with kool kars. Apply flame-job and go. Includes rev-up gear-jamming sound effects. Tunes about "36 Wheels of Death", a "Watery Grave", an "American Sick-O", and so forth. Apart from a speedy opening number (in a punk rock sense of the term) the band stick to a tried-and-true rockabilly-punk hybrid that doesn't necessarily gun my motor. The band is rough and not too slick for their own good, which hoists them up by their bootstraps. I'd like louder guitars and a little more *ooomph*, but you get what you pay for. (JH)
(Go Kustom, PO Box 77750, Seattle, WA 98177-0750, www.go-kustom.com)

DRONES – "Mean Streak" EP
Kinda by-the-numbers garage-kind-of rock. It's not bad, it sounds just like a b-team ITR release, it has the required amount of DIRTBOMBS-style raunch, but it just doesn't break free from the pack. (RW)
(Sonico, www.sonico.de)

THE DUDOOS – "Specium Sommer" CD
Oh god, this is giving me a headache. This CD is what happens when my computer attempts to display Japanese websites. Lots of broken English thrown in with their Japanese lyrics. Musically it's pretty good, on the poppier side of snot punk with the nice use of an occasional Casio, great sing along choruses… (BM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017, www.sound-pollution.com)

DUMBSTRUCK/Y - split EP
DUMBSTRUCK are back with three new songs of solid, fast thrash influenced hardcore, thick with distortion and intense with volume. "Pound of Flesh" is a raging, kick ass song. Seems they're down one member from their original the of RIPCORD line-up. Y on the flip are often hailed as the Fast-core Kings of Germany but on their side of this split they've eased up some on the pedal, slowing down more to the speed of DUMBSTRUCK but losing none of the vicious intensity and mad thrash sound you've come to expect from these German hardcore heads. High quality music from both bands, well worth your dollars. (WM)
(Thought Crime, Boxhagener Str. 22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY)

EDDIE HASKELLS – "It's Going Down" CD
Five snotty anthems from these local lunatics. The EDDIE HASKELLS play straight up punk rock with an authentic old school flavor sounding like something that could have come out in '78. The best song is the title track "It's Going Down (in the East Bay)" is a classic which at first listen I thought was some aggro Oakland fight song but on further listen is actually about gentrification band urban dissatisfaction. This is a great band to see live—just don't wear you best clothes. Very good. (AD)
(Hubcap & Wheels, no address)

EMPI/BILLYBOY E LA SUA BANDA - "Cold Society" split CDEP

Two tracks a piece from one Japanese and one Italian (respectively) skinhead band. While it's always amusing to see folks from different countries ape a fashion that never really existed in the UK, especially not 20 years ago, both bands do deliver the musical goods. EMPI have not only been listening religiously to the LAST RESORT, but are blessed with an incredible guitarist, who really lets rip on their first cut with some brilliant IRON MAIDEN/JUDAS PRIEST licks which would get any hard rocker banging away. Impressive stuff indeed. BILLYBOY play more standard, mid-paced INFA RIOT/4-SKINS type stuff. Both employ gruff vocalists, and lots of mob choruses, and sing in their native tongue. There's even a couple of "extra" BILLYBOY tracks, which are good too. A damn fine homage to the oi genre. (RK)
(Brutus, www.brutusrecords.com)

ENDSTAND – "Never Fall Into Silence" LP

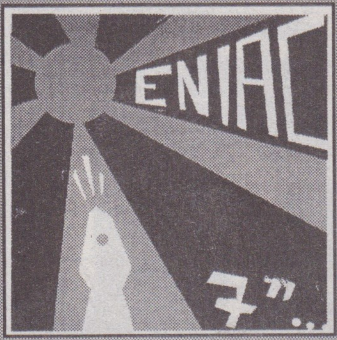
It seems that Finland is the new (insert prolific scene here) with a rich crop of bands popping up recently. Whether it's MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, WASTED, or PHOENIX FOUNDATION the bands seems to have a common element which is a mid-tempo powerful sound akin to an anthemic punk hybrid that to me sounds almost like a streetwise emo reminiscent of Gainesville bands like HOT WATER MUSIC, PANTHRO UK UNITED 13, CRO(W)S, and GUNMOLL, and with more than a nod towards LEATHERFACE and PEGBOY. ENDSTAND are similar to MANIFESTO JUKEBOX but are heavier, with more of a hardcore influence, and more emphasis on the vocals, which are screamed as opposed to spoken. If, like me, you like your punk rock not too fast, not too slow, but solid and well-written then I urge you to check out ENDSTAND along with all the aforementioned Finnish bands (and Sweden's SMALLTOWN) though with little American distribution (as yet) you may have to (perish the thought) go out of your way to do it. (AD)
(Day After, PO Box 153, 352 01 AS, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.dayafter.cz)

ENEMY YOU – " Video Radio" EP

This is apparently some gimmick single, covers mostly… uhhmmmm, yeah, so when did this band stop sounding like BAD RELIGION and start sounding like early BLINK??? I dunno. Beats me, this band has always been sorta ho-hum. I wish I could say more. (BM)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654, www.gcrecords.com)

ENIAC – "Ken and Barbie" EP

On the A-side the guitar plays something in the way of emo-hardcore but the rest of it is very poppy. Picked out guitars, mid-tempo drumming, keyboards and hand claps. The vocals are done through some sort of effects that makes them very low and robotic. The B-side turns out to be much better. The song is very driving, with pounding drums, high pitched guitar and forced yelling, with no effects this time. You could make references to any number of East Coast emo bands that are out there right now. If you dig the stuff that Level Plane puts out then you're sure to like this. (PA)
(X-Mist, PO Box 72195, Nagold, Germany, www.x-mist.de)

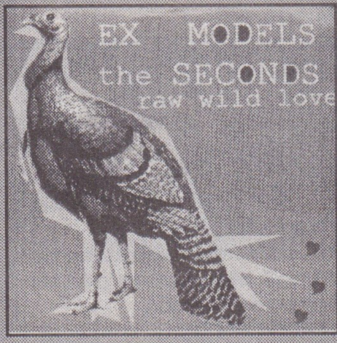


THE EVIL THINGIES – "Chante/I Can Only Give You Everything"

Two solid vesions of the venerable chestnut ("greatest tune ever written" by their yardsticks), "Chante" being sung in breathy French chanteuse pop style (with solid rocking in back of it). For their mission statement, I refer you to one of the "I Can Only Give You Everything" website (icogye.ocatch.com). (DD)
(Kinky Star, Vlasmarkt 9, B-9000 Gent, BELGIUM, www.kinkystar.com)

EX MODELS/THE SECONDS – split EP

This used to be called jazzcore. A bit of VICTIM'S FAMILY, a dash of NOMEANSNO, some STRETCH-HEADS, and a heavy helping of FAT DAY wildness. Brilliant. Similar shenanigans on the SECONDS side but less weird and more emphasis on the singing/vocals. Maybe a bit more DAWSON- or BADGEWEARER-esque. I will always think of this stuff as Glasgow music. Excellent EP. (AM)
(X-Mist, PO Box 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY, www.x-mist.de)



EYES LIKE KNIVES – "Waylo" CD

For the most part, this is pretty radio friendly pop rock with some MILEMARKER tendencies. I thought this would get old real quick, but the harmonies are irresistible and the female vocals are gorgeous. And, with only four songs, they avoided getting too repetitive. I mean, it can't be great seeing as I'm falling asleep while writing this, but it's got its own little style that I dig. (MX)
(Secret Fire, P.O. Box 2163, Des Plaines, IL 60017)

F.U.'s – "Kill For Christ/My America" LP

Two essential Boston hardcore records squeezed unto one LP. Personally, I think *My America* is musically superior to the *Kill For Christ* 12". The lyrics and the layout on the other hand…well let's just say they didn't make Tim Yo smile when this came out the first time in 1982. The nationalistic lyrics to the title track, "My America", were what pissed him and a lot other punks off: "Take it or leave it/Buy it or fly it/Love it or leave it/Like it or lump it". People got heated, which is what I think the F.U.'s were going for. Just look at the opening song "What You Pay For", where the singer screams: "We just wanna have fun/We just wanna have a say/Who cares if you don't like us?/We're just fuckheads anyway/Giving nothing/Asking nothing/Promising nothing/ Delivering nothing." Like the liner notes suggest, I think the music has outlasted the dispute. If you like NEGATIVE FX, JERRY'S KIDS, or early GANG GREEN, then this re-release is absolutely essential. (CC)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1, BELGIUM)

F.U.'s – "Kill For Christ/My America" LP

Carl is correct, the music on both these is fairly raging, but I hardly think the dispute over the nationalist and quite regressive lyrics on *My America* has been outlasted by their "killer jams." (MT)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1, BELGIUM)

THE FAVORS – "One Foot in the Grave" CD EP

The FAVORS deliver five tough guy, hook-laden rock and roll tunes. I gotta say they got some MÖTLEY CRÜE and GUNS AND ROSES tendencies. ROCK! (HM)
(Break-Up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372, www.thefavors.com)

FED UP/CONDITIONED – split EP

FED UP have a nice hand sketched cover of a punk and a skin helping a fireman raise the stars and stripes over the Sept 11th wreckage…what??? It was a terrible thing that happened but I don't think we need to be "stand-

ing proud for our country" or "showing them what's right", perhaps if we hadn't been "showing them what's right" it may never have happened. Dumb knee jerk lyrics backed by a muddy mix of NY hardcore and straight ahead punk rock had me reaching for the needle. CONDITION fare little better with a burlier musical style, still in the NYHC mold, average at best. Punks need to wake the fuck up and stop all this "united we stand" "standing proud" bullshit. (TB)
(United Riot)

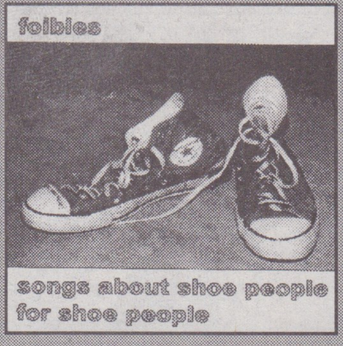
FIFTH STORY TENANT – "No Definition/Just Because You're Rich"
Raw retro-ish punk. Definitely straight-ahead wannabe 1978 punk rock. This is OK; there is a lot of this stuff around these days so it's hard to be moved by a 45. Decent for now, time will tell… (RL)
(United Squad, PO Box 1235, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

FILTHY JIM – "Whiskey and Porn" CD
Sludgy Gearhead rock, with a penchant for booze and girls. ZEKE meets MOTLEY CRÜE with a dash of Southern hospitality courtesy of COCKNOOSE and ANTISEEN. Its way too rock for me, but those who don't mind having some cock with their rock might want to investigate. (TB)
(Tour Horse)

FIRE DOWN BELOW – "Hard to Listen" EP
I suppose you consider this "screamo," but only because of the occasional spoken bit and the occasional interspersed quiet part. Besides that, FIRE DOWN BELOW seem to lean hard towards simply "metallic hardcore" with an emphasis on the metallic part. Much of the guitar work seems to have AT THE GATES-esque aspirations, which is cool, but what really makes this band for me is the vocals. I'm going to make the inference that this is a woman, and man is her voice great: consistently brutal, strong and sincere. Well recommended. (SP)
(Ed Walters, PO Box 554, Lansdowne, PA 19050, www.edwaltersrecords.org)

THE FLOUR CITY KNUCKLEHEADS - "Empty Wallets & Broken Bottles" CD
A lengthy offering—16 tracks—of the spirited, snotty punk that RANCID ripped off from the CLASH and helped popularize for the next generation. Lots of guitar flourishes, and fortunately, they don't try and do any dub—though they do lapse almost into an acoustic track at the end, which is a trifle unnecessary. (RK)
(www.flourcityknuckleheads.com)

FOIBLES – "Songs About Shoe People for Shoe People" EP
Wow! What a bizarre release. This heavily syncopated, keyboard dominated, pop sounds like a mix between BUGGLES, DEVO and the Muppet Show. This is some twelve-song 7" EP sound track for the "Shoe People" movement… well, of course, it's about shoe people for shoe people. (HM)
(Fickle Fame, Alströmerg. 32:16, 1tr, S-112 47 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.ficklefame.com)



FORCA MACABRA – "Historia Edição Brasileria" CD
31 blistering tracks of slightly metallic Brazilian hardcore worship from these Finnish madmen. Blatant rip-off of the classic Brazilian punk bands (OHLO SECO, RDP, ULSTER, etc) put through a Finnish filter with a twist of early SLAYER to create one hell of a maniacal hardcore racket! A rampaging whirlwind assault on your senses, akin to being hit in the face with a sledgehammer. This CD contains their side of the split LP with ARMAGEDOM and various comp and EP tracks. Blistering! (MT)
(No Fashion, Caiza Postal 03, CEP: 13450-970, Santa B. D'Oeste, São Paulo, BRAZIL, massiser@hotmail.com)

FREAKS – "SS" EP
Ugly noise in an eyesore sleeve that duplicates the GERMS *(GI)* LP. Good to see that the FREAKS have their withered hearts in the right place, even if a certain something is lost in the translation from American English to Italian. Music-wise they're all about garage thug-rock wrapped in terrorist duds and held up on the world stage for all to see. Really frazzled p. rock that proclaims "Life Stinks" loudly and proudly. I dig 'em and their quasi-RIP OFFS 1993 garage angst schtick and the tinny guitars. Call 'em tongue-kissing cousins to HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE: it's fast and furious stuff, to be sure, but they have plenty of personality lurking behind their black ski masks. (JH)
(Lo-Fi c/o Psych-OPut, Piazza 1° Maggio, 44-72107 Ostuni (Br), ITALY, info@psychout.it)

THE FUTURES – "Dirty Works 1997-2000" CD
Presented for your approval, the complete discography of Japan's mighty FUTURES (sans their recent full length), on one bright and shiny 5" disc. For the unfamiliar, the FUTURES play herky-jerky punk with a definite groove to it—imagine if you will the MINUTEMEN meets VOID. But weirder. Fans of BREAKFAST (the band, not the delicious meal) or JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS should be certain to be on the outlook for this little treat. (MT)
(Jerk-Off, 203, 1-15-20 Kishinosato Higashi, Nishinari-Ku, 557-0042 Osaka, JAPAN)

GAI/ZOUO – split LP
One insanely noisy LP here. For the unfamiliar, GAI and ZOUO are both classic models of distortion-drenched hardcore which helped to lay the foundation for modern heroes like ATROCIOUS MADNESS, BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS (whose name is from a GAI song), and countless other distort-o-rama bands to follow. A noisy, rapid-fire distorted romp through each band's history. Contains the entirety of GAI's *Extermination* flexi EP along with tracks from their *Damnation* LP, while ZOUO's side contains their *Final Agony* EP and their tracks from the classic *Hardcore Unlawful Assembly* LP. Decent enough for a boot, but it'd be so much better if Capt. Bootlegger put a little more effort into this one, as there's hardly any info at all about either band. (MT)
(no address)

THE GETBACK - "Right About Now" CD
Seven tracks of driving, cranked-up rock n roll. Midway through this CD they really hit their stride, churning out several glorious tunes reminiscent of the DEAD BOYS, or SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS at their best, mixed with some of the greatest snot that SCREECHING WEASEL could muster. (RK)
(IOU,www.thegetback.com)

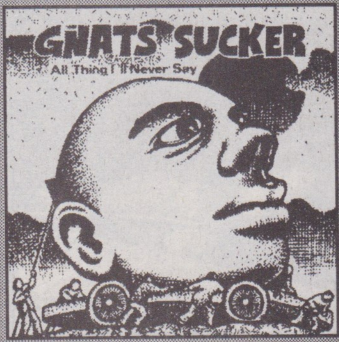
GLASS CANDY- "Love Love Love" LP
This glam new wave band will make you dance if you're super tipsy, but lack any sorta sober substance. GLASS CANDY is super stylish, and scenestery in a 80s dance party sorta way. (MM)
(Troubleman Unlimited, www.troublemanunlimited.com)

GNATS SUCKER – "All Thing I'll Never Say" EP

This is so damn cute! I guess Max found a demo of a young Japanese posi-youth sounding band from 1990 and just threw the fucker on vinyl! Holy baby Darby! This is MINOR THREAT and 7 SECONDS and UNITY. This is Japan punk without the bombs and chainsaws and violence. This is love. This is hate. (JA)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

THE GOSSIP – "Movement" LP

At first rush and during initial listens, the GOSSIP made me nervous: something about the formidable lungs and vocal cords of the singer (unnamed, I could dig deep and find it somewhere but haven't the time). Maybe the trappings of Pacific Northwest hip kid fascism: all tousled bangs and defiant poses. *That said* I won't deny that the GOSSIP have the kind of natural musical gifts that have vaulted people out of the punk club and into the lime-light time and time again. Tracks like "Confess" and "Lesson Learned" tread a line between heartfelt leather-lunged blues and art-school noise, never leaning too far into one camp. The kids: they love 'em. Me, I appreciate the sounds for what they are. Not entirely my particular thing, though multitalented tots such as these hardly need my stamp of approval. (JH)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Ave. #418, Olympia, WA 98501, www.killrockstars.com)



GRAFTON – "Blind Horse Campaign" CD

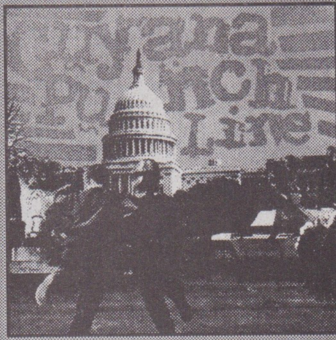
Thick-neck rock and roll bringing to mind the SUPERSUCKERS (complete with a few songs of coun-try/blues twang) or maybe the CYNICS if they played straight up rock & roll. Decent stuff. (TB)
(Dead Canary, PO Box 10276, Columbus, Ohio 43201)

GROUPUSKULL - "Triste Realite" CD

Fairly raucous French streetpunker/skinhead band. Dunno what their take on freedom fries is (though, ironically enough, the French actually call fries "fried apples" technically speaking), but they attack the genre with a certain amount of gusto. My French isn't as good as it used to be, but they seem to be fairly left wing. Pretty good, and they end the CD with a cracking ska number, which brings to mind the RUTS. (RK)
(Bords De Seine/www.bordsdeseine.fr.st)

GUTS – "Say Goodbye to Fun" CD

Energetic pop punk that's fits into that old Mutant Pop sound. Catchy songs about girls. A punkier PROMS or a less punk AUTOMATICS. Except for a so-so ELVIS COSTELLO cover, this is a decent five-song EP. (RL)
(Spider Bite, PO Box 265, Portsmouth, NH 03801, www.thegutsrock.com)



GUYANA PUNCHLINE – "Null Transmission" EP

Smashist audio terrorists GUYANA PUNCHLINE continue on in their campaign against Them, as waged by Us, showcasing their chaotic yet melodic walk down a tightrope-made-of-razorblades assault on our ears. Kev's brutal, angular wall-of-guitar attack, paired up with Chris's rapid-fire vocal delivery makes this band probably the most underrated and original hardcore band going. Chris' lyrics are also probably some of the best the punk world has seen since the early days of the FEEDERZ—hard-hitting but with a tongue firmly implanted into his cheek, while his foot is up your ass. Progressive without being pretentious, nor losing one ounce of pure fire and rage, this is a fucking amazing and excellent prelude to their upcoming album. Smash hit? Smash it! (MT)
(When Humans Attack, PO Box 50454, Columbia, SC 29250, www.guyanapunchline.com)

HARD-ONS! – "Very Exciting!" CD

This is kind of all over the place, genre-wise. There's retrorock TURBONEGRO noodling mixed in with vocals that sometimes sound like the singer got lost on his way to YO LA TENGO practice, and sometimes sounds like he got lost on his way to NINE SHOCKS TERROR practice, and sometimes sounds like he got lost on his way to Sesame Street. There's quality music on here, but the vocal schizophrenia is gonna make this disc end up in the free bin. (DP)
(Bad Taste, Box 1243, 221 05 Lund, SWEDEN, www.badtasterecords.se)

HIROSHI HASEGAWA'S POONTANG WRANGLERS - "Arkansas Traveler" EP

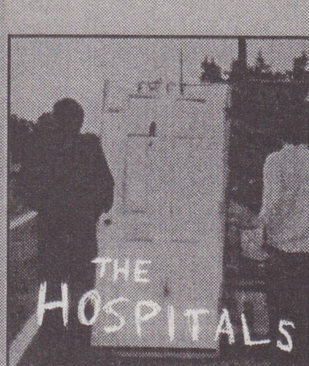
......why did I have decide to do reviews today with a clear head???? If I would have known that I had a Mike Lucas record waiting for me I would have stopped off to get my ass fucked first, just to get into the mood...... or drugs..... I need drugs for a Lucas review...... and not just any drugs..... no negative drugs, just the happy feel-good kinda drugs that will get me in the right state of mind to slurp the sweet nectar from Mike Lucas's beautiful butt-hole....!!!!!! I must say, as you readers have already guessed, I am a huge fan already of the now-famous Daddy Love. During his "homosexual" period I was one of his early "bottoms" before he became a "bottom" himself and dumped me for Johnny Bartlett........ but those were different times. Now that Mike leads a straight life he has teamed togeth-er with well-known Japanese ex-gay film star HIROSHI HASEGAWA to produce this soon-to-be-classic tribute to the female socket. With the aid of some top Mississippi musicians, these boys are telling it like it is....!!!! Done in the sassy style of CANNON'S JUG STOMPERS and the PETER NORTH GROUP, these boys really did some home-work for this gem.....but the real topper is HIROSHI HASEGAWA's sexy vocal style. He is now doing to the micro-phone what he was once doing for a decade on the silver screen......to a cock!!!! (SW)
(Phoenix Greyhound Park, PO Box 858, Tempe AZ 85280, www.idon'tfeelathing.com)

HISATAKA- "Dirty Dog" EP

HISATAKA play insanely fast, super distorted, noisy, Japanese mayhem. It reminds me of EXCLAIM, or the faster screamed parts from JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS songs. This release is a chaotic penetration of intense noise and whirlwind guitar madness that will surely twist your inside out. Rad. (LG)
(Answer, Hase BLD No.2 B1,5-49, Naka-ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi, 460, JAPAN)

HIT ME BACK – "Eight Positive Tunes to Shake Your Bon-Bon To" EP

This is one of the records that has not left the small pile in front of my record player for the month since I first got it. These folks have been coming up north for the past year or so and are favorites in the Bay Area and Southern California. Made up of kids age 15-22, this band fucking rules. Most of their songs are thrashy, in a fun and youthful way, not in a doomed and frustrated way, if you can understand. I'm really having a hard time describing how much you should want this record. God I love it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! A perfect document of a band that I hope will be around for a little while longer. Watch out East Coast this summer!!! (WR)
(You Are Shock, zombiethrash@hotmail.com)



HORACE GOES SKIING – "Yeah Right Sure" CD

This UK band does the pop punk thing quite well. Definitely coming from the SNUFF and TRAVIS CUT side, musically. This band has the energy, great guitar, and strong tunes. They throw in the punky side of J CHURCH. This label tends to put out top-notch stuff and this is right there. (RL)
(Popkid, 759 Bloomfield Ave, PO Box 182, Montclair, NJ 07006, www.horacegoesskiing.net)

HOSPITALS – "Again & Again" EP

Holy Jebus! Wall of fuzz rant that only comes along a couple times a year, in a good year. Pounding primitive beat, a skuzzy mound of balled-up aggro right out of any-decade USA. Since garage is such a thoroughly debased coin, here ya go: this is top-shelf basement rock. Buy a copy for your mother. I know I did! (RW)
(Future Primitive, www.geocities.com/futureprimitiverecords)

THE HUNCHMEN - "A Bunch of Hunches" LP

.....jezus, this has gotta be the thickest cardboard I've ever seen used for an LP jacket before!!!!! Super motherfucking heavy!!!!! Too bad the music ain't as heavy as the jacket housing!!!!! What you got here is another one of those Euro 60s revival bands........hum-drum city kiddies!!!!! I can't even begin to tell you how utterly tired this schtick is........there's gotta be nothing more boring than purist 60s dudes.....!!!! Are these guys getting laid???? Most of the 60s mofos here in Frisco aren't even into sex and girls and all those good rock & roll perks.....is that how the Italian hipsters are as well or are they actually playing for pussy?????? Judging from the sound of this weak-ass LP I'd have to say that these guys are still doing church on Sunday....!!!! (SW)
(Psych Out, P.zza 1 Maggio, 44 - 72017 Ostuni (BR) ITALY)

THE IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS/THE WEDNESDAYS – split EP

I really enjoyed reading the story about the scene in Alabama included with this record. It's just a few words, but it paints the picture about what makes punk rock so fun and therefore so important. A bunch of people packed into a house shaking like mad to a band that are laying because they need to. Both bands are of the lo-fi blues garage rock style. The production is muddy and distorted, but you can still picture what is happening in that house. Bonus points to the WEDNESDAYS for covering fellow Alabaman rockers 3-DS. I love it when bands cover their friends' songs. (CK)
(Akam, 3000 County Road 10, Florence, AL 35633)

JFA/FACTION – "Live in Chicago/The Whistler" EP

Two "vintage" skate rock bands. The JFA side has three, live recorded, back to back, classic JFA songs—"I Want," Tentpeg," and "Snickers." They've always been great songs, and live they're still great. The FACTION side has a new song recorded in 2003 that seems to pick up musically from where they broke up 15 years ago. Kinda surfy (not unlike the CLAY WHEELS), and unfortunately sounds nothing like "Skate and Destroy." (AS)
(Spontaneous Combustion, 3943 Cumnor Rd., Downers Grove, IL 60515, www.spontaneouscombustion.com)

THEE JENERATORS – "Mystery Man" CD

An icky version of "Fight the Power" sandwiched between two WHITE STRIPES wanna-be bluesy numbers. Hardly worth the plastic it's pressed on. (DP)
(Twist, Kolde-Ring 54, 48151 Munster, GERMANY, www.theejenerators.com)

JOHNNY X & THE GROADIES/CORPSE FUCKS CORPSE/GIFT OF GOATS/GET GET GO – split LP

Is this a compilation of Sacramento art-damaged, experimental punk/hardcore bands or a four way split of Sacramento art-damaged, experimental punk/hardcore bands, I can't figure out the semantics of this one. Either way, JOHNNY X & THE GROADIES reminds this reviewer of the almighty TEEN CTHULU if they had a drum machine. CORPSE FUCKS CORPSE is jangly and arty, at times bringing to mind a bass-heavier, modern version of SACCHARINE TRUST (*Pagan Icons*-era). GIFT OF GOATS offer the gift of distortion and bad vibes with their five songs of Am Rep-influenced noise rock. GET GET GO get all spazzy and twitchy, screaming and lurching as a two piece of menace and beatings (guitar and drums). I could see these guys bringing down the house live. The cover art and inserts all leave you with a vague sense of all parties involved being responsible for some serious art school violence. Not for everyone but those that are into variety and weirdness might wanna check this crazy shit out. (WM)
(Omnibus, PO Box 16-2372, Sacramento, CA 95816, www.omnibusrecords.com)

KAOS GENERAL/SITUATION HOSTIL – split CD

This CD documents two bands from the late 80s hardcore scene of PERU. Each band doing five songs, KAOS GENERAL play fast, energetic, raw, straightforward hardcore punk while SITUATION HOSTIL, the first crossover Peruvian band, are just as gritty and raw, but speed things up and bring a lot more metal into their sound. The KAOS GENERAL tracks are totally rad. Collectors of early South American punk should be sure to grab a copy of this one. (VH)
(Rockcore, PO Box 18-0798, Lima 18, PERU)

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS/DEL CIELO – split EP

Philly side: "If it feels expired, will we check the date?/If it's not inspired will we just sit and wait?" East Coast hardcore lyrics that are full of artfully posed questions, like East Coast zine prose. Strangely, some of KTMWQ's other lyrics have a charming awkwardness, as if they had been translated from Japanese. The tunes are jagged and open rather than tight, and the occasional dissonant note is allowed to ring out, with a nice, subtle BIG BOYS effect. This is KILL THE MAN's first EP since 2000, fourth in total—but sadly their last. DEL CIELO plays pretty love & scorn songs with highly enunciated female vocals, which I have to say remind me of NATALIE MERCHANT. The music is basic in a compelling way, but it's pretty sappy, minimalist pop, just so you know. (AC)
(Ed Walters, PO Box 2101, Philadelphia, PA 19103, www.cheapart.com)

KNIFED/BASTARD YOUTH – split EP

KNIFED are the best hardcore I've heard from Ireland (or England) for years, uncompromising breakneck hardcore not unlike LIMP WRIST or LOS CRUDOS. BASTARD YOUTH have a tough act to follow, and while their Scandi influenced crust isn't bad, it's lost in a muddy recording. KNIFED are worth the price of admission for sure. (TB)
(Control, PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, IRELAND)

KNUCKLEHEAD – "Little Boots" CD

Upbeat punk from Canada with a streetpunk lean. Reminds me a little of the DROPKICK MURPHIES, or maybe the REAL McKENZIES without the bagpipes. I can also hear a BLITZ influence. Not bad at all. (AD)
(Longshot, 726 Richards St, Vancouver BC, V6B 3A4 CANADA)

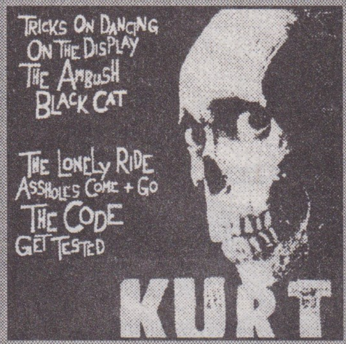
KNUCKLEHEAD - "Voice Among Us " CD

Decent street punk from Canada. The record is good but unfortunately lacks the exciting sing-along choruses that they clearly want to play and I want to hear. (SR)

KURT – "La Guard" CD

A friend of mine was telling me that, in her music class, the teacher forbade her from describing music as "chaotic." Well, that Neanderthal hasn't evolved past J.S. Bach (the composer, not that asshole from SKID ROW), so I thought I'd update him. Chaotic means using jazzy, fucked up chords that reach beyond the run-of-the-mill dissonance of most 'emotional hardcore' bands. It also means making crazy helicopter pick slide sounds, but above all it describes music that is held together seemingly by the collective will of the people playing it. That's what I fucking mean when I say this record is "chaotic." Punk as fuck emo (the good kind, I promise) from Germany…how can you go wrong? (MX)

(Nova, Xantener Str. 99, 50733 Koeln, GERMANY, www.novarecordings.de)



KURT OLVARS REBELLER – "77-97" EP

Brutal, fast, Swedish hardcore. Distorted fuzzy guitars, gruff throaty vocals, charging guitars. This is really good stuff. I'm sad to say I haven't heard more from them, considering that they've been around for 25 years. Lyrics are about lies, life, violence, vomit, and war. The slower first song, "Varg", has some interesting garagey guitar slices on top of some melody, pretty cool. (LG)

(1000 db, Krukmakargatan 4, S 118 51, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

LAST MISSION – "Compensation" CD

LAST MISSION play melodic hardcore that bears a strong resemblance to early NO USE FOR A NAME (not as far back as when they played hardcore and Chris Dodge from SPAZZ was in the band, just before they were completely taken over by slick production), with a few inspired moments of late eighties-era Lookout! Records gruff pop punk. There's still a pretty fair amount of cheese, as is expected with music of this genre, but I feel like LAST MISSION's got something more. At least they have the brains to release their own records, and at least they don't have a manager or anything. It may only be a matter of time (MX)

(Last Mission, www.lastmissionmusic.com)

LEADFOOT – "We Drink for Free" CD

We got grass, guns, hot chicks, rebel flags, long hair, PBR, yeehah! Unfortunately, I have had a guitar wanker overdose this month. This is your basic Southern Comfort (or in this case Pabst) drenched rock & roll bar band. It's just a little too good ol' boy for me. (DP)

(PO Box 10283, Raleigh, NC 27605, www.leadfoot.net)

LEFT ALONE - "Streets of Wilmington" CD

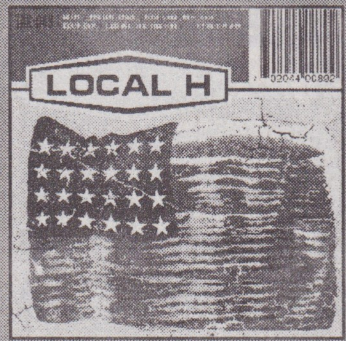
Good pop punk that is fast and catchy without being too sappy. It could definitely do without the couple of ska-punk songs though (do these genres really mix in decent taste anyways?). This is good stuff and they'll get better over time if they get rid of the toxic ska. (SR)

(Smelvis, PO Box 1779, Wilmington, CA 90744)

LOCAL H – "The No Fun" CDEP

Appropriate label to put this out—this is "thick" boyo. Heavy throaty vocals over the typical bass-heavy indie-rock churn. It is very well produced, the band makes zero mistakes on this one! With a decent video these guys could get some MTV face time. Eh. (RW)

(Thick, Chicago, IL)



LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER/KONTRAATTAQUE – split CD

Two Spanish-speaking bands come together to deliver a vicious assault of brutality and destruction. LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER, from Madrid, pound out 11 tracks of fast, crushing grindcore. KONTRAATTAQUE rip you to shreds with such an immense amount of energy and rage in their 11 tracks of raw, abrasive hardcore. (VH)

(La Idea, PO Box 18251, 28080, Madrid, SPAIN, www.sindios.net)

LORDS OF LIGHT – "R'n'R Pro 11" LP

This is a strange one for sure. They take your standard grindcore, complete with brutal vocals and blast beats, and mix in everything from FUGAZI to MOTORHEAD influences. This is truly all over the place with a variety of styles and tempos being thrown at you. Maybe they are trying to be arty or "push the boundaries", but it was way too erratic for my taste. No dice. (RC)

(Rock & Roleplay)

MALIGNANT TUMOUR/INTUMESCENCE – "Oegstgeest Grindcore" split EP

Two bands from the Czech Republic town of Oegstgeest get together for this split EP of brutal grind/mincecore (mince=hardcore, metal, grind, a respect for noise, and more hardcore—all of the very extreme variety—mixed together with thick, guttural vocals and social/political lyrics). Of the two, INTUMESCENCE wins my vote for some seriously damaged and intense grind. (WM)

(Brigade of Natural Genocide, maarten.punk@excite.com)

MAKILADORAS – "Buiten Schot" 10"

Woah! First I've heard of MAKILADORAS, and I really hope it's not the last. Hailing from the Netherlands, these filthy punx lay out seven tracks of brutal yet melodic hardcore—like perhaps a melding of TRAGEDY's heaviness with SIN DIOS' *Ingobernables*-era sense of melody. Take that and pair it up with a brilliant lyrical attack dealing with the politics of poverty, housing, and the alienation that capitalism generates, based upon real-life situations in Holland, and you have one amazing record. I'll take more bands like this, and less mid-80s rehash that isn't about anything, please. Inspiring, earnest, and powerful. (MT)

(DP Or Not DP, Houtenswetering 19, 3991 LJ Houten, NETHERLANDS, punkrock@henet.nl)

MANNEQUIN/TRANSISTOR/TRANSISTOR – split EP

MANNEQUIN plays thick and meaty mid-paced rock punk. It wasn't really my cup of tea–there was nothing to really hold on to. I'm sure in the context of a live show this stuff really rocks though. TRANSISTOR/TRANSISTOR's songs, on the other hand, were awesome. Tense and bitter, like BIG BLACK with real drums. Great stuff. (AM)

(Redscroll Records c/o Joshua Carlson, 5 Arbor Lane, Wallingford, CT 06492, www.redscroll.com)

MASS SEPARATION - "Tak Mau Lagi" EP

MASS SEPARATION is a blazing crust/grindcore assault from Malaysia that thrashes out nine destroying songs on this one little 7". Dual vocals keep the songs alternating between growly and bloodcurdlingly screamed vocals. Fucking cool. Unique guitar riffs and blasting drum beats. Totally raw, totally ripping, ultra fast hardcore. Think BRUCE BANNER or CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. Short punch-in-the-face songs about politics, personal responsibility, and punk. If you are a thrash or grind fan this shit will rip your fucking face off and you'll like it. (LG)
(Where's Your Anger? PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134, wheresyourangerpunk@yahoo.com)

MASS SEPARATION/DREGS OF HUMANITY – split EP

How about a little international punk and grinding to get your day started? DREGS OF HUMANITY, who are from Australia, burn through three songs of grinding crust, with lots of tempo changes and some very harsh garbled sounding vocals. MASS SEPARATION, from Malaysia, blow your doors off with some eye-watering grindcore. They are not fucking around with all that crazy fast drumming and blazing guitar action going on. Their side is definitely the stronger of the two. (RC)
(Nuclear BBQ Party, 3816 E. Dozier St, Los Angeles, CA 90063 angelfire.com/ca7/nuclearbbq)

MATERIALISTICS - "Tomorrow is Fat and Old" CD

This band's stab at Punk & Roll is decent at best. The singer has what can only be described as a swagger. (SR)
(Super Secret, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78769, genxhesd@hotmail.com)

MICHAL KAHAN – "Baby Escape" CD

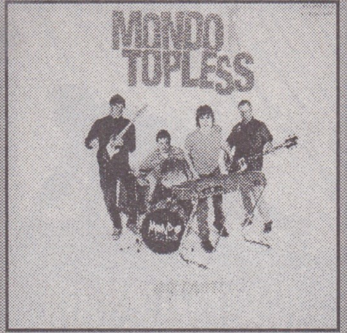
Jeez, a really surprisingly good record from out of nowhere, on an Israeli label. It's got that super-fuzz garage distorto thing going on that thankfully does not obscure the female vocals, so you get a mix of HOLLY GOLIGHTLY singing for the MUFFS. It's got taste and hooks and I'm happy someone put it out. By the way, all the lyrics are in Spanish. (RW)
(PO Box 14542, Tel Aviv, ISRAEL)

THE MISTAKE – "Fuck Everything Up" EP

All right then, how about some Southern California hardcore that is packed with intense breakdowns, mixed in with some flat-out fast parts? Strong vocals back the music up nicely, and I really liked the dirty production. They totally reminded of BURIED ALIVE from Buffalo. (RC)
(Prime Directive, PO Box 571, Balboa, CA 92661)

MOFOS – "Supercharged on Alcohol" CD

All I know is that "mofo" is a sanitized abbreviation of "motherfucker", drinking alone is a sure sign of incipient alcoholism, and that Ithica is Gorges (pardon me while I deal with this twist top). The MOFOS are an instrumental surf-wipeout-high-on-Testors group that, writing and performing instros alone, don't have to provide lyrics to "Satan a-Go Go", "Loco Jodido", "Two Minutes to Live" or "Dimension X". They do, however, provide reverb-laden noise that fills the air just fine (at least after two beers). The trio channel the sounds of DAVIE ALLAN & the ARROWS and keep 'em short and sweet. Boss. (JH)
(Hell Beach c/o PO Box 933, Ithaca, NY 14851-0933, www.mofosonline.com)



MONDO TOPLESS – "Go Fast!" CD

Pretty average farf friendly garage with way clean production. If this sounded like it was recorded in someone's bathroom on a boom box I'd probably wet my pants over it, but when you actually hear what's going on it makes you stop are realize "wow, garage is for people who can't write really in depth songs". Everything here is where it's supposed to be, solid rhythm section, really good key lines, but they look like Rob Thomas and the Thirty-Somethings. All these guys look like they would live down the block from my parents. It's hard to take them serious are a bad ass, trashy, guitar rock band when they all look like weekend rockers. Whatever, I'm probably going to end up liking this a lot more after I listen to it a few dozen times. (BM)
(no address)

MURDER DISCO X – "Your Religion" EP

Well, this is an interesting twist. MURDER DISCO X includes, as a separate insert, a total of seven reprinted reviews of their first 7", from *MRR*, *Heartattack*, *PE*, *S&L*, *Reason to Believe*, and *Punk Planet*. In addition, they give an explicit instruction (OK, a strong suggestion) to not call them "crust". Easy, easy on the DIY press kit there, guys. It kind of takes the fun out of it, you know? (At least send the reviewers a cut. We still don't get paid! We still don't get laid! Well, rarely…) This EP includes four songs of fast and fun hardcore—the fast stops way short of blur, but it gets your pulse going, for sure; the fun is in the punchy breaks and snotty (English) lyrics. (It really doesn't sound at all like crust; I'm not sure what they're worried about. Oh! It must be the stencil font!) Anti: hard drugs, religion, jocks, and assholes. Pro? I'm not sure. Features Kelly from SEVERED HEAD OF STATE and a shitload of other bad-ass hardcore bands (DEFIANCE, RESIST, MASSKONTROLL, etc.) plus three other guys with more obscure resumes. Thumbs up. (AC)
(Terror, c/o Tilsner, Weidkämpe 2, 30569 Hannover, GERMANY, www.terrorrecords.de)

THE MURDER SQUAD/SORE THROAT – split EP

Well, I lasted all of three seconds listening to the SORE THROAT side. Total electronic noise. Sorry, but I just don't like it. The MURDER SQUAD buzz through their side with some fairly average crustcore, with the occasional metal-fueled blast beat. They were decent, but nothing really stood out. (RC)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield Street, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3A9 CANADA)

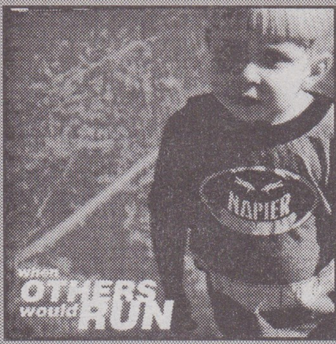
THE MURDER SQUAD/BLOODSUCKING FREAKS – split EP

The MURDER SQUAD delivers 4 songs of crusty styled hardcore with some metallic crossover leanings comparable to DOOM mixed with later ELECTRO HIPPIES. BLOODSUCKING FREAKS, on the flipside, play around with electro-crust mixed with some serious dance music leanings. It really did nothing for this reviewer. Instead, after listening to their EP songs, I flipped the record over and listened to the MURDER SQUAD side again. (WM)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St., Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M6J 3A9)

MURPHY'S LAW – "The Party's Over" LP

That's right, MURPHY'S LAW, those classic NYHC jokers are still at it, I have no idea how many albums they have released up to now but I'll admit to liking their first two that came out in the New York heydays of the late

80s. Always one's with their tongues firmly in cheek, Jimmy Gestapo & Co. have been playing catchy hardcore (that owes as much influence to the bong as to the beer bottle) for almost two decades. This latest offering is a little less eclectic than what I've heard from them before—I'm on track five and there hasn't been a reggae or ska song yet—and sounds more like upfront melodic hardcore, albeit with a tough mosh-friendly touch. This is pretty good, and good for MURPHY'S LAW for keeping it up and having fun for this long. (track 8: there are the horns now...) (AD)
(Reflex, Broekstraat 211, 3001 Heverlee, BELGIUM)

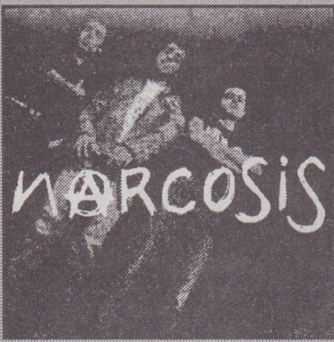


NJF – "Wounded Knee" EP

Jesus, this fucking rules! I don't know shit about this band, other than it says it's recorded in 1984. There are no other NJF records here in the *MRR* library either to answer my further inquiries. But godamn, no matter, I'm digging the shit out of this anyway! Side A sounds like an ugly, snot faced version of X (U.S.A) and the AVENGERS in a bad mood. Side B gets weird (but good) and garage sounding like OLD TIME RELIGION. Take out your pen and paper, write the address below, send money, and get this record. It's that good. (AS)
(Green Fuse, 11-67 Gloucester St., Toronto, CANADA, M4Y 1L8)

NAÏVE – "Maximum Rock 'n' Roll" CD

For the unfamiliar, NAÏVE hails from Moscow (that's in Russia), playing rocking SEX PISTOLS-inspired punk rock with a smidge of early US hardcore influences. Perhaps you've heard the name before, since *MRR* released their first album, *Switch-Blade Knaife,* in 1991. This disc is a nice retrospective of their band history, spanning 1990-1997. This takes some of the finer cuts from what looks like each of their many releases—my personal favorite being from the aforementioned *Switch-Blade Knaife* LP and their *Piva Dlya Naïva* LP. This is a great documentation of great band. (MT)
(FeeLee, feeleecd@aha.ru)



NAPIER – "When Others Would Run" CD

There's some very alternative rock-sounding catchy punk here. I wish there was more to say about it than that. Uninspiring, half clean, half distorted rock with pretty terrible lyrics about girls and friends and the like. It is lulling me to sleep in the worst way possible: if it were great, I would want to rock out, and if it were terrible I would want to catch every ridiculous minute. It's just kind of…blah. Yuck. (MX)
(W.H.A.T., 2511 E. 13th St., Cheyenne, WY 82001, www.napierpunk.com)

NARCOSIS – "Primera Doses" CD

NARCOSIS is a Peruvian band that was around in the mid-80s and this is a reissue of their demo tape, plus some bonus tracks of mostly live material. This is some great mid-tempo punk rock with lots of fuzzy distortion and urgent vocals. It is really catchy and I found myself toe-tapping along with the drums throughout the CD. I read somewhere that the band actually got back together and played a few shows when this CD came out. Now that would have been interesting to see. (RC)
(Anarcosis@hotmail.com)

NEON KING KONG – "Get What's Going Around/There's a Party"

A LE SHOK connection exists: no evidence other than the obvious. Choppy and minimal: easily mistaken for a the aforementioned group. "Get What's Going Around" fills the immediate need for a SARS-Generation anthem: turn your head and cough. "There's a Party" is a adrenaline-fuel ditty that proclaims "there's a party next weekend!" Was there? Fun noise with built-in collector appeal by dint of the (hand?) silkscreened sleeve—but note that you're paying two bucks per minute with this one, (JH)
(Vinyl Dog, 812 S. Coast Hwy, Laguna Beach, CA 92651)

NEW BREED – "Port City Rebels" CD

I think the whole Irish fiddle-dee-dee schtick is tired and over played, and it's always overplayed by folks not from the Emerald Isle. This Canadian band have the whole DROPKICK MURPHYS/POGUES mandolin led rousing anthems deal which would usually have me sniggering into my Guinness, but this is great. Heavily influenced by our favorite Boston Irishmen, but with enough catchy songs and drunken sing-alongs to reel me in. (TB)
(Longshot. www.kickass.at/the newbreed)

NO ALTERNATIVE – "Nights IN S.F '78-'82" LP

Timeless classic punk rock from one of the Bay Area's forgotten gems, NO ALTERNATIVE. Recordings lifted from '78-82, including three of the best punk tunes ever recorded from the heyday of San Francisco punk rock, "Johnny Got His Gun", "Dying in the USA", and "Make Guns Not Love" (well worth the admission price alone). Snotty, raw, and rammed with attitude, from back in the day when punks like these no-hitters were partial to a good leathering, topped off with a ruptured kidney and a deadly hotshot-induced overdose. To think that being a punk was once a dangerous occupation. Anyway, rubbing shoulders with familiar Golden State classmates UXA, MUTANTS, SLEEPERS, and DILS, to name a few. Dionysus has come up tops again with a deserving release—now it's just up to all you mallrats to Frisbee your sterile ONE MAN ARMY, LUCKY STIFFS, and other boy-in-a-bubble shenanigans at the next passing Muni and go out and get the real thing. (SD)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysusrecords.com)

THE NONOS - "No" CD

These three women are rocking it from Canada, spitting in your food, and sipping from your beer when you're not looking. Their lyrics are very politically aware, and they make me want to dig up my old BLACK FORK records. So many songs about drinking…(MM)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St. Toronto, ON CANADA, M6J3A9)

NOTHING TO GAIN - "In Your Face" CD

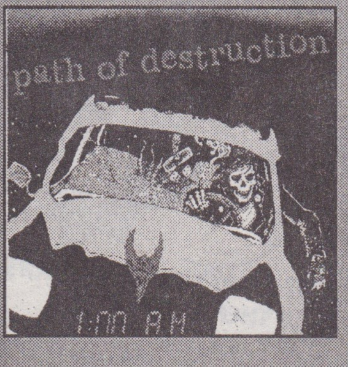
Hardcore without guts, more songs about being mad and drinking, boring as a Warp Tour band. (MM)
(Get Rowdy, www.nothingtogain.com)

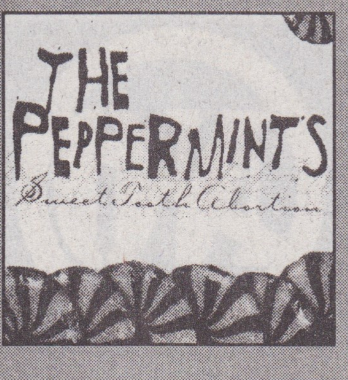
ONESTEP SHIFT - CD

Pretty good artsy DC-style stuff from Oakland, along the lines of UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON. Sorta math-rocky with a punk edge. The music's not all over the place—this math rock seems guided and purposeful. It all works out well. Thumbs up. (AS)
(Broke In Oakland, PO Box 3943, Oakland, CA 94609)

OXBAKER/BATTLE UNICRON – Split EP

While my American friends mask their personal insecurities through belittling Canadian emo bands,





Ontario's OXBAKER aren't wasting any time as they pound out four crushing tracks of harsh, intense, rage to make up their side of this split. Relentlessly fast, hateful hardcore that will grind you into the ground like a piledriver. BATTLE UNICRON are an interesting change of pace, as their avant-garde four track experiments bring to mind MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT and WOLF EYES. But the blur of noise and simple electronics that make up their three songs are about as rewarding as listening to your little sister play the Casio while flipping though the fuzz of AM radio. (VH)
(Sounds of Revolution, 1620 George Ave., Windsor, ONTARIO, N8Y 2Y6, CANADA, www.soundsofrevolution.com)

PANIC - "When Monsters Move" CDEP
New six-tracker from Britain's answer to SCREECHING WEASEL/QUEERS. With this latest, they've moved from *My Brain Hurts* to *Anthem for a New Tomorrow*. And they're all the better for it. Great tunes, some fine lyrics, and some nice keyboard touches make em real pop-punk gems. A winner, for sure. (RK)
(Crackle, www.crackle.freeuk.com)

PATERENI – "Never Healed" CD
I just want everybody to know that I tried really hard to understand what exactly this release is made up of. I think it is a tribute of some sorts, with various bands covering PATARENI. The thing is, there are a lot more songs on here than there were on the tribute. Not only that, but the track listing on the CD cover says that there should be 81 tracks, but my CD player says that there are only 54. Regardless of what is going on here, one thing remains for sure. These songs are short, noisy, and brutally raw. This is straight-up grind/noise core with deep belching vocals. It isn't pretty and most would find this release pretty horrendous, but I know the stenchcore fans are out there. (RC)
(Roots /F.K.O.)

PATARENI - "Obrade Duhovno" CD
Over 80 tracks of devastating grindcore from Croatia. I get the impression this is a re-release. There is absolutely no English text, which leaves me with little to say other that this is as intensely brutal as grind can get. (VH)
(Falsanja Kolko's, no address)

PATH OF DESTRUCTION – "1:00 AM" EP
This shit is fucked. In the good way. Songs that any good drunk punks would write. The singer gots that yelly, glass in the shit-box screal, while the music dudes sound all like they is drunk and stuff and also like VERBAL ASSAULT's *Trial* LP. Shitbird. Get this pissy 7". (JA)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE PEPPERMINTS – "Sweet Tooth Abortion" CD
Dense and (almost) beyond my comprehension. The PEPPERMINTS played a neighborhood bar not too far from Tenderloin Home, but I stayed clear…too bad, 'cause could have done with the headache. Weird group: gross title. The 'MINTS come off like the COACH WHIPS' drugged-up kid siblings: lock on the liquor cabinet's broken, and the babysitter's nowhere in sight. "Octopus" and "Nancy" are the kind of vile squall I hear far too little of in the days of tattooed wallet chains and dyed goatees: it's dumb, inaccessible, punchy and utterly without commercial merit. Nobody likes 'em, I can tell, and small children empty the contents of their lunchboxes over their heads. They scare horses. "Snailbait" is an anthem for Post Operation Iraqi Freedom America: if legitimate "protest" music ever existed, then this is it. (JH)
(Pandacide, PO Box 2774, Petaluma, CA 94952,www.pandacide.com)

PERKELE - "Fran Flykt Till Kamp" LP
There's gotta be more Scandinavian oi bands than Iraqis with moustaches—not yet a fact but soon to be. Straight-up melodic oi hailing from the most densely punked piece of earth on the other side of the Atlantic: Sweden. Actually not the worse piece of baldy rock I was half expecting—the vocals are strongly sung in a sing-songy sorta way, which lifts it marginally above the plodding riffage we have come to expect from the shaven hordes. Still way too slow, metallic, and lackluster for me to be dusting down the 'ol oxbloods and professing my allegiances to my beloved country. Apparently their last release, unlike this, came with English lyrics, helping to expose a dodgy nationalistic theme permeating their music. Bit of advice: burn your flag, read a book once in a while, and give a big hairy man a nice wet kiss. (SD)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr 25, D-66957 Eppenbrunn, GERMANY. www.oirecords.com)

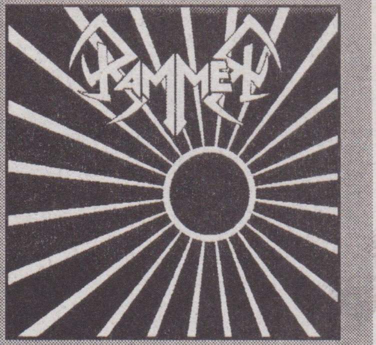
PISTOL GRIP - "Another Round" CD
13 tracks of speedy, driving, street-punk. Unfortunately, their gusto doesn't compensate for the utter lack of originality. Not bad, just nondescript. Well played, but blah. (RK)
(BYO, www.byorecords.com)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS – "Spearheading the Sin Movement" CDEP
PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS was a band that I always assumed sucked because their name reminded me of tons of terrible bands. Then I saw them play at 924 Gilman St. a few years ago, and they rocked me way harder than I expected, enough to buy their LP, which I dig. They play heavy jam hardcore with melody kind of leaking through, played by a bunch of burly dudes with beards from Denver. I finally thought of a decent comparison, which is YAPHET KOTTO meets AVAIL meets TORCHES TO ROME. If you were a fan of the LP or any other releases the band has done, I think it's safe to say that you will like this stuff. Three songs here. (WR)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

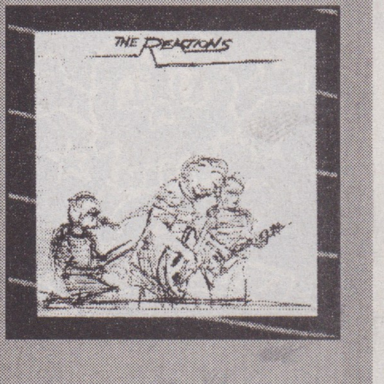
POLIDICKS – "No Peace? No Chance" CD
Pretty straightforward mad-at-the-world peace punk stuff here. It's solid, for sure. I think the lyrics are the best part on this album. Stuff that has definitely been said before, but well phrased. A ska song and grind song are thrown in. A solid effort, very decent, but nothing earth-moving. I think they could push this further and impress us all. Canadians are the best of us, seriously. (WR)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St., Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3A9 CANADA, www.woundedpaw.com)

THE PUBLIC/SEE YOU IN HELL – split EP
SEE YOU IN HELL: harsh, precision grinding crust-core from the Czech Republic with gruff vocals, hateful guitars, and drums that are insanely machine-like; a veritable whirlwind of hardcore fury. Lyrics deal in pain of existence yet are vaguely uplifting kind of like when you're taking a vicious beating and you know that eventually you'll either pass out and die or they'll bore of killing you and will just go away. Brutal. Has a member of MRTVÁ BUDOUCNOST in their fold. On the flipside, the PUBLIC: as equally as harsh as SEE YOU IN HELL but they're so much more as melodic, non-distorted guitar lines drop in and out over odd times and thick rhythms while multiple,

raw-throated, vocals shout their fury over the distortion bombs and fast-core intensity of their assault on happiness. Technical without being wanky, brutal without letting up, the PUBLIC could appeal to many across a wide spectrum of hardcore fans. Finally, the packaging is top-notch for a 7", like the super thick quality vinyl it's pressed on, and includes two stickers (for each band), an eight page booklet with all text translated from Czech to German and English and a double-sided advert for other labels that is titled: "In the Spirit of DIY Community". Very Recommended. (WM)
(Filip Fuchs, Grohova 39, 602 00 Brno, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.seeyouinhell.cz)



RAMMER – "Monstroyer" EP
It's 1985… Your Long hair flowing in the wind, your Labet Blue is spilling all over your crotch as your convertable speeds down a Toronto highway. That IRON MAIDEN cassette just isn't doing it for you anymore. It's time for RAMMER… the perfect soundtrack to a bad teen movie. Far from superb, I find absolutely no redeeming qualities in these two songs. It's not funny. It's an embarrassment to all parties involved. (VH)
(Deranged, PO Box 543 STN.P, Toronto, ON, M5S-2T1, CANADA)



REACTIONS – CD
At first listen, this is crap emo-ish indie rock, but there's a certain something about the songs that kept me listening. It could be the production; it's crisp without being slick, and the vocals remind me of the post-PAVEMENT generation of vocalists which keeps one eyebrow raised. I don't know, this ain't punk by any stretch, but it's decent indie rock. (RW)
(Ambivalent, 5511 Louisiana, St. Louis, MO 63111)

RED SWAN – "Michigan Blood Games" EP
The fact that this was recorded with Albini really helps to explain the song on the A-side. The drums and bass play pretty much the same thing throughout and the song only really changes as the guitar comes in and out. So musically it's similar to SHELLAC but not as good and with out the tinny sound. The vocals on the other hand are just talking in a very low voice. The B-side has one instrumental, which sounds nothing like the first song. It has banjo among other things and by itself surely would not have been reviewed here. The second song has a marching beat and sounds more like the song on the other side. The problem is that the whole thing is really monotone, especially in the vocals. (PA)
(Isoxys, www.isoxys.com)

THE RESTARTS – "Dare to Stand Up and Break Free" LP
Let me tell you about love. Simple punk rock; good chorusus; occasional TRAGEDY-like vocals. Usually typical punk growling. *Mixed with mind-blowing, genius words on topics of neverending importannce.* These British cunts love life, and yet see the hatred inherent within it. They want to change our world into one of thoughtful, careful understanding. I believe they could do it. "We shall fight back. We shall never surrender." Get this. Communicate with them. Love them. (JA)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznovpir, CZECH REPUBLIC)

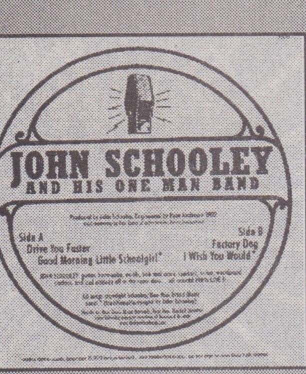
THE RIFFS – "Poison Boys/Lesson Number Nine"
Sneak preview single of these ex-RESIST folx' new LP. Don't expect songs about riots and Molotov cocktails played at a lightning pace, though, 'cause this is straight up NEW YORK DOLLS hanging out with the HEARTBREAKERS and T. REX while swilling whiskey and ludes, late 70s NYC punk. Slutty, swaggering, junkie rock and roll. It's good to see that they've picked up the pace a bit, 'cause I've always had to crank up the pitch adjustment a bit to speed their prior releases up to proper rocking pace. Solid stuff, but still not as good as their *Million Scars* EP, which I think is near-perfect. (MT)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cary St. #303, Richmond, VA 23221, www.tkorecords.com)

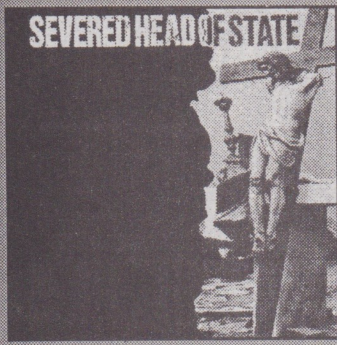
RIPCORD – "Discography Part II" LP
RIPCORD was one of the most influential European bands of the 80s, and an absolute must have for any hardcore fan. This disc completes the discography (2nd LP and 7") with the second phase of the band with Steve on vocals. Total Boston HC worship but with their own individual twist, they still sound a lot like SIEGE to these ears. The "Harvest Hardcore" EP remains an absolute classic, better than most hardcore stuff that's come out since…and that came out 15 years ago. (TB)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 3003 Hannover, GERMANY)

RISE AGAINST – "Revolutions Per Minute" LP
I'm glad I got this for review because I'm pretty sure anyone else would have written it off. I had the pleasure of taking in one of two record release shows for this album at the Fireside Bowl in Chicago two weeks ago, but I wasn't expecting much from RISE AGAINST as I was actually there to see another band. They totally impressed me with their energy and passion, and I left wanting to hear this record. The singer's got a pretty killer voice for melodic hardcore, and the rage is palpable. My one complaint would be that the politically charged lyrics tend to be a little vague and don't really address specific issues or solutions, but at least they've got the anger. That's more than can be said for most bands nowadays. If you're looking for something to tide you over until the next STRIKE ANYWHERE LP, you should pick this up. You might be pleasantly surprised. (MX)
(Fat, P.O. Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690, www.fatwreck.com)

RUBINOOS – "Crimes Against Music" CD
It's strange to review a new release from this Bay Area power pop band from the late 70s, but these guys still know their pop. Best known for power pop classics "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" and "Rock and Roll is Dead", we have a covers release here. Songs included are "Little Willy", "Pump It Up", "Shake Some Action", as well as a cool power pop version of "Brandy" and yes, she still is a fine girl. Very enjoyable for pop fans. (RL)
(Zip, 116 New Montgomery Ste. 220, San Francisco, CA 94105, www.rubinoos.com)

SCENT OF HUMAN HISTORY/LAZER – split CD
Two bands, both from Long Island. SCENT OF HUMAN HISTORY wishes it was still 1993 and that they were INDIAN SUMMER or MAINSPRING. When they play live I'm sure all the kids twitch and pat their chests. Anxiously waiting out the quiet parts for the moment when they can spazz out, flopping around on the floor like bacon. Spencer would eat this up like day-old Thai food. Me, I'm in the back of the room, still wondering when the next PIST reunion is going to happen, if 2.5 CHILDREN will play too, and if they'll do it in my bedroom. LAZER, on the other hand plays dirty, melodic punk which drinks from the same well as CRIMPSHRINE, SHOTWELL, or ABE FROMAN. Their tracks rule and will end up on some mix-tapes for my pals, for their summertime travels. (MT)
($6 ppd: 382 St. Luke Pl, Franklin Sq, NY 11010, fspunks@aol.com)





JOHN SCHOOLEY AND HIS ONE MAN BAND – "Drive You Faster" EP

I suspect I have been pigeonholed as the resident *MRR* one-man band aficionado. Fuck that! Yes, I love one-man bands more than multiple member bands, but maybe we need to spread the wealth. How many times do you want to hear me say this is fantastic? Now to totally contradict myself, JOHN SCHOOLEY rocks. You might know him as a member of the HARD FEELINGS, but his one-man band is when he shines. Beautiful, trashy, lo-fi rock and roll. The vocals are muffled, but the beat is there. Go ahead and dance. I am. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, Switzerland, info@voodoorhythm.com)

SKEPTIX – "Hate and Fear" CD

New album by another old British band. The SKEPTIX were around in the early 80s, but I can't really remember being into them. I can't remember them being this metal either. This not really my cup of tea—it sounds like all the bands that went crossover in the mid to late 80s, essentially ruining everything… (AD)
(Thunk, c/o The Madhouse, Unit 1 Cumberland Dairies, Middlewich Street, Crewe, CW1 4EA, UK)

SECRET 7 – "Play Fast Like There is No Tomorrow" EP

Fast, mad thrash from Singapore throwing down eleven songs on one side of this one-sided EP. Fans of ETA LIFE'S HALT, *et al*, will be way into these straight edge Singaporean speedsters. It's on 625 and you know it's prone to inducing circle pits. (WM)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA, www.625thrash.com)

THE SEIZURES – "The First Strike" EP

Enclosed press release states that Germany's SEIZURES "Transcend musical formulas with their unique blend of Garage Rock 'n' Roll—influenced by, but not restricted to, genres as versatile as Instrumental Surf, Psychobilly, Trash, Punk, 50s Rockabilly and Hardcore." Sure, I can hear bits of all that (only the tiniest hint of Hardcore in "Break My Bones," actually), plus a bit of DEVO (bet they weren't expecting that comparison) in the herky-jerkiness of some of the rhythms. Well-recorded but mastered at a ridiculously low level (I suppose that's why it says "Play Loud"). (DD)
(Street Cred, PO Box 94, Belmont, Vic 3216, AUSTRALIA, www.seizures.de)

SELFISH – "Cry for Love, Cry for Death" LP

This is an incredible release from these Finnish hardcore rockers that play Japanese styled hardcore. These guys have been playing furious and rampaging hardcore, reminiscent of DEATHSIDE, for over ten years. This release is a full-length LP of several previously issued 7"s that are out of print. Amazingly executed pounding hardcore with intense musical complexity, ripping guitars, rhythmically assaulting bass, retching vocals, and fast furious beats. Colorful, hand-drawn Hell-inspired artwork. This LP is a must have. Now! Go get it now! (LG)
(Deadalive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.deadaliverecords.com)

SERIOUS SUICIDE – "Off With Your Head" CD EP

SERIOUS SUICIDE has a big, theatrical, monstrous sound… like a mid-tempo 45 GRAVE with much cruder vocals. The crudeness goes from an explicit Lorena Bobbit reenactment to chants like "fuck me 'til I'm dead"… nice. I can't get over the amazingly professional sound quality. I'm sure this is some sorta seven song mini rock opera or soundtrack. Excellent. (HM)
(Blammy, PO Box 93062, Hollywood, CA 90093-0062, www.serioussuicide.com)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA – "Never Stop Attacking" CD

A collection of this Wisconsin based powerhouse of a hardcore unit's vinyl output thus far; includes their split 7"s with DESTROYER, COBRA KAI, and AKARSO, as well as their split LP with SINCE BY MAN. Intelligent, well played, diverse but still powerful and intense, this is what a really good hardcore band sounds like. Recommended. (WM)
(Flowerviolence, Kapellenstrasse 16, 69469 Weinheim, GERMANY, www.flowerviolence.de)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE – " Anathema Device" LP

That filthy grimy bastard Mr. Thorn has seen fit to serve me up a platter of crust-ridden drudgery which no self-respecting Clark wearing button-down colored balding mod should be seen with. So objectively, I commit to this review. Well it seems the doom and gloom merchants have heaped a healthy spread of razorbladed damnation upon our battered luggs, which I do wholeheartedly embrace. Musically right up there with the formula-one boys of hardcore from FROM ASHES RISE, TRAGEDY, and WORLD BURNS TO DEATH (spot the familiar faces). Even though I'm not adverse to a bit of clichéd lyrics, these finely dappered chaps manage to compose lyrics free from the slogans and the Nuremberg rallying calls normally expected from this genre, which in itself is quite refreshing. No diversity in the music, which goes straight to the danglers with a shit-encrusted steel-toe-capped boot. Have I mentioned DISCHARGE and the AMEBIX's yet? No, then I won't bother. (SD)
(Hardcore Holocaust, PO Box 26742 Richmond, VA 23261, www.hardcoreholocaust.com)

SIST – "Talking Points, Not Tragedies" CD

Hailing from Birmingham in the U.K., the same town that produced current cultural obsession Ozzy Osbourne, SIST start off sounding like they want to channel RITES OF SPRING, then dive into a fucking THURSDAY type of song, and finally devolve into just plain pop. This had promise, and I guess I should commend them for incorporating such range, but it's hard when you start out with a song that is so angry and then just get progressively more poppy and ridiculous from there. Recapture the glory of the first song, and you may have something there. (MX)
(Iron Man, P.O. Box 9121, Birmingham, b13 8au, UNITED KINGDOM, www.ironmanrecords.co.uk)

SIXTY STORIES – "Anthem Red" CD

A cool sounding band that mixes the indie/punk sound with keyboards and a few computer sounds. The gal vocals and strong songs give this a SLANT 6 meets the PIXIES meets pop punk dynamic. A great full length! (RL)
(Smallman, PO Box 352, 905 Corydon Ave, Winnipeg, MB, R3M 3V3 CANADA, sixtystories@hotmail.com)

THE SKINFLICKS - "Beyond Good and Evil: Luxembourg's Most Hated" CD

Fuck me. Luxemburg is a tiny West European country, with an entire population under 100,000, I believe. Best known for its cheap gas (no duty). Apparently, they do have skinheads, and their very own skinhead band. Who, apparently, no one likes, if they are to be believed. Mebbe it's cos they insist that they are not nazis, communists, reds, gay, or SHARP, but non-political. Mebbe it's cos they just aren't the sharpest tools in the shed, albeit there probably aren't that many sheds in Luxemburg. They do have a fixation with early 80s British oi (sing in English accents, sound a lot like the 4-SKINS, UK SUBS, and suchlike). Pity they didn't realize that these bands were very political. (RK)
(Blind Beggar,www.oirecords.com)

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS – "A Dog Day Afternoon" 2xLP

A live album from this first-wave UK combo recorded on last year's tour. This is mixed to come across as rocking and powerful, although hearsay had it that their local show was too rock. This band has done some great stuff—this is a mix of new and old. A respectable live album on the reunion front. (RL)
(TKO)

SOLITARY NEGLECT/BLASTONECROSIS – split 45

SOLITARY NEGLECT delivers screeching vocals over high speed metal goodness. Add low-quality female/male vocals and poor transitions and you've got BLASTONECROSIS. (SR)
(Robenchi, 1625 Grant St, Salem, OR 97303)

SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD/ABE FROMAN-split LP

I have the hugest crush on ABE FROMAN and their totally rockn' tunes, so you can imagine how juiced I was to learn they had a new release. Now, add to that the complete excitement of SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD, and you've got one happy chickpea. ABE FROMAN seems to be experimenting with a bit of acoustic, which contrasts nicely with their other pop-punk releases, which remind me of VANBILDERASS, and CLEVELAND DEATH BOUND SENTENCE. SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD charm your ears with a mix of hip hop, punk, metal mix that sound as amazing as no other, with a sense of humor. You have got to be a totally boring sourpuss to not listen to this party on a record and not grin. (MM)
(Harlan, 7205 Geronimo N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

SPASMZ – "Nuclear" CD

Quick tempo punk rock with a female vocalist—NAKED AGGRESSION style—and snotty (a little annoying) male back-ups. Song topics include scabies, machismo, and women's obsessions with their bodies. (SR)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St., Toronto, ON, M6J 3A9 CANADA, www.woundedpaw.com)

SPAZMZ –"Spazmz" EP

Ass-kicking drunk punk with SLITS-stylee female vocals. How can you not proudly stand behind lyrics like, "We got scabies, where's the ointment?/A huge parental disappointment" ? And there's plenty more lyrical genius where that came from. Packaged with photos of band members barfing and wearing bloody prom dresses, this is tits. There is a devastating lack of punk bands like this one in the world and we are all the worse for it. Buy this record and reduce your poseur status immediately. (JB)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St., Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3A9 CANADA)

SPITFIRE - "Hardcore Discography '86 -'89" CD

An explosion of high energy '82 hardcore from Sapporo, Japan. 14 tracks of manic, out-of-control MINOR THREAT/7 SECONDS style mayhem. Totally passionate and intense. Totally rad! Enhanced CD contains some ferocious live video from '88. (VH)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

SPOTTY BOTTY – "Crap" EP

Aah, what a pleasure it is to hear a band that sounds like they're having fun and not to busy posturing and perfecting solos and all that rock and roll bullshit. Here you have some kinda sloppy but very energetic punk rock with boy/girl vocals reminding me of JACK ACID or maybe even BLATZ. The music is super simple and of the three chord variety, but that doesn't take away from its charm. (DP)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St. Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3A9 CANADA, www.woundedpaw.com)

ST. TIBS DAY – "...And Our Voices Escape Unheard" CD

ST. TIBS is on the emo-licious TEXAS IS THE REASON tip. SAMIAM, the PROMISE RING, a dash of HOT WATER MUSIC, and even a touch of TOOL (in the vocals) comes to mind. Know what I'm talking about? Well, if you do there are eight songs on this CD that sound just like this. It's not bad, it's OK—and if you like the bands I just rattled off then you'll probably like this too. The music comes off sounding sincere, I've just heard a lot of bands that sound like this lately. (AS)
(no address, http://fade.to/tibs)

STAMENS – "Lost Tapes" EP

Dorksville USA. It's a surf record that's "about" surf records. If I wanted to hear a record "about" surf records I'd buy the last SILLY SURFERS record for chrissakes. This is essential only for people who are "into" modern surf records "about" surf records. OK, it grows on you, I'll admit it, just because it really is the flat-out stupidest record this month. "Surf! Surf! Surf!" (RW)
(I Don't Feel A Thing, no address)

STRUNG UP – "I'd Rather Be Smashing Christianity" EP

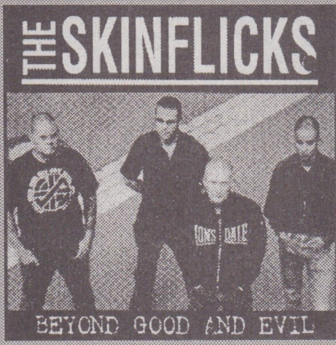
Whoa, this is fucking good. Fast, angry, and in-your-face hardcore. STRUNG UP pump out 7 tracks that all sound like they could have come out in 1982. The production is raw, but it fits this band perfectly. Song topics range from hating rich kids, to attacking pharmaceutical companies, to dying at the hands of a cop. The best thing about this band is that they are from the Bay Area. Which means that I get to see them live on a regular basis. Great fucking cover art to boot. (CC)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)

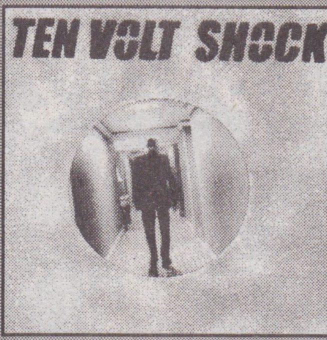
THE STUPOR STARS – "Bernadette/Born to Run"

Wow. There are a ton of bands that play old skewl '77 style punk rock. Very few of those bands, however, manage to go much beyond imitating the sound and actually capture the spirit of those old bands. I don't know why this is. Maybe it's because today's bands are more talented or maybe it's because recording techniques have evolved to make even low-budget recordings sound over produced. In any case, the STUPOR STARS have definitely broken that mold. Not only are these songs catchy and melodic, they are also full of energy and soul. Both songs will have you bouncing your head, wondering which is the A-side, and begging for more. This is good shit, really good shit. (KK)
(Honeyhole, www.stuporstars.com)

STYLEX – "False Start" CD

If you're going to be making this new wave revival kind of music, you have to understand that there is a certain beauty in simplicity. In my mind, that's what makes the FAINT so good: you get driving, four-on-the-floor dance beats under massive, soaring keyboard chords. Nothing too fancy, just some good synthetic fun. I give STYLEX cred-





it for trying to be different, and their songs do have some fucking brilliantly DURAN DURAN-inspired moments, but too often they try so hard to impress us with their musical intricacy and technological wizardry that the song just gets lost amid a barely-coherent synthesizer frenzy. Strip down, let the songs speak for themselves. You don't have to show us how many crazy parts you can come up with for the same songs. (MX)
(Friction, frictiongoods.com)

SWASTIKA GIRLS – "Joey Ramone is Dead" EP

OK, it's official, everyone is smoking pot laced with PCP again. Thanks for clueing me in, SWASTIKA GIRLS. These guys recorded this live in the county jug with donated instruments while the buzz was wearing off, and the effect is positively paint-scraping, I mean, paint-chip eating. There's some lovely improv poetry on this that makes total sense, but then he ruins his point by screaming. Dammit, I want to know how it all came out! "Music" is too general a term for this one. (RW)
($3 ppd: Constant Pein, 1300 N. Douty, Hanford, CT 93220)

SWITCHBLADE - CD

Devastating! Discordant guitars and thundering wall-of-noise bass come together with absolutely raw, harsh vocals to create the chaotic, pummeling sound of SWITCHBLADE. A 24 track onslaught of overwhelmingly brutal hardcore from Stockholm, Sweden. (VH)
(Trust No One, Helgalunden 5, 118 58 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.trustnoonerecordings.com)

TEN VOLT SHOCK – "The Incident" EP

A hefty three-ton tuner of bass heavy kraut rock, which pleases the ear of our more intellectual reviewers in the dark dirty offices of *MRR*. A slight nod of the head to NO MEANS NO, a swift kick to the buttocks from Steve Albini, all rounded out with a jittery kink in the tail that gives it a slight resemblance to a more punked-up LIARS. More direct than their hyped New Yorker counterparts, and I guess being from the land of unmatching pinstripes, with horizontals a little less fashionable. I do hope it's all black dyed hair, drain-piped trousers, and sensible shoes, or I'll be wanting my money back. (SD)
(X-Mist, Leonardstr.18A, 72202 Nagold, GERMANY, armin@x-mist.de)

THE THANES – "Downbeat and Folked Up" LP

Perfect unguent for what ails me (at least right now). *Downbeat and Folked-Up* is a lively, real and honest-to-a-fault clutch of 60s styled beat and punchy folk-pop (don't laugh at me) played with a sense of urgency and careful attention to detail. It's a product of London's famed Toe Rag Studios—home-away-from-home to the HEADCOATS, ARMITAGE SHANKS and many others—and the added audio oomph elevates potentially weedy material to wild. Even the BOB DYLAN cover works. It's got a certain Old World charm and a particular New World desperation. (JH)
(Screaming Apple. Düstemichstr. 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

THIRTY CALLED ARSON - "You're Only a Rebel..." CD

Holy warriors THIRTY CALLED ARSON, pound out ultra-heavy COALESCE, KISS IT GOODBYE, CAVE IN-style hardcore. Reading the liner notesm I'm noticing that thanking god hasn't gone out of style yet. THIRTY DAY ARSON are going to have to keep praying that angst-filled, technical metal/prog-rock doesn't go out of style either. (VH)
(Pluto, PO Box 1201, McKinney, TX 75070)

TIGER SHOVEL NOSE – "Cappuccino Twist/Stupid Stupid"

I must be in the mood for dancing, 'cause this has got me out of my fucking seat pretending like I actually know how to dance. I tell you what you've got here. You've got lo-fi, 60s style garage punk with female vocals (in the tinny Japanese style). It's catchy and simple and great. Any 7" record that has only one song on each side is always worth listening to. Highest recommendation, I'm telling you. (KK)
(I Don't Feel a Thing, PO Box 858, Tempe, AZ, 85280, idontfeelathing.com)

TOTALITÄR - "Dom Lurar Oss" EP

TOTALITÄR is among the best of the best. Since they began in 1985/86 they have been delivering pure hardcore nonstop for near to 19 years now and the recent EPs are no exception. They keep the music coming with force, vitality, and unique songs and never compromise their raw, aggressive, and brutal hardcore punk sound. This holds true with every new release. That's one of the things that makes this band so great. TOTALITÄR released the bulk of their material in the 90s, and *Dom Lurar Oss* first came out in 2000. The EP is great and essential to any TOTALITÄR fan's collection. Though it may lack some of the intensity and anger of some of the other releases, I still say that its pretty awesome. No lyric translations from Swedish to English, which kinda sucks, because TOTALITÄR lyrics are some of the most insightful political lyrics I've come across. (LG)
(100 DB, c/o Frimodig Varmfront Sgatan 18 128 34, Skarpnack, SWEDEN)

TRAGATELO – LP

Every song on this posthumous LP is a big winner—furious, tuneful hardcore crammed with intensity and heart. The songs are so animated they practically jump off of the vinyl and take over the fucking room—there's nothing stale here. TRAGATELO is one of those bands that can take a *really* catchy guitar line and flush it out so thoroughly with distortion and rage that your heart skips a beat. The songs, in Spanish, are calls for pride and communication for youth of color, and assaults on racism and oppression. Lina, the singer, is backed up in the right places to a really full, deliberate effect. They could have audiences encoring with tin cups in schools and prisons; they could start riots! Side A, recorded by Craigums, is superior; Side B, recorded in 1999, is a little muffled, but still good. Last but not least, the cover is a gorgeous three-color screenprint. (AC)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

TRUE NORTH – "Put Your Nightlife Where Your Mouth Is" 12"EP

A crazy looking record, first off. It's a 12", but with an inner label that is about 7" wide. Kind of cool; according to my buddy Paul it was modeled after a PRINCE record. A good release from this band, who reminds me of BORN AGAINST with more riffing. They have a pretty unique sound, though, I must say. FUGAZI, DRIVE LIKE JEHU, and also the influence of certain Ebullition bands seem in full effect. If you have enjoyed the past records of this band, this record will suit you. If you have not, though, you may want to see them live, where I think their true beauty is displayed. (WR)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

US BOMBS – "Art Kills/Framed"
Two decent songs from this popular band that sound just like the rest of their stuff. (SR)
(TKO, 3126 W. Carry St. #303, Richmond, VA 23221)

GLI ULTIMI - "Non É Destino" EP
.....fuck, yet more Italian 60s revival.....actually, this band is far superior than the HUNCHMEN for two reasons: 1) they sing in their native tongue... 2) they are ugly....and everybody knows that an ugly band is always better than a pretty band....that's just a rule of thumb!!!!! Another plus is the fact that all four songs here are originals instead of the usual 90% KINKS/PRETTY THINGS/SONICS staple covers that *every* 60s revival band feels compelled to put to wax time after time, decade after decade.....etc., etc....!!!! Just goes to show you that most people are mindless *sheep*!!!! Especially yer average hipster who knows *nothing* about the connection between sex and music and drugs......but I have a gut feeling that GLI ULTIMI is eating more pussy right now than the HUNCHMEN ever dreamed of.....you can just see it in their faces.....!!!!! (SW)
(Psych-Out, P.za 1 Maggio 44, 72017 Ostuni (BR), ITALY, gliultimi@hotmail.com)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Against Terrorism" EP
Thick, crust-grind brutality as you would expect from this Japanese record-releasing machine. This time around you get six songs, inspired by the September 11th terror attacks on American soil, and all with terrorism, terror, or terrorist in their title—all of them being anti-terrorist. Kind of ironic coming from a band that a lot of people would classify as a form audio terrorism. (WM)
(Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

UNHOLY GRAVE/MITTEN SPIDER – split EP
Ah yes, just what the doctor ordered, another UNHOLY GRAVE split. This time around they share the vinyl with MITTEN SPIDER. MITTEN SPIDER who is from Southern California creates one hell of a mess of grinding noise. Everything is fast and extremely raw and muffled. And the vocalist sounds like he is trying to vomit out concrete. UNHOLY GRAVE....well you know the story there. Fast metallic grind, with fierce growling vocals. Grindheads take note. (RC)
(Agromosh, PO Box 2480, Escondido, CA 92033)

THE UNKNOWN – "Radio Lied to Me" CD
This Cleveland band dishes out another slab of pop punk meets power pop. The DESCENDENTS influence is still here and who's complaining? A good full length with hooks a plenty from this pop punk vets. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.theunknown.us)

VÄÄRINKÄSITYS – "Pillerit Ja Purkit" EP
A monster of a release here—13 tracks of amazing Finnish hardcore played in the style of KAAOS, TERVEET KADET, and their ilk. Hectic, urgent, and furious hardcore punk without a single ounce of metal to taint its vicious, lean and mean attack. Only 300, so start hunting now! Brilliant. (MT)
(Nahka, Haapatie 3 a 8, 41520 Hankasalmi, FINLAND, nahka@bikerider.com)

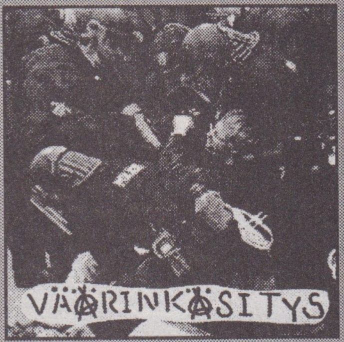
VANILLA MUFFINS – "The Drug is Football" LP
I've had a soft spot for this band since their *Sugar Oi Will Win!* album came out seven or eight years ago. Very melodic poppy street punk from Switzerland with songs largely made up of romantic odes to "The Beautiful Game" that is soccer, and nostalgia for it's glory days. The songs are in English and sang over a catchy power-pop oi hybrid, hence their self-titled sub-genre "Sugar Oi". Fans of street punk who would like something a little less aggro will love this, as well they should. (AD)
(Knock Out, Potash 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

VELOCITYENGINE – "Version 1" CD
A band that fits in the emo pop punk vein here. Similar in sound to the GET UP KIDS and the Vagrant sound, while vocally there is a touch of SUPERCHUNK. Decent for a new band. File under potential. (RL)
(Life Recording Company, 43 Essex St, Marlboro, MA 01752, band@velocityengine.net)

VOICES FORMING WEAPONS – LP
Wow, this is a damn good record. VOICES FORMING WEAPONS immediately brings a plethora of bands to mind: many songs have traces of SWIZ, TORCHES TO ROME, even BORN AGAINST in some of the vocal parts; while other songs really have me thinking of any number of No Idea/Florida bands with the overwhelming use of gruff melody. An excellent fusion of styles to say the very least. That said, my only complaint (a minor one, mind you) is that VOICES FORMING WEAPONS seem to have a sound that is very polished, almost on the verge of becoming too clean, making me almost crave the rough urgency found in all of the aforementioned bands. Don't let that get you down though—these songs rock very, very hard and the song writing—on the whole—is top notch. Easily my favorite record of the month. (SP)
(One Leaf, c/o Eric Yu, 104 Bonny Ln., N. Andover, MA 01845, www.oneleafrecords.com)

WARHEAD – "Kono Omoi Wo Dokoe" LP
A rampaging piledriver-to-the-fucking skull attack of buzzsaw guitars, desperate screaming vocals, and fist-pumping group choruses, this record contains 15 tracks of relentless, raging Japanese hardcore along the same line as DEATHSIDE or BASTARD. This fine LP is actually the combination of their 1993 CD-only release *Kono Omoi Wo Dokoe* and their 1995 *Lost Self and Beating Heart* EP (which is my personal favorite of theirs). A total fucking juggernaut—many thanks to Ugly Pop for finally making this amazing punk easily available to those of us in the Western World. (MT)
($10 ppd US/ $13 world: Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St. W, Suite 100, Box 477, Toronto, ON, M4W 3E2, CANADA, uglyxpop@yahoo.com)

WASTED – "Can't Wash Off the Stains" 10"
This record is fantastic. There is no way to describe this other than PUNK ROCK. I just don't understand why this band and others like the GC5 aren't huge. WASTED from Finland slow things down from their earlier stuff which was way more "street punk" (or whatever the fuck kids are calling straight ahead punk rock these days) and add in a strong SoCal influence, imagine if you mixed RANCID with SOCIAL DISTORTION and BAD RELIGION... awesome stuff. The production is huge too which just adds to a mind blowing record. Buy...buy...buy. (TB)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 65, 11101 RMK, FINLAND. www.combatrockindustry.com)



WHITE CHRISTIAN DISASTER – "1980-1987" CD

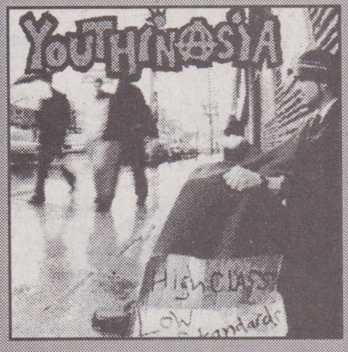
The first thing that should probably be pointed out here is that the band didn't really exist from 1980-1987. Maybe it is an inside joke, but they actually were around between 1997-2000. This is actually the first time I have heard this band. Musically, they play some raw fast punk that sounds quite edgy and distorted. They slow things down a tad in some places, but always return to full speed ahead. Harsh, angry vocals rage on about everything from consumerism to education. They even throw in a cover of the DICKS' "Hate the Police" for good measure. (RC)
(I-Dopa, Caixa Postal 1860, Cep 80011-970, Curitiba - PR, BRASIL, idoba.cjb.net)

WORTHLESS UNITED – "A Nation Under" CD

After seeing this band's name, I was all set to make a clever pun about how bad this is. Though I'm disappointed you won't get to see how clever I am, I'm relieved that this doesn't suck. With the vocal ache and punk energy of an amalgamation of RANCID and AMERICAN STEEL and the street punk-lite sounds of later SWINGING UTTERS, I can totally picture myself dancing my ass off at some bar in ten years to this band. If you're a fan of the afore-mentioned bands, and crave a little more acoustic guitar than you're going to get on any of their records, you should find something to love here. (MX)
(Now or Never, 150 Bay St., Suite 806, Jersey City, NJ 07302, www.noworneverrecords.com)

YOU'RE FIRED – EP

Super harsh, fast hardcore from Seth Putnam, of ANAL CUNT, and John Gillis of TODAY IS THE DAY, and two other white dudes, all of whom are of obvious native ancestry to North America and whose families never immigrated from anywhere else. They've got a pro-gun, anti-"socialists like Kennedy", anti-immigrant, anti-extremist freak (!), anti-ATF, pro-gun stance: Republican Hardcore. They do a cover of the PTL KLUB. (WM)
(RSR)



YOUTHINASIA - "High-Class Low Standards" CD

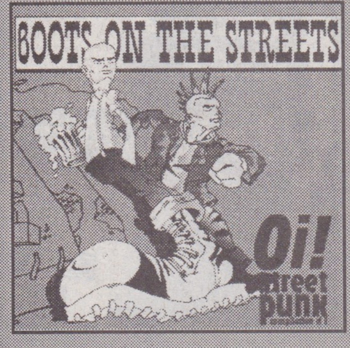
I was initially really excited to get this. YOUTHINASIA were an early 80s CRASS-type political-punker band from the UK. Unfortunately, other than circling one of the A's in their name, these folks have no connection whatsoever. They produce an almost passable, but horribly inferior version of NOFX/LAGWAGON, without the humor, and certainly not the brains or politics. Oh well. (RK)
(Dic Rawk, www.yiamusic.com)

YUPPIE PRICKS – "Initial Public Offering" CD

With the Jello-esque vocals and songs like "Coke Party", "I Need a New", and "Suburban Living", the YUPPIE PRICKS are attempting to enter the world of punk rock satire without enough wit to pull it off. Their obsession with money, stock, cocaine, and general uppercrustiness don't really come off as derisive but more like wishful thinking. And "Prosperity in the USA" to the music of "Anarchy in the UK"? Please, YUPPIE PRICKS, don't make any more records. (DP)
(PO Box 150843, Austin, TX 78715, www.yuppiepricks.com)

V/A – "Bay Area Thrash Demolition" EP

625 has managed to release almost as many records as Dischord, and yet has only been around for half the time. Just something to think about. Number 110 brings us a Bay Area compilation that pretty much documents what was going on 'round these parts in 2002. Since then, the LAB RATS, DYSTROPHY, and SCHOLASTIC DETH have all broken up. Sadly, the strongest tracks on here were from those bands (with the exception of the smokin' SHARP KNIFE track). 7 bands total – all ranging from fast, to really fast hardcore. I wish more local punk/hardcore scenes put out records like this. (CC)
(625)

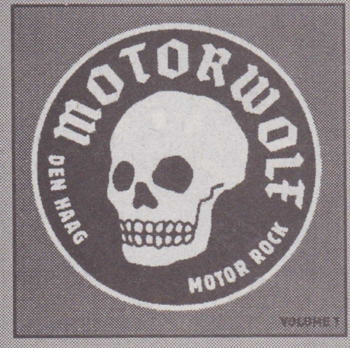


V/A – "Boots on the Streets" CD

Huge streetpunk/oi comp compiled by a Russian label and featuring a very global array of bands from USA, Singapore, Brazil, England, Norway, Italy, Australia, Germany, Malaysia, France, Austria, and Russia. The music is pretty standard oi with a couple of ska tracks thrown in, and there's a few songs that are so bad that they're funny, but this is a good compilation for the simple fact that it's cool to hear so many bands from different places. The best song is by ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS, and other stand out names are NOBODY'S HEROES, KLASSE KRIMINALE, CHARGE 69, BEERZONE, TOWER BLOCKS, SMODATI, and NUTS AND BOLTS. (AD)
(Neuro Empire, c/o Shemetova T.N., PO Box 58, Moscow, RUSSIA)

V/A – "Contrataque: Tributo Al Rock Subterraneo" CD

You must excuse my rusty Spanish. I believe this is a tribute to old Peruvian bands from the 80s. There is a very wide range of sounds on this interesting comp—electronic, new wave, melodic punk, and experimental. (SR)
(Ya Estas Ya, www.insumision.8m.com, nomastoros@hotmail.com)



V/A – "Decide on Change" LP

Think of this as the follow-up to last years *Histeria* comp, as far as quality goes. Featuring some of the best hardcore bands from recent times (STRAIGHT TO HELL, TOTALITÄR, BALANCE OF TERROR, LAST SECURITY, VUUR, SCHOLASTIC DETH, plus seven others) coming together, thanks to the fine folx from the Mountain Records Collective, to support the NYC More Gardens Coalition. But in addition to being an amazing sonic experience, this record also contains some inspiring writing concerning the history of More Gardens Coalition and using it as a springboard to discuss the taking back control of the world around you, and in specific, your city. Public space is ours, take it back. Fucking great compilation. (MT)
($9 ppd: Mountain Collective, PO Box 220320, Green Pont Post Office, Brooklyn, NY 11222, info@mtncia)

V/A – "Foot Stompin', Barn Burning…" LP

15 bands including the likes of CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, CATHETER, LEGION OF DOOM, and BLACK MARKET FETUS pound out one song a piece of the gloomy crust/metal/grind genre. I guess this is supposed to be a somewhat regional comp, featuring a lot of bands from Texas and Iowa, mocking their hillbilly heritage. I'm generally not a fan of this style of punk, and the poor recording on most of these tracks doesn't help. FLAT & SCRUGGS records have more energy and intensity than most of the stuff here. (VH)
(Fat Gut, 1127 N. Clinton Ave, Dallas, TX 75208)

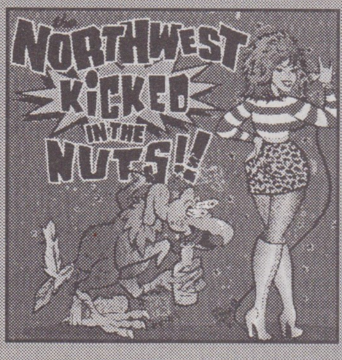
V/A – "Mosh Circle Jerk Punks" LP

The cover art makes this comp out to be a dead ringer for one of those 1993 Go-Kart Records alternative rock compilation that flooded record store clearance bins across the country. "Great Fuckin' 4 Bands!! Great Fucking

16 Songs!!" as the cover reads, seemed unlikely. Once I put the needle down on this sucker I was completely blown away... "GREAT FUCKIN' 4 BANDS!! GREAT FUCKING 16 SONGS!!" Those wacky Japanese kids got me again. IDOL PUNCH, TOMORROW, BBQ CHICKEN, and RAZORS EDGE come together to dish out fast, energetic hardcore punk. A great record. (VH)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

V/A – "Motorwolf" CD
25-band comp of heavy-duty garage rock *a la* Estrus in the mid-90s, with enough wanker guitar jizz to keep HELLACOPTERS fans from hitting the clicker. Let's see: RAVING BONKERS, APOLLO 13, PANTY BOY, TAILDRAGGER, TONER LOW, WARD 69, DR. REVERB…got it? The emphasis is on recording the kick drum *really* well, so that you can be impressed by the heaviness. Dullsville, baby. The new bar rock. (RW)
(Motorwolf, Schouwburgstraat 2, 2511 VA Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

V/A – "The Northwest Got Kicked In The Nuts—Last Chance Records Comp" CD
Featuring the likes of 25 northwest bands, such as the TRIGGERS, SADO-NATION, and MACHO BORRACHO. I'm pleased to see so many women involved with this project. Yep. (MM)
(Last Chance, PO Box 42396 Portland, OR 97242)



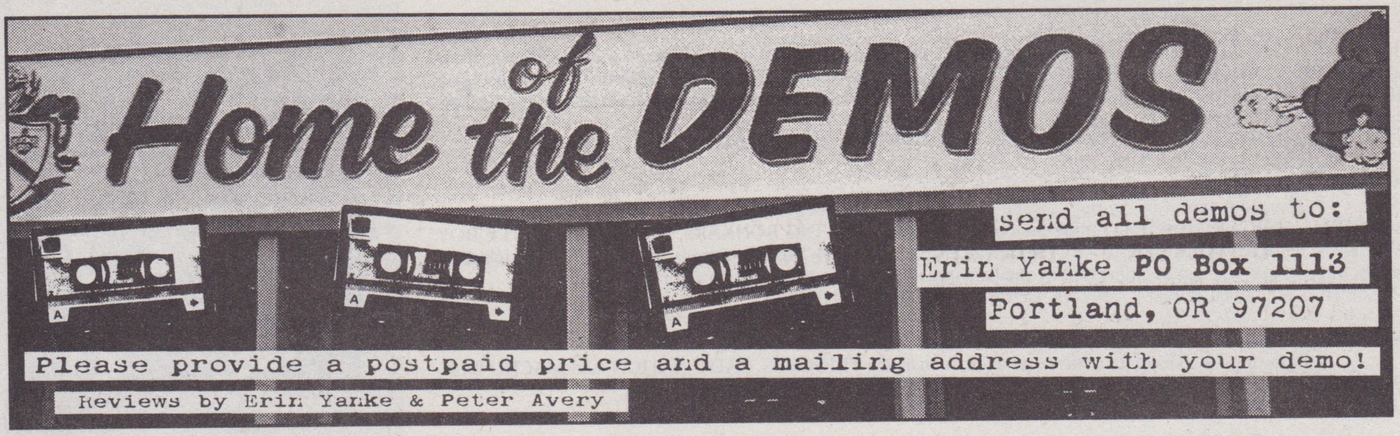
V/A – "Now You Can Die Vol. 1" EP
A couple of songs each by VITAMIN X, SCOTT BAIO ARMY, TRUCKER CRANK (RIP), and YOUTH RIOT (RIP). This extremely limited EP (119 copies—good luck, punk) came with issue number four of *Carnage Asada* zine out of relaxing Oxnard, CA (see zine reviews section for more info). TRUCKER CRANK, from Vegas, has some decent demo cuts on here. The SCOTT BAIO ARMY live radio tracks on KXLU are pretty bad-ass—no reason to sample if you can record a real-life DJ talking about how cool your band is! VITAMIN X's stuff, also live, is pretty fuzzy, but desirable for fans. The YOUTH RIOT stuff…I don't know…the recording is pretty rough, but you know. Put down your Gamecube flippers, or whatever, and attempt to order now. (AC)
(Crime Scene, 1331 Kelp, Oxnard, CA 93035, cxrossedouttwice@yahoo.com)

V/A - "Six Weeks Omnibus Vol. 1" CD
This is my official no-brainer of the Month. Japanese fast-thrash-mad-core rules and with a list that looks like this: The GAIA, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, CEMENT, JACK WITH KILLER, ROSE ROSE, ZONE, ULTIMO RAUSEA, TOAST, SENSELESS APOCALYPSE, BEYOND DESCRIPTION, REAL REGGAE, NICE VIEW (!!), ARGUE DAMNATION, NO THINK, FLASH GORDON, and ONE SIZE FITS ALL, you know it's a win-win situation. This CD collects two comps originally released on the glorious vinyl format, many moons ago, by Six Weeks. You don't have to think twice about this, just go get it. (WM)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931, USA, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

V/A – "Stab and Kill Vol. 1" 2xEP
Man, it's just my month for controversial records. The controversy I speak of over this double 7" comp hovers around the fact that the artist who drew the cover for it just wrote into the last issue of MRR to apologize for allowing his artwork to be associated with it. One of the bands, the SMUT PEDDLERS, contributed a song laden in homophobic terms. "Progressive types are taking over the beach/things are getting out of hand/people wait in line to be let into gay bars/rainbow flags fly over our land/riot at the pier…Kent Shockneck is a fucking queer." I hope the person who put this out didn't know what they were getting from this band, but either way it is fucked. Aside from that song, this is a really good comp of fast hardcore bands mainly from the East Coast. The bands that standout are MENTAL, KNIFEFIGHT, R 'N' R, FIT FOR ABUSE, the A-TEAM, and GLORY FADES. Fifteen bands in all. (CC)
(www.stabandkill.com)

V/A – "Tutti Pazzi Vol. 3" CD
The continuing saga of inept, tuneless Yugoslavian punk rock history comps—this time around featuring the ripping sounds of STRES DA, DISTRESS, ODPADKI CIVILIZACIJE, PATARENI, U.B.R., KATEGORIJA, and GIUSEPPE CARABINO. Fast, go-for-the-throat hardcore all-around, recorded at a time when you could easily disapear for manufacturing such a racket. Ranging from manic hardcore that gives some old Finnish stuff a run for its money, to proto-grind, this serves as a wonderful documentation to an often-overlooked section of punk's long history. Hopefully this will appear on vinyl as have the others in this series of comps. Great stuff all around. (MT)
(Falsanja Kol'Ko's, einesel@mail.inet.hr)

V/A – "Underground Screams" CD
I'm really pleased to see a successful label like Asian Man Records do a compilation like this. A vast array of bands (26 total) which were narrowed down from over 600 demos sent to the label. There are a lot of great bands here, only six of which I had even heard of. Some good pop songs, some good ska songs, some good hardcore songs, some good melodic punk. A nice eclectic mix. If you have an open mind for music, this is a perfect opportunity to hear a lot of new bands which I can almost guarantee you haven't heard of. I know it takes me a lot to ever buy a compilation, because of the *oceans and oceans* of terrible ones which are released by the thousands each month, but this one rules. Some of the fucking good bands and artists included are: the CLARENDON HILLS, JAMES LESTE, the NATIONAL PASTIME, LAYDIG, the GHETTOBLASTERS, and just about every other one on here, too. (WR)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)



151 CAMEO DRIVE go for a basic rockaroll sound that's a bit faster with more actual anger involved. They play on the fast side of mid-tempo, and sometimes thrash it out. The vocals are by different people, one who has traditional shouted angry young man vocals, and one who's snottier and somehow more casual. Pretty good on the whole. ($6. 8 song CD, no lyrics included. 2090 Shady Creek Pl., Danville, CA 94526.) (Erin)

THE ABSENTEES just made me sit through 19 songs that all sound the same and are all about the Long Beach police. For the most part the music is very basic mid-tempo punks songs with an out of tune attempt at crooning. It's really funny at first. (19-song CD, no info at all.) (Peter)

THE ACEHOLES CD sounds like it is split up into two bands. The second group of six songs is pretty much an attempt to rip off early SCREECHING WEASEL but as usual it fails. The first six songs are newer stuff with a different line-up. For four of the six, they dropped the pop and went for straight-up three-chord, play as fast as you can and scream style punk. The other two sound like the previous stuff. (12 song CD, no lyrics, $3 ppd, 112 St., Albans Ave., Deptford, NJ 08096) (Peter)

THE ANTI DIFRANCOS were great, and as careful readers, you'll notice I said were, because they have sent in their last demo. It's a recording of their last show, and sounds pretty good for a live recording. I think it's about the fourth song that the vocals get turned down as to hear the music better. Remember, their energetic thrashing about that half the time sounds like FILTH on 45. Also, they compile all their work on one discography CD, including the live show, a split EP, and three demos. Fucking great. Sad to see you go. (12 song CD, lyrics included for the live show. $5 for the 63 song CD, lyrics included discography. P.O. Box 9263, Missoula MT 59807.) (Erin)

BERZERKERS play on the hard rock side of punk. The songs are mostly driving mid-paced, and have lots of tough rocker riffs; even the slower paced songs. The vocals are sort of a sore throat spoken combination. ($3 ppd. US, $4 ppd. World. 10 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 254, Carle Place, NY 11514.) (Erin)

THE BROADSIDE BEAT probably has the best demo that I've gotten so far. I know there are too may pop punk bands, but these guys do it well. Most of it is very much in the vein of early GREEN DAY. The songs are catchy and the recording is well done. (4 song CD, with lyrics, 526 Riddle Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45220.) (Peter)

BLISSARD play pretty and mellow pop songs with a hint of a spine. It's like SCRAWL, or maybe the THROWING MUSES, with a deeper voiced singer who gets sort of moany at times. (3 song CD, lyrics included. Meidoornstraat 22, 2563GH The Hague, the Netherlands.)(Erin)

BREAKDANCE offered me my first demo bribe! 85 cents to compare them to DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL! I win! But seriously folks, they are of the hardcore that has totally straightforward driving parts, moody dark parts, and sort of quirky bits thrown in just to keep you on your toes. The singers, two or three, I can't tell, sometimes sound like they're about to throw up the darkness in their soul, sometimes are having a primal tantrum, and sometimes sound like they're imitating attacking birds. On the whole, it's pretty tough. (7 song mini-CD, lyrics included. 1455 Valley View Drive #A, Coralville, IA 52241.) (Erin)

CHANTICLEAR play amateur pop punk in several different styles. Some of the songs are "melodic hardcore;" some have more of a street punk feel, while others sit in that SNUFF school. People should start to question the use of the term "white trash." (11 song CD, with lyrics, www.suckrock.com/overlook.html) (Peter)

THE COLOR OF VIOLENCE packages their demo in a DVD case, which is pretty cool. They play heavy grinding hardcore that borders on metal (especially with the double bass). But these bands are all somehow connected to the emo scene (if such a thing exists). I'm sure there is a new name for this brand of music but as I have not been wasting my time on a bunch of crummy message boards, I seem to be out of the loop. Anyway this stuff is pretty rock'n. Lots of screaming; slow heavy stuff mixes with unrelenting drive. (3 song CD, no lyrics, www.thecolorofviolence.com) (Peter)

THE COREVARES play poppy, mid-tempo punk. Some times it has a late 70s British feel, which may have more to do with the false accent that appears in some songs than anything else. There is nothing fancy about it. Straight-up drumming, three guitar chords and a solo thrown in every once in a while. They cover "When U Were Mine" and "Redemption Song". (14 song CD, no lyrics, corevares@yahoo.com) (Peter)

THE CRINGE plays slow rock with a mix of half-bluesy, half-old Detroit style. The singer is doing a dead on Jim Morrison impression, but his voice is deeper. (5-song CD, no lyrics included. 76 Goldsmith Ave. #2, Providence, RI 02914.) (Erin)

DENY LIFE play heavy hardcore that is between grind and metal. The songs range from mid tempo headbangers to driving blast-beat fast ones. The vocals are painful and the guitar is very metal. (6 song CD, no lyrics, 10 rue Francois Couperin, 78 590 Noisy-le-Roi, France, guillotpierre@hotmail.com) (Peter)

DISSEVER has a buzzsaw gui-

tar sound, with fancy solos and stuff, amazing because it's played really fucking fast. Sometimes it slows down enough to be in the totally driving category. The vocals are guttural and shouted. ($1. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 1030 Dallas Drive #1231, Denton, TX 76205.) (Erin)

DOMESTIK DOKTRIN thrashes across boundaries to totally rock and keep your feet moving. Fast and vicious, but funny too. The vocals are shouted in a motor-mouth kind of way, but with lots of venom added. Apparently this might be released on vinyl soon, but without the samples, so as the letter says, "this is the real deal!). ($4 ppd., US. 10 song cassette, lyrics included. Mekarsari #5, Cibaduyut, Bandung 40235, West Java, Indonesia.) (Erin)

ENVENOMED are a pretty dark hardcore band that oscillate between slow and dirgy, and blast beat mayhem. The guitars are buzzy and the snare drum has deeper ringing going on than the snap of a snare. The vocals are always really guttural and wind tunnel sound effect style. And, for your listening pleasure, they do an ANTI-CIMEX cover. ($3 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyrics included. 1970 Westwood Northern Blvd. #5, Cincinnati, OH 45225.) (Erin)

EYESORE fits right in to the metallic hardcore camp, with gloomy slower bits that have fancy guitar work, and then crazy fast parts where you'll throw your neck out head banging along. That is, if you're not jumping around all out of control. The dual vocals feature the deep-throated screamer groaning mostly, and the high-pitched screamer who gets into screeching territory. ($2 ppd. US. 2 song CD, lyrics included. Faisal, Blk. 111, Yishun Ring Road, #02-367, Singapore, 760111.) (Erin)

FLICKERFLAME starts this off with a rocker. The first song has guitars that are very much in the vein of BORN AGAINST, screaming vocals, and pounding drums. This is a bit confusing because some of the other songs do a basic 80s punk thing with some wanking guitar every once in a while. I'd have to say that this is well worth it for those songs that do rock (like tracks 1, 5 and 6). (6 song CD, with lyrics, $4 ppd, 10211 Oxfordshire Drive, Nokesville, VA 20181.) (Peter)

GOREFIST are a sloppy hardcore band that's made up of melodic toughness and straightforward bits that would be thrashy if they were faster. The singer is singing and shouting, and then sometimes just shouting. These folks might be the bridge between the rockaroll kids, and the hardcore kids. ($1 ppd. US, $2 World. 9 song CD, no lyrics included. 5290 Lerner Hall, New York, NY 10027.) (Erin)

HYPATIA plays quality emo hardcore, with tempo changes that you'd expect, and little bits that are totally surprising. The slow melodic parts are done really well, and kind of sweet. That's 35%, but the remaining 65% is pretty fast, easy to picture the screaming guy on his knees on stage while everyone else is doing that jerking-around dance. Good packaging, too. ($2 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. 781 F Brookside Rd., Allentown, PA 18106.) (Erin)

LAST WALTZ kicks my ass with a mix of the driving chaos of old English peace punk, and the melodic quirkiness of a band like COUNTY Z. The main singer is a growler who's got choppy style. The other singer is a shouter. They also do the best punk rock instrumentals I've heard in a long time. (12-song cassette, lyrics included. 4334 3rd Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98107.) (Erin)

LAUGHINGLIGHT is just making noise. Is this punk? Who knows. It's random drumming, screaming, and some unintelligible stuff played through amps. Either I don't understand art or these people have done something horrible to it. (10 track CD, some lyrics, www.laughinglight.com) (Peter)

THE MOCKINGBIRDS play '77 style street punk. Basic mid-tempo songs with harsh singing and an English accent. There's plenty of back up chanting, and a number of oi, oi, oi's. The songs are pretty catchy in general but there is nothing new about it. (5 song CD, with lyrics, Overlyckevagen 3, 294 31 Solvesborg, Sweden) (Peter)

NAKED TRUTH is a sloppy fast hardcore punk band, more punk because it's loose and they sound like they're having fun. The vocals are shouted and only a tiny bit sung. But without mentioning the content I would be doing a disservice, because they have a solid political platform of getting naked going on..."wonder why your shows are lame? Pants are to fucking blame! Naked or *out*!" and a song about a pube hawk. New ground is being covered in punk, right here. ($2 ppd. 6 song cassette, lyrics included. 198 Euclid Ave., Albany, NY 12208.) (Erin)

SBV (SILENT BUT VIOLENT) play some pretty awesome thrashy hardcore—furious tornado of the pit goes by in my head as they play. Sure, they've got some intros and lurking parts, but for the most part it's mile a minute hardcore, with the Kevin Seconds vocal style combo of singing and talking. Yee Haw! ($1 ppd. 8 song cassette, lyrics included. 4419 Louisiana St #3, San Diego, CA 92116.) (Erin)

SECRET JANET plays punk that is poppy but not like the wimpy stuff that is considered pop punk. The songs are pretty straight-up, mid-tempo, three-chord pieces with dueling female and male vocals. There are very catchy, with sweet parts that mix with driving angry stuff where they almost yell. It's like LUNCHBOX meets BITCHCRAFT (reference for East Bay nerds only). (9 song CD, no lyrics, secretjanetmusic@yahoo.com) (Peter)

THE STREET FREAKS are a great band of youngsters from Ohio, doing the Midwest proud with the best blend of toughness and sing along ability since the MODERN MACHINES! A couple different singers with one more singy and one more yelling. Just lose the bio, and this would totally rock. ($4 ppd. 12 song cassette, no lyrics included. 728 N. Union, Union City, IN 47390.) (Erin)

STRUCTION has some great packaging for this CD. They play emoish stuff, mostly poppy but with a heavier edge to it. Musically, it's pretty complicated stuff that sits somewhere between early BRAID and 12 HOUR TURN (maybe?) There are both female (mostly sung) and male (screaming/talking) vocals here. They don't always seem to fit with each other or the music, though. (6 song CD, no lyrics, struction@structionnoise.com) (Peter)

WAR AGAINST REASON play America-bashing, crusty hardcore with some random ska stuff thrown in. The songs are all played at top speed, pretty basic and lean heavily on vocal call and response. (5 song CD, with lyrics, but without a home, rufio83@hotmail.com) (Peter)

V/A "Let the Two-Facedness Die..." comp is released by ATS2 distro. It has all different kinds of hardcore (mostly grind and crust stuff) from all over the world. Some of the better bands are: NYI BLORONG, JUST WENT BLACK, SECOND COMBAT and BORA. (23 song CD, no lyrics, ats2distro@yahoo.com) (Peter)

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No Front Teeth Review

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ZINES

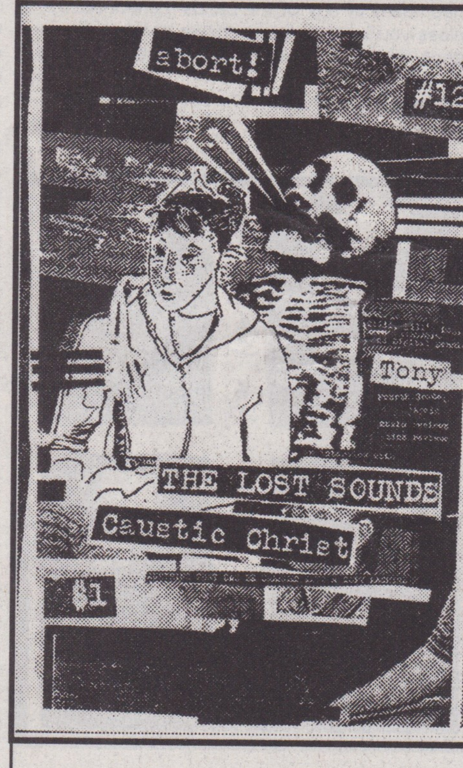
Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ABORT #12 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
No bones about it, *Abort* looks really great. The layout is all cut and paste which is a nice breath of fresh air with so many zines these days looking like they utilize the same Quark template. It's messy and slightly jumbled, and that helps to give it a sense of personalized warmth. Fear not, gentle reader, for Mr. Spies is not just all design and no substance! For he also presents to you two fine interviews with Caustic Christ and the Lost Sounds! His reviews are very well written (though he is a bit of an egomaniac about just how good he is at writing reviews), as are his personal ramblings, which are spread throughout. Quality stuff here—too bad he wasn't included in our recent zine roundtable, as I feel that, given his articulate and opinionated nature, he would have been a great addition. (MT)
Jonathan Spies / 362 Prospect Ave #2 / Brooklyn, NY 11215

THE ADVENTURES OF BOXLOR #1 / ?
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 100 pgs
Photo-comics can be really good. Remember those photo-comics that Dori Seda did? *Boxlor*, a photo-comic from Victoria, BC, is not really good. The premise is kinda funny: a guy with a box on his head does things that you are used to people without boxes on their heads doing. The stories are flat and sporadically coherent. Couple this with poor photo image quality and you're not left with much. There is even a disclaimer in the back apologizing about the use of sexist, homophobic, or body-negative stereotypes. Hey, then why do it? (SD)
mikesaturday@yahoo.com

AGAINST SLEEP AND NIGHTMARE # 7 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 31 pgs
I used to know the exact term for this genre of "revolutionary" publication. I *do* remember that this sort of dry, bloodless writing always makes my eyes glaze over, and I say this as someone who spends a lot of time reading political theory. Articles about neoliberalism, "investment bubble dynamics," oil and labor, 9/11, formulas for figuring out the declining rate of profit (no lie), and more fill these straight-laced pages (three columns and small photo and chart inserts). Additionally, this magazine and its loose collective bear some serious resentment for political theories or analyses that incorporate critiques of racism or imperialism. Which is insane—anti-imperialism is bad?! Um, what? *Somebody* misses the "good ol' days" when white "class war" dudes didn't have to think about what it meant for them to be white in the context of uneven racial relations, or about what role race plays in complicating class. Oh no, they don't get to be the pristine heroes of the revolution after all. I'm sure gender and sexuality are off their radar. No wonder this magazine and its compatriots haven't managed to inspire insurrection, they're *so* freaking boring. Did I mention the charts about Ponzi schemes? There is no mailing address, just a website that the magazine suggests you go to for the address. Which I did. I still didn't find one. (MN)
http://www.webcom.com/maxang



AVOW #14 / $2
8.5 x 5.5. - copied - 36 pgs
This issue was put together to the unique Gainesville stylings of Radon, which is a clue to readers about the tenor of its contents. The aesthetic of this mostly personal, sometimes political zine is ink drawings and photocopied collages, a cross between Alison Mosshart (ex-Discount) and Aaron Cometbus. A well-written, contributor-driven issue, *AVOW* fills its pages with stories about travel and touring (I *would* have liked to see some self-reflection here on the privileges of mobility), crazy strangers and medicated brothers, and an experiment in self-denial (i.e., 17 days without jacking off) for two boys. An essay titled "Courage and Hero Worship in the Blood Cult" addresses US nationalism, its limited definitions of "courage," and its de-valuing of humanitarian work and non-violence. Definitely a consistent, quality example of the genre. (MN)
Keith Rosson / 2410 Taylor / Portland, OR 97214

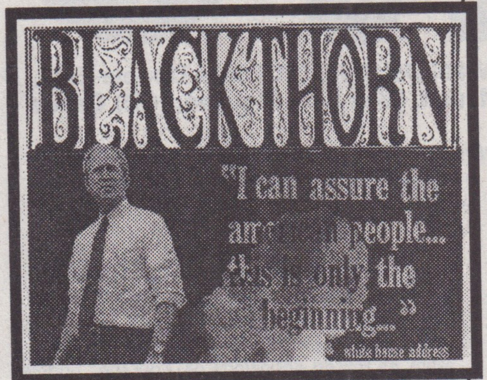
BANANA #3 / $2
8 x 6 - printed - 24 pgs - English
A small zine almost exclusively centered on the ska scene. Interviews include Corey Dixon and the Zvooks, Bernie Garcia, Yellow Umbrella, and Smodat. Also included are scene reports from around the world and info on Peter Tosh and Martha and the Vandellas. There are a few new record reviews. (HH)
PO Box 75 / Pekarská 54 / 60200 Brno / Czech Republic

BLACKTHORN $3 / free
11 x 17 - printed - 24 pgs
This is a great collective project from Portland that produces a mostly "anarcho-liberal" slanted zine. Schools against bombs, buffalo campaigns, Bush's "mad" war, details of American bombings since Vietnam, and some poetry fill the pages. This is a project where form dominates over content in my mind. (AR)
PO Box 11046 / Portland OR 97211

BROKEN PENCIL #21 / $5
8.5 x 11 - printed - 80 pgs
The "sell-out" theme of this "magazine of zine culture and the independent arts" delivers a series of thoughtful and provocative essays debating the value of "realness" and authenticity, "faking it" and artifice, featuring a consideration of the careers of Trail of Dead, Chicks on Speed, Peaches, and *Vice Magazine*. Rounding out the issue are articles and interviews about "gurlie clothing swaps," the usual short fiction, the philosophical field of bathroom graffiti, punk and politics in Lebanon, video zinester Meesoo Lee, and the "Not Martha" crafting phenomenon. As usual, there are scads of zine reviews, all of which manage to be compelling reads regardless of the actual zine. *Broken Pencil* is always a pleasure to read. (MN)
Broken Pencil / POB 203, Stn P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S7 Canada

CARNAGE ASADA #4 / $5
8.5 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
Issue #4 was long in the making, but Nik finally kicked it out, along with a very limited comp EP, *Now You Can Die Vol. 1*, with Vitamin X, Youth

Riot, Scott Baio Army, and Trucker Crank. Nik is into cutting edge, fun HC, and seems to crave a twist to keep it interesting—he interviews Youth Riot and Nine Shocks Terror, and in his catalogue of real and imaginary releases, mentions the Sawstika Girls and other weirdo bands. Over



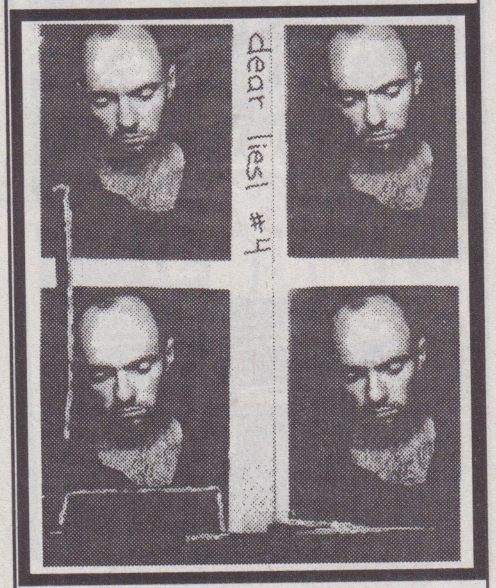
half of the zine is photos: Jellyroll Rockheads, the Attack, DS13, the Oath, etc. There's not a single girl in any band or in any photo, not even in the crowd shots. Sigh. The only time girls are mentioned in any context (besides a Shaggs reference) is in the interview with Vancouver's Attack (RIP), in which the singer discusses his part in a rape, and how he went on tour and talked about it at all their shows. The counterpoint to this is the bass player, who makes a handful of sensitive and intelligent comments about courage, responsibility, and the tendency in our scene for confessing rapists to turn the pity machine back on themselves. The interviews were decent overall, but c'mon, I don't need to read an article about prime time TV. What is this, hell? (AC)
Crime Scene / Nik Ulmer / 1331 Kelp St / Oxnard, CA 93035
crossedouttwide@yahoo.com

CHARGED INTERNAL HEADRUSH #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 46 pgs
This is where we ask ourselves whether enthusiasm alone makes a zine good. Alex sure loves hardcore, but this zine seems like it could have used some serious editing. Pieces on Gauze, Combatwoundedveteran, and KMFDM, and interviews with Mark McCoy and Nate Wilson show his eagerness, but seem scattered and unfocused. Maybe it was the blatant and slightly creepy hero worship in the interviews that really bugged me—couldn't he have found better people to idolize? I mean, the Oath is good, but really... (CJ)
Alex Calams / 3121 Nighthawk Ln / Little Elm, TX 75068
Chargedinternalheadrush@yahoo.com

CHICKENHED ZINE AND ROLL #5 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Some zines capture the essence of a city or community in a way where they become a guidebook for the place. Then there are zines that suck you into a specific personal hell or lifestyle, effectively allowing you to see the gritty true world of a stranger. To accomplish this, one must have a strong confident voice tied to a handy use of words and a knack for storytelling. I see this in *Chickenhed Zine and Roll*. In this issue, the "Parties" issue, Josher begins by wading through tales of multi-colored binge-drinking vomit. But then something happens. The tone changes and instead of telling "party" stories, he's telling stories as if he were at a party. Clever, good stuff, so lay off the boring mundane details and stick to the meat of the story, dude. (SD)
PO Box 330 / Richmond, VA 23218

CHIHUAHUA AND PITBULL #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Some people are able to write stories about the dumb things they do and make it fun. For the most part, this one works. Sometimes the writing in here is a little self-aggrandizing, but it's the flourishing of a story that usually makes it a little more interesting. The editor admits these tales are "distorted history," mostly about young punk rock life, getting into trouble, and trying to deal with dumb people in a small-town kind of city. (MD)
Ethan / PO Box 72581 / New Orleans, LA 70172

CHUMPIRE #160 / 1 stamp or trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 8 pgs
A short and to-the-point review zine. Show reviews, record reviews, zine reviews...it's all in here. I probably would have liked the zine more if I had heard of any of the bands mentioned. So, unless you were at these shows or know these bands, this is entertaining but not really anything special. (CJ)
Greg Knowles / PO Box 27 / Annville, PA 17003-0027



Chumpire@hotmail.com

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #21 / **LARCENY** / $1
4 x 4 - copied - 82 pgs
This is unfair. To economize and make a smaller sized zine is great. But when the print is too small to read, the aesthetic destroys the story. Both sides are guilty of this attack on my weakened eyes, but *Larceny* takes the all-time record for teensy-weensy writing. C'mon now! The zines themselves are pretty damn good, though. *Larceny* centers mostly on Shaun's divorce and the feelings that flow from that. *Cryptic Slaughter*, the personal zine that isn't, is filled with musings about African music and musicians, crossword puzzles, and NPR. Kind of an odd combination, like walking into a new age faux-multicultural store. Both sides are good, if you can read them. (CR)
Shaun / 8128 / Constitution / Apt 8 / Sterling Heights, MI 48313

DEAR LEISL #4 / 50¢ or a stamp
3.5 x 5.5 - copied - 23 pgs
Jemuel is the king of non-sequiters. Reading this zine feels so much like a conversation that I want to write in my comments and responses between the cute little stories that compose this anecdotal stand-up routine. It is intimate and not at all forced. It's short, it's sweet, and it's all handwritten! (JB)
Jem Gardner / PO Box 1234 / Berkeley, CA 94701
jemuelthepoet@hotmail.com

THE DREAM IS NOT DEAD #1 / $5
8.5 x 11 - copied - 46 pgs
You know a zine rulez if you are reading it and you look up and the bus is about to pass you and you raise your hand in a futile attempt to get the driver's attention and he laughs as you try to run after it and he leaves you to wait another 20 minutes and you sorta don't care and go back to reading. Well. That is what happened to me with *TDIND*. Thing to note: of the two non-American zines I reviewed this month, both talk about America so much that I forget that they are foreign! This one has a prevalent attitude of criticism about the export of American culture to other places, and the editor also gives a heads-up to some of what is going on in his region, politically. I really don't usually enjoy this kind of super straightforward hardcore coverage zine, especially with the excruciating emphasis on sXe, but *TDIND* is honest enough and to-the-point so that I don't feel excluded. The layout is dynamic and the cover is really pretty. There are interviews with Tear It Up and 625 Thrashcore, plus a hearty record and zine review section. (And he gives *MRR* a good review...aawwww) (JB)
J Daems / Rooseveltstraat 7a / 2321 BK Leiden / Netherlands
thedreamisnotdead@hotmail.com

FAST FOR SPEED FREAKS #3 / ¥350
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 56 pgs
None other than an "Underground Fast Hardcore Magazine", as it politely states on the cover in seven-point type. I can't decipher a word of *Fast for Speed Freaks*, though I do appreciate Japanese language publications simply as works of art. The images leave little to the imagination: lots of pics of scowling hardcore bands leaping off the stage, threatening their audiences, and dousing themselves in Karo Syrup mixed with Red Dye #9. Features about popular favorites Misery, Japanese hardcore heroes Fuck on the Beach, Avulsion, Canadian roughnecks Ox Baker, the dreaded AC, bloodstained creeps Haemorrhage, and a selection of record reviews that run the gamut from Scholastic Deth to Slapshot. Rage to live, live to rage. Meet you in the pit. (JH)
2-31-7-103 Shimoyugi / Hachioji-Shi / Tokyo 192-0372
Japan/fast@f-factory.com

GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #6 / $1 US, $3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 12 pages
You won't find more eloquent praise of Tragedy or Nine Shocks Terror than what's in here. There is also an article on ("review of") the Feederz and some shorter advice pieces on punk fashion and how to do a zine. The editor is a talented writer and quite knowledgeable about the crusty h/c. It is free in person. I don't believe I've ever received a zine this good at a show for free. (JM)
Stuart Schrader / PO Box 511 / Whippany, NJ 0791-0511

HAGL #31 / $4 or 4 Euros
8.5 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
The twenty-year anniversary issue of a mag "unashamedly punk rock since 1983." Good krist! The slow scrolling of the years is addressed with an editorial page titled "All Aboard the Mid-Life Crisis" ("your mates are either skint, scared to death of their women, or snobby fuckers worried that your skinhead attire might offend their piss-pot poser friends."). It also stars Scotland's long-running rabble rousers Oi Polloi (also in *Runnin' Feart*—guess their agent's been extra busy this month). Other tidbits include the Adverts' TV Smith, the Bile Ducts, Intensive Care, Superyob, and a compressed history of *HAGL* which I see stands for *Have a Good Laugh.* I wanna see the forty-year anniversary ish. (JH)
20 Front St / Tanford Lea, Stanley / Durham DH9 9LY / England / trevhagl@hotmail.com

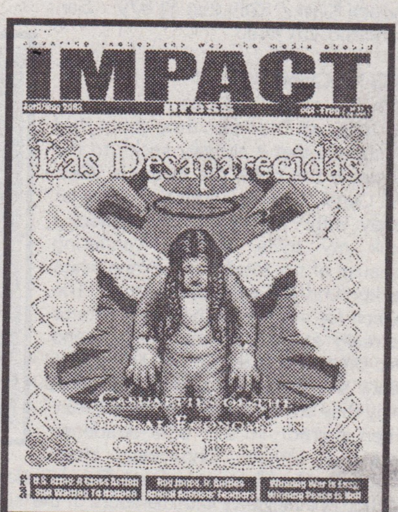
HAZARDOUS WASTE March 2003 / a stamp
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
Winter in New England is pretty rough. You gotta look pretty hard and long for the silver lining to spending it in Worcester, MA, but the editor is able to find it: "[N]o one's moving here because it's trendy." Amen to that! Matt shares his thoughts on webzines, big labels, and getting "old" (23?) and reviews DIY hardcore and one book. Toronto's Fucked Up is interviewed, and St. Vitus (the old SST band) is profiled. (JM)
Matt / 210 Dewey St Apt 3 / Worcester, MA 01610

HIPPIE CASUAL #1 & 2 / 60¢ stamps, $1, or trade
5.5 x 8 - copied - 8 & 12 pgs
Like you couldn't guess from the title, these are to be avoided. It seems like the editor wanted to do a zine more than he had anything to say. There is some writing about the editor's first protest and some local kids (including "hip punks") who were pro-war. It seems a lot of first-time zines are 3/4 filler. (JM)
Andrew / 104 Harrington Point / Chapel Hill, NC 27516

HUNTER/GATHERER audio zine
CD format
At first this "zine" (which is on a burned disk) did not play on the computer I was sitting at, which stalled me into some sort of inaction. What do I do next? Oh, find a CD player. Mission accomplished; this montage (cough) of sound clips varies from the excruciatingly painful (and not in the Mellencamp "Hurts So Good" way) to the merely forgettable. If this were submitted for review as music (to *MRR*) it would have been rejected. If you set aside the CD and just read the insert, you have an interesting mix of typical Crimethinc make-believe and jingoistic accolades of highly questionable material. I really like the concept of this project, though—mixed media and all that—expanding the definition of a zine and seeming like a personal (albeit anonymous) project. (AR)
PO Box 2133 / Greensboro, NC 27402

IDEAS IN PICTURES #2 & #3 / $2 each
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
If you've seen any of Sue Coe's work, this reminded me a lot of her stuff. Two zines—mostly sketches and words relating to factory farming. It's very intensely sad stuff, and unfortunately, most of the people reading this will probably

already be vegetarian or vegan. I think more than ever, we need to be responsible about our consumption, as our choices impact animals, people, and the planet. The punk scene has gotten very lackadaisical on many political issues, including vegetarianism/veganism. One issue of this zine focuses on veal, the other on the meat industry, including the cruelty and mutilation to animals, but also exploring the inherent sexism and racism of a brutal job that is done mostly by women and people of color who have few other job options, as well as looking how corporate America has destroyed food and farming as we know them. These aren't even photographs, yet the images are moving and brought me to tears. (MD)
Colin Matthes / N4909 Duck Creek Rd / Helenville, WI 53137
Ideasinpictures@yahoo.com



INFILTRATION #20 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Definitely my pick of the month! The stories in here are fascinating—all about exploring the depths of the underground—human-made tunnels, caves, and underground buildings. This one covers the Twin Cities area, which features an intricate network of tunnels underneath the city. Accompanied by cool photos, this was intriguing and gave me the itch to explore. I'll never look at manholes or grates in the same way. Excellent! (MD)
PO Box 13 / Station E / Toronto, ON M6H 4E1 / Canada
www.infiltration.org

IMPACT PRESS #43 / $2
8 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
As free (before postage) opinionated news magazines go, this one is pretty great. It's main strength is the editor's ability to find good stuff on the internet and publish it, though this issue does have a good piece on local (Polk County, FL) police crackdowns on pornography vendors. A number of articles attack rotten American institutions such as media, government, and giant corporations, and the treatment of black bears in China is also comes under investigation. Add in SF comic artist Keith Knight's expose on "The Power of Black Privilege in America" and Orlando residents are quite lucky to find this lying around the laundromat, record store, or whereever. It's even worth the two bucks. Not so great is how they use microscopic print to write about hundreds of CDs and I don't think they have a bad word to say about anybody, which helps explain all the music ads herein. And I think they make up the letters column. (JM)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

INKLING #5 / $2
4.75 x 6.25 - copied - 56 pgs
Melissa Klein writes a thoughtful, entertaining story of a young boy trudging through the adversities of childhood. The language she uses evokes a far-away time when nearly anything is possible if one uses one's imagination. Kids, we must remember that hope and dreaming is an integral part of maintaining and cultivating happiness. And yes, this is like a "children's" story, and yes, it is damn good. We need to continue, as Ms. Klein does, to push the boundaries of what we do with this thing we do called zines. (SD)
Melissa Klein / 3288 21st St #79 / San Francisco, CA 94110

KISS MACHINE #6 / $4
6.5 x 7.5 - copied - 76 pgs
Yay themes!!! The neato thing about *Kiss Machine* is that it actually sticks to the theme. In this case, the theme is "Girls and Guns", so every article or story or essay within pertains to the subject. I think my eyes started wandering because of the totally boooorring white background and little black letters. The reason for this is that the zine wants to be really straightforward and legit and shit. Whatever. It did get me to thinking about the imagery of girls and guns, (why they are typically considered sexy when paired) in this über-academic sounding article "Unpacking Heat: Theorizing the Girl with a Gun". There is also a section of interviews with members of the Israeli Army—"Real Girls with Real Guns", containing unusual sentiments about the need for guns, which is something that changes when you are in a country where almost every citizen has been in the army at one point or another. Plus it won my heart by including some fiction pieces and other first-hand accounts. To their credit, the people at *Kiss Machine* represent a wide variety of opinions and experiences, and that comes off best with a theme. I don't know if I would ever pay $4 for something like this, even if it does ask questions that get me to thinking. They have ads, and a freakin' endowment from the Ontario Arts Council. Maybe I shouldn't complain—it does come with trading cards! (JB)
PO Box 108 / Station P / Toronto, ON / Canada M5S 2S8
info@kissmachine.org

KRIMINALE CLASS #7
12.5 x 16.25 - printed - 8 pgs - Italian
Punks and skins. Glossy promo interviews with FFD, Rappresaglia, two pages of reviews, and short pieces on Foreign Legion, Joe Strummer, and Padova's Stay Punk! Festival. The kind of zine that makes me write in obnoxious fragments. Includes the *Stay Punk!* comp CD: a couple of cool bands that deserve the coverage, but mostly they're going for BIG names, like the Angelic Upstarts! Vice Squad! The Business! Personally, that's not going to get me too excited. (AC)
C/o Marco Balestrino / CP 426 (centrale) 17100 / Savona / Italy
kriminalclass@angelfire.com

MODERN ARIZONA #2 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
This slim volume is the "protest" issue, featuring short essays and articles about anti-war rallies, "establishment" media coverage, and the political and economic motives of the Bush administration. All quite standard for punk rock (if passionate) politics, including one-line reading, "I couldn't imagine the thinking that goes on in the deprived mind of somebody who *wants* war!" But in order to understand support for the war and the occupation, those who count themselves as members of a critical opposition need to be able to understand the hegemonic social and psychic forces which condition such support. This is a crucial aspect of *any* radical democratic political project. In any case, the mini-rant on FOX News was both hilarious and depressing, because that station so totally sucks. Joe points out the rhetorical flourishes and unfounded assertions the company spins as "objective," while ignoring historical facts. A good (if somewhat generic) effort. (MN)
Joe Unseen / POB 494 / Brewster, NY 10509
unseen@bestweb.net

MULTI-KID #3 / $2
7 x 4.25 - copied - 40 pgs
Well, this zine and I got off to a bad start, because the first page has a cute drawing that asks "What if bombs could bounce?" Sorry, to me it just sounds like a bad bumper sticker on the back of an SUV that some liberal hippie would try to run me with over as I cross the street. After that, we made up and decided we could be friends. There's lots of writing in here from a variety of people, with many writings by women and people of color about family, life, oppression, and the fucked-upness of the system we are all part of. With many authors, there is a variety in writing style and subjects, but it's a decent collection of writings, graphics and comics. (MD)
Echo / PO Box 414 / Berkeley, CA 94701
multikid@mail.com

NEW AMERICA #4 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 14 pgs
I was suspicious of this zine from the minute I saw a Bright Eyes review mentioned on the cover. *New America* (formerly *Vinyl Rights*) is a review zine, composed of mostly show and record reviews with a Will to Live interview thrown in for good measure. It seems to be centered on macho hawdcore from the Midwest and South, but then again, there is the whole Bright Eyes ordeal, and he did give the Transplants CD a good review. What's up with liking bad music, huh? (CJ)
15906 Brookford / Houston, TX 77059

NIHIL EX #1 / $1 or trade and free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
A good friend of mine once sat and showed me his endless collection of nighttime photography. Beautiful, abstract, confusing, and skillful. At the end of the exhibition I asked him if he would put them together in a zine (so more people could see it). He kinda scoffed at that, and said he had higher ambition than that. Instead of arguing about high art, I agreed that on the outset, nighttime photos wouldn't photocopy well, and we talked about bands for the rest of the night. *Nihil Ex* is a great example of the kind of zine Adam would have made. The editor/photographer talks about how some of her photos are college level work, and I just turn the zine around and upside down, squinting, to see if I'm missing the point. But the point is that Adam is right, photo zines are just kinda dumb, and you can't fully appreciate the art unless you are actually looking at the real thing. Ain't that why Plato wanted to kick all the poets out of the Republic? They were just imitating what was already perfect. Photocopies are one step removed from real photos. If your art is photography, don't cheapen the art by duplicating it at a lower level of quality, right? But enough rambling on that topic. There is a bunch of prison writings by Raegan Butcher; the best part is the article about methane (cow shit) huffing, and a list of Maggie's favorite bands/books/movies. This would be a really good zine if there were more to read. It is a promising start. (JB)
PMB 278 / 6523 California Ave SW / Seattle, WA 98136-1833
nihilx@bust.com

NOPe! #1 / 1 stamp
4.25 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
NOPe! rules. Jill knows her shit and writes about it in a way that would get anyone stoked on the merits of head wounds (word). Short anecdotes covering topics ranging from Lagos, Nigeria to the finer 7" compilations of 1998 are cut-and-pasted over a blood-spattered background. There is also a comprehensive guide to rad zines

from all over the world, and a Cut the Shit interview too. And what better way to finish off a rad zine than with a second-by-second analysis of Raw Power's "Fuck Authority"? Fuckin' A. (CJ)
Jill Hubley / 238 Walworth St Apt #2 / Brooklyn, NY 11205
Trashfaction@hotmail.com

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #6.5 / $1
8.5 x 11 - printed - 24 pgs
This special issue of the Northeastern Anarchist was produced in response to the war. While all anarchists should very well be against militarism, the extent to which they (as in, most anarchists) seem to gravitate towards sensationalistic (and essentially untouchable) actions by the state makes them seem more like ambulance chasers. Anyway, they reprint a couple of non-anarchist essays "Between Iraq and a Hard Place" and "Learning the Lessons of George the First's First War", print a bunch of crap about class war and oil, and rewrite the history of the resistance to the first Gulf War to make it appear as if there were substantial resistance. My recollection was that there were routine marching and banner waving, a sit/sleep/puke-in or two, and then everyone went home. Born Against put it best when they said, "I've got to wonder what the fuck it's gonna take can it be undone." (AR)
PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123

NO SENSE #1 / $1 or $2 world, or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Hailing from Western Mass (not Boston!) Mr. Tucker presents a nice short zine that is mostly flyers and photos. But don't fret, 'cause it also contains a short interview with obnoxious Floridians Runnamucks (who come off sounding dumber than a bag of hammers) and an interesting interview with Scott Helland of the Outpatients/Deep Wound. Pretty good first effort that I think over time could develop into something really good. (MT)
Matt Tucker / 58 Preston Ave / Pittsfield, MA 01201

NO SHELTER #1 / $2 & 2 stamps
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 40 pgs
Nidhi, former author of *Raw Sugar*, returns to join her friends in this collaborative venture, offering personal meditations on relationships, music, disability and difference, feelings of loss and love, and more. There *is* poetry, but don't let that frighten you; one poem about the anti-Arab backlash post 9/11 is quite good, beginning with the acute observation, "The UPS is airing ads / claiming that brown is back / and I laugh at the irony." There is also a wonderful "Highlighter Song," which celebrates one of my favorite desk accessories. (It's true; underlining in pencil *isn't* good enough.) There are some individual touches—stamped numbers, parts of color photographs taped into the zine. A labor of love. (MN)
309 Cedar St # 550 / Santa Cruz, CA 95060

ONE-WAY TICKET #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 24 pgs
A well-written personal zine on its first outing, *One-Way Ticket* is a bit thin on content but big on heart (and brains). Just out of high school, Julian is a thoughtful hardcore kid working out what it means to be political in everyday life, to be a part of a "scene," to participate in the world. His frustrations are matched by his enthusiasm, and neither quality comes across as naïve or uncritical; nonetheless, Julian allows for (even craves) the inevitability of growth and change, which is refreshing. An essay about the anarchists of the Spanish Civil War rounds out the more personal reflections here. A great first effort.
Julian Evans / 2755 E 2nd Ave / Vancouver, BC / V5M 1E2 Canada

OX #50 / $7
11 x 8 - printed - 164 pgs - German
Yeah, *OX* turns fifty, fifty issues that is. Over the past fifteen years, this fanzine has transformed itself from a newsprint foldout to a booklet-sized zine, all the while remaining a fun, action-packed reading. This issue features All Systems Go, the Briefs, Channel 3, the Fleshies, Gaza Strippers, Loikamie, Lost Sounds, New Bomb Turks, The Put-Ons, Rocket From the Crypt, Patti Smith, and Wire. There are also plenty of great record and zine reviews, loads of ads, and the usual long-playing CD sampler featuring 32 bands. Hope this zine makes fifty more issues. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PALOKKA #6 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 48 pgs - Finnish
Just a reminder to you people who have no connection to the Finnish scene that it has been around since the beginnings of punk, and this zine continues that raw energy tradition. There are interviews with Napalm Death, Selfish, Phoenix Foundation, Iarvioita, and Kirjoituksia. There are plenty of new record reviews, but no ads. Good zine! (HH)
Ville Anger / Viitaniementie 4a 10 / 40720 Jyvaskyla / Finland
palokka@sunpoint.net

RAD PARTY #31 / $3
4 x 5.75 - printed - 116 pgs - French
Note to readers: the only reason I review *every* single copy of *Rad Party* is that I'm the only one here who seems to remember any high school French. Not that I'm complaining—it's always a great read. This issue is so hefty because it includes a long interview with Ian MacKaye, in which he and editor Stéphane discuss events, in the world and the scene, which colored Dischord's 20-year history. I know there have been a zillion printed interviews with Ian

MacKaye, but I found this one very well done and compelling. Provoked by good questions, Ian talks about then-vs.-now in terms of Bush-vs.-Reagan and their respective conquests, and more. He reflects on the scene "back in the day," but also critiques the various presentations of "back in the day" by "punk" (re)writers. If you've followed *Rad Party* at all you'll know Stéphane is a devoted Dischord fan and a meticulous writer/reviewer. He is also the kind of interviewer who brings a thorough, historical understanding of the work to the table, which ups the level of detail in the conversation and makes for a great flow. This issue was put together under a bit of emotional and physical duress for Stéphane, but he pulls through with flying colors, as usual. Victoire! (AC)
Small Budget Productions (Stéphane) / BP #7 / 78 110 Le Vesinet Cedex / France
smallbudgetproductions@minitel.net

RANCID NEWS #1 / £1.50 or $4
8.25 x 11 - printed - 36 pgs
These folks have published on the web for a while and now have produced a print version. I kind of hated it. The production values are quite high and there's a squid on the otherwise ugly front cover. It follows the columns-interviews-reviews format. Three punk bands are interviewed, two from the Fat Wreck Chords empire; otherwise they cover metal and top 40. Household Name Records is interviewed and credited with saving the UK scene??? The columns are mostly weak. The editor claims "the HC/activist world find[s] it very difficult to adopt the internet," (I couldn't disagree more) before turning his attention to national standards in British education (the best piece in the zine). Another writer attacks the idea that women should form bands because they will just get ripped off

even after their lawyer reviews their contract. I can't stand all this tour support, junior rock star shit. (JM)
PO Box 382 / 456-458 the Strand / London / WC2R 0DZ / UK
www.rancid-news.co.uk

RANT
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 34 pgs
This consists primarily of reprints of articles about the war and US foreign policy. Some of these are interesting, others redundant or slightly fishy. Also included are some depressing stories about working in an office and trying to stop watching television. (AC)
PO Box 10997 / Tempe, AZ 85284

REASON TO BELIEVE #8 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 96 pgs
I'm not alone in my reluctance to review "music" zines. Most reviewers seem to have a hard time describing the content of these zines. *Reason to Believe* is of such high quality that it's a bit easier. *Reason to Believe* comes out of the UK, with a focus on hardcore and punk with a strong leaning towards the political/DIY side. This issue is the skateboarding issue and it's done quite fucking well. There are little bits from punks who skate and their feelings about the connection between punk and skating; an interview with Ian Mackaye that's almost exclusively about skating; and a DIY health section about treating and rehabilitating sprained ankles. On top of all that, you get interviews with Vitamin X, Coalition, and Fuerza X, a good news section featuring an article on the FTAA, reviews, and letters. It's well made, and has great photos and interesting content. I can't vouch for any other issues, but this one is well worth your time and dough. (CR)
c/o Some Strange Music / Matt Average / PO Box 64666 / Los Angeles, CA 90064

RECLUSE ZINE #8 / $1.25
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Column-based, *Recluse Zine*, is average and articulate. Lots of info on animal rights activism, some reviews, some poetry—a mishmash of contemporary topics that we're all familiar with. Hey Anna: Chickens do have brains. (SD)
PO Box 307663 / Columbus, OH 43230

ROUND THINGS ROLL #2 / $1 & 2 stamps
8.5 x 7.5 - copied - 28 pgs
A well-written travel zine about a banjo-picking girl on the road with a country-punk band, hitting small towns and big cities in search of old-time music, punk rock adventures, and the ladies left behind. While a bit thin, this zine is filled with charming snapshots of moments both energetic and serene. The cover is a colorful screen-print of two girls in a car, the driver with her feet on the steering wheel. (MN)
Allison Williams / 204 Miller St / Fayetteville, AR 72703

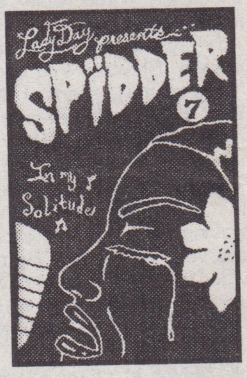
RUNNIN' FEART #9 / £1 or $4
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 46 pgs.
"Scotland's Greatest Punk Rock Fanzine" boasts an eye-pleasing (as opposed to eye-gouging) graphic sense and enough content to keep the casual reader entertained. Highlights include a beer-guzzling interview with Oi Polloi (a band highlighted in *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* some time during the Eisenhower administration), mohawked posterboys Anti-Flag, Ex-Cathedra, the Threats, Debris, long-time crowd-pleasers the Skeptix, and the expected round of record reviews (both *pro* and *anti*). An opening editorial slags off none other than St. Johnny Rotten, and he so richly deserves it. (JH)
12 Crusader Crescent / Stewarton, Ayrshire / Scotland, KA3 3BL

SIN ON WHEELS #1 / stamp or trade
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Holy shit!! I can't remember the last time I read a zine that blew me away as much as *Sin on Wheels* did. It's all about feminism and bikes—gaining empowerment and self-confidence through your bike and how you use it. Well-edited articles on the NYC warriors ride, Jacquie Phelan, and DIY bike building are interspersed with excellent personal writing, and the graphics are just as good as the content. Fucking perfect. If you are a girl and you ride a bike, or want to ride a bike, or have ever even thought about riding a bike, you need to get yourself this zine. Now. (CJ)
Christy Thornton / 408 W. 130th Apt. #51 / New York, NY 10027

SPIDDER #7 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I totally dig this zine. It's like one of those activity books that my parents' would buy me before a long road trip when I was little. Each page has some wild crazy image that is totally different from the page before: comics, pinball reviews, ghost stories, and music history lessons. My favorite part is Travis Hightower's illustrated "How to Make Vengeance from the Grave in 3 Easy Steps". Check it out; it's from Alabama. (SD)
3000 County Road 10 / Florence, AL 35633

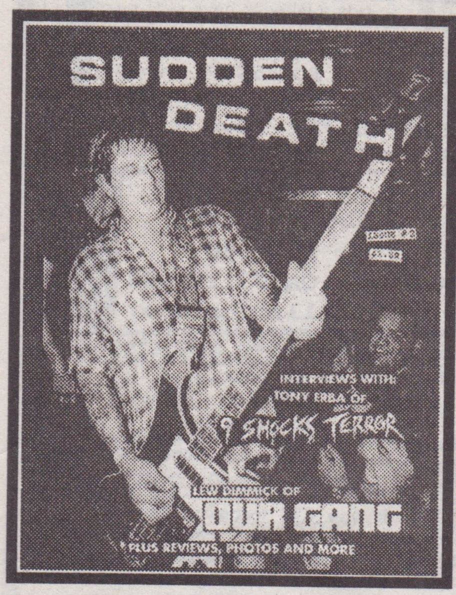
STREETMUSIC F.C. / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 36 pgs - Swedish
There are articles on the Swingin' Utters, the Clash, Frontkick, the Transplants, Smooth Lee, and Hymans. There are also plenty of good record reviews and cool ads. If I lived in Sweden I would buy a copy of this at my favorite record store. (HH)
Patrik Kenth Himnavaegen 142 / 590 62 Linghem / Sweden
patrik.kenth@beta.telenordia.se

SUDDEN DEATH #2 / $2 or $3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16pgs
Let me just state that any zine that inlcudes my favorite Northeastern Ohio scumbag (Tony Erba from Nine Shocks Terror) is an automatic winner with me. Match that up with a funny-as-hell interview with said scumbag, well-informed record reviews, and and interview with Lew Dimmick of the old NYHC band Our Gang, plus mountains of photos, and you got one top-notch zine. Really nice cut-and-paste layout to boot. This is one to watch develop, methinks. (MT)
Chris Miniucci / 63 Brewster Ave, Apt B / Winthrop, MA 02152
into_bust@hotmail.com



TIGHT PANTS # 10 / $2 & 3 stamps
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 66 pgs
It's hard to resist the cover photograph of a girl in tight pants, leg warmers, and a checked sash for a belt, posing with a cereal box of Lucky Charms. (The back cover, archival photograph of two young girls in roller skates wearing "Don't Be a

Scab" sashes is irresistible too.) A hilarious, rollicking collection of stories about her adventures in the unfortunately named Indian Guides (a YMCA young organization), the tale of a friend with the suggestive nickname "HJ," the horrors of a Catholic school senior retreat, and other punk rock escapades. Fun and subversively witty. I admit, I'd love to read Maddy's graduate journalism work on labor issues because I'm



imagining it in her *Tight Pants* writing voice, and it's giving me a good chuckle. In any case, you need to get this. And oh yeah, it comes with a removable reviews section. (MN)
Maddy / 296A Nassau Ave #3L / Brooklyn, NY 11222

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #63 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
Even though it's got a pretty dry and predictable style, this zine has grown on me a lot. It covers lots of great bands and the show reviews are usually actually interesting to read. Sometimes the interviews drift off into nowhere land, but there are good tidbits. This issue features Rainer Maria and the Bangs. I've always appreciated that this zine recognizes that there are many women playing great rock music out there in the world. Tons of show and record reviews, plus a personal piece on the state of the world. (MD)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #98 / 2 Euros or $5
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
Still one of the best German punk zines to read for staying informed on what is happening overseas. This issue covers the bands Big Lazy, No Means No, Christoph Schlingensief, the Moonlighters, Alex Newport and James Plotkin. There are plenty of new record reviews, an assorted collection of interesting columns, and of course one of the best gig listing of punk shows in Germany. (HH)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

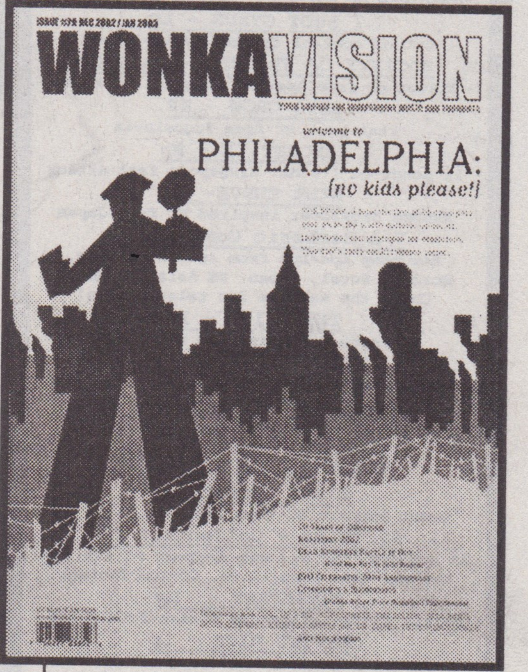
TRUST #99 / 2 Euros or $5
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs.
Trust. It's been around forever: longer than that, actually. You've flipped through issues in the past, perhaps, and been impressed by its heavy sharp layout, discriminating editorial policy, and unbridled enthusiasm for all things hardcore. It's in German, of course, but it trades in the international language of p. rock. The latest installment features a tour diary by onetime Minuteman Mike Watt, the Immortal Lee County Killers, Common Rider, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, a retrospective of all the old *Thrasher* magazine comp tapes, a band called Smokeblow who oughtta change their name, miles of record reviews, and unwelcome photographs of George W. Bush. Exhaustive and exhausting. (JH)
PF 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE Vol 16 / #1 / $2
11 x 17 - printed - 16 pgs
Michael Novick has been playing the same note fairly consistently for a very long time. If you are an anti-racist activist, or live in a town dominated by rednecks and nazis (which, granted, is most towns) then this magazine would seem like a useful resource. If you are anyone else, there is some concern about whether it should be a priority for progressives to hunt down the last vestiges of neo-nazi aesthetic. While Novick is interested in a broader struggle, in the spectrum of white leftist race politics, this project is very clearly on the ARA (anti-racist action) side of the spectrum. (AR)
PART / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

VIOLENT ATTACK #2 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 32 pgs - English
Bordeaux pride! A pretty cool zine that has interviews with Rodel Records, My Minds Mine, Ruido, Comrades, Abstain, and Oath. Also there are some record reviews and a few cool comics. I liked this zine's attitude. (HH)
Olivier Lacoste / BP 11 / 33023 Bordeaux Cedex / France

WONKA VISION # 20 - $2.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 100 pgs
Armed with a full-color cover and a lot of heft

(and ads), the first 1000 issues of this mostly-music magazine come with a CD sampler. Of the 10,000 they print, I wonder how many issues they usually move? Interviews with Strike Anywhere,



the Locust, Beta Band, Curl Up and Die, Rainer Maria, the Faint, East Bay Ray vs. Jello Biafra, and more are interspersed with thin articles about BYO Records and the 2002 zine publishing conference in Ohio. My favorite part was the "Where Are They Now?" feature on the actress who portrayed Vicki, the robot girl in the red gingham dress from the television show *Small Wonder.* (Actually, it's a reprint from a SW fansite, and apparently, she's a Christian fundamentalist now. Yikes! Someone pull the plug and reprogram her circuits!) The worthwhile feature article details measures the city of Philadelphia has taken against non-corporate, all-ages music venues. Columns and reviews round this out. I'm a little hazy on the price; I didn't see a price for mail orders, just a newsstand cost. (MN)
PO Box 63642 / Philadelphia, PA 19147
www.wonkavisiononline.com

ZEN AND THE ART OF BROWNIE MAKING / $1 & one stamp
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
A new revolution has begun! The movement—brownie-archy! Josh is out to show the world the power that is the brownie...mostly through recipes both vegan and non, including "Scramblies"—yes scrambled brownies, and something called a "Joshgasm" that involves piping hot fudgy brownies and Cadbury Crème Eggs. But there are also writings on the whys and hows of ethical brownie making, including non-factory farm eggs and non-corporate ingredients (except for the Crème Eggs, hey we all have our weaknesses). Add a large dash of fun and tongue in cheek humor and you've got a pretty cool zine, especially if you love eating brownies. (MD)
Josh Russell / 907 Ridgefield Rd / Wilton, CT 06897
something_profound@hotmail.com

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Fast as fuck HC from Texas....

DOMESTIK DOKTRIN - Ep
Crazed thrash from Indonesia

GNATS SUCKER- Ep
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SPITFIRE - Collection CD
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- SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - TX HC
- LIE - Fast Japanese thrash
- GORDON SOLIE MOFOs-Clevo HC
- DUMBSTRUCK - UK throaty HC LP
- HIGHSCORE - Fast German HC
- PLUTOCRACY - 90s grindcore
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- WHN- CD Collects the 2nd year
- SPAZZ - CD Collects early stuff
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- BREAKFAST - Tokyo skate thrash
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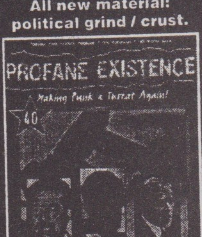

Profane Existence Magazine #40
Profane Existence, the international anarcho-punk resource magazine, is now being published quarterly again. PE #40 is out now (anti-war theme, plus interviews with Scorned, Bleeding Kansas, and La Mantra de Fhiqria). Issue #41 out in February 2003!

Prices:	USA	Can/Mex	Eur	World
LP	$9	$10	$12	$14
7"	$3.50	$4	$5	$6
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Recorded in 1978 but never released due to an aborted deal with Island Records, this is a full LP from the UK punk/powerpop band that did the "When the Tanks Roll Over Poland" 7" that was comped on "England Belongs to Me vol. 3." Deluxe foil-stamped full color sleeve, UK import.
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VIOLENT RAMP s/t 7"
A side project from the WOLF EYES crew, this is total shredding skatecore thrash, brutal and raw as fuck. 5 songs, with the lyrics on the inside and cover photo of a skater in midair above the drummer's head at a show!
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THE DOUBT "Contrast Disorder" LP
Nasty, lo-fi teen grind on this Northern Ireland punk gem from 1981. This band did release one album, but this isn't it. Instead, what we have here is a previously unreleased studio session plus the tracks from their one great 7" release. Italian import.
LP $12.60

CONFLICT "The Ungovernable Force" LP
Formed in 1981 by vocalist Colin Jerwood, Conflict was not merely a band, but a group of individuals who saw their music as a means of communicating an anti-establishment political agenda driven by a total rejection of Thatcherism, nuclear power, vivisection, police brutality, etc. This album is the band's magnum opus and, decades later, is still fiercely relevant. In the words of Conflict: Only direct action can prevent World War 3. Gatefold sleeve, Italian import.
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"WHO? WHAT? WHY? WHEN? WHERE?" comp. LP
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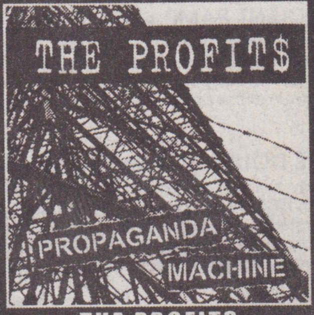

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GUYANA PUNCH LINE SPRING TOUR 2003

May 23 Charlotte, NC @ The Spacefort in charlotte, nc on mallard creek church rd.
May 24 Winston-Salem, NC @ Project space 211 211 E. 3rd St. 10PM
May 25 Richmond, VA @ Holy Chow. 307 N. Laurel St. Near VCU.
May 26 University of Maryland, college park, MD Nyumburu Cultural Center
May 27 N.Y. @ the Knitting Factory (w/ BOOKS LIE and TEAR IT UP)
May 28 Philly1st unitarian church
May 29 Pittsburgh @ Mr. Roboto
May 30 Cleveland, OH @ Fort Totally Awesome w/ THE DREAM IS DEAD,
May 31 Indianapolis, IN @ Solidarity Books w/ THE DREAM IS DEAD
June 1 Cincinatti, OH @ The Metal Blast w/ THE DREAM IS DEAD, THE DEAD HATE THE LIVING
June 2 Louisville, KY @ Initial HQ w/ THE DREAM IS DEAD, BREATHER RESIST(tentitive)
June Fri3 Nashville, TN @ Guido's Pizza w/ ASSCHAPEL, LADY COP, and DEADLY SKY
June 4 Atlanta, GA (HELP!)
June 5 Savannah, GA
June 6 Gainesville, FL @ Common Ground
www.guyanapunchline.com

KYLESA SPRING TOUR 2003

May 12: Danbury, CT
May 13: Providence, RI @ AS220 115 Empire St Providence, RI Tuesday May 13th at 8pm, cost $6.00 All Ages.
May 14: Boston
May 15: Buffalo, NY House show
May 16: Pittsburgh, PA- Mr. Roboto Project with Face Down in Shit, Intense Youth
May 17: Cleveland, OH-2097 West 98th St.
May 18: Chicago
May 19: Minneapolis w/ MISERY
May 20: Milwaukee, WI-924 East Center
May 21: Cincinati, OH
May 22: Nashville, TN- Guido's Pizza with Deadly Skies
May 23: Athen, GA Tight Pockets with Unpersons
www.kylesa.com

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More Info: nooptions00@yahoo.com
Check Prank website
www.prankrecords.com for updates on all tours.

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STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. $20 a year membership. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE. PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: info@worldforfree.com or via the web: http://www.worldforfree.com

JACOB DAVID ENTERPRISES, INC./PO Box 3050/Eureka, California 95502. Need some punk politics in your zine in this increasingly ineffectual fashion-oriented kulturepunk scene/scheme? Free original articles, columns, and ribald rants for any and all zine editors who ask!

PUNK/HARDCORE/GRIND BANDS: looking for a place to record that understands your sound? Check out the JAM ROOM recording studio in Columbia, SC. This world famous studio has produced recordings for THE QUEERS, ANTISCHISM, INITIAL STATE, ASSFACTOR 4, IN/HUMANITY, DAMAD, KYLESA, GUYANA PUNCH LINE, FROM SAFETY TO WHERE, STRETCH ARMSTRONG, DEATHREAT, DROP DEAD, and LOS CRUDOS. 24 track analog, ADAT, or 32 track digital recording services as well as mastering and protools editing. For more info: www.jamroomstudio.com <http://www.jamroomstudio.com/> or 803-787-1144. Ask about the punk demo special.

PILGER hit you like a truck in the face. Furious hardcore compared to almost every 80's USHC band, MINOR THREAT, GI's, VERBAL ABUSE, CHANNEL 3 & more. Get your fix of 16 blasts of raging hardcore. £6 UK/$10 world postpaid from soutHCoast records, 38 Gatcombe, Southhampton, SO31 5PX, UK

HI, NEW ISSUE OF BANANA ZINE is out, packed with ska/reggae/mod and similar crap (Alcapone, Dekker, Smodati, Rivercidal Syndicate rec., Skunk and more) + cd with 22 bands (ska/reggae only) on 70 minutes. $5 ppd anywhere. Desperately looking for distros. Thanks, Don Bruno c/o Banana/Post box service/ PO BOX 75/ Pekarska 54/602 00 Brno/ Czech republic. donbrunoferrari@seznam.cz

MY NAME IS TONY, I'm incarcerated at the moment but I would like to correspond with ladies 21 and up. Race doesn't matter. I'm six foot, about 165 in wieght, black, and very down to earth trying to find someone to possibly have a friendship with. Tony Lewis DE-9453, 1600 Walters Nill Road, Somerset, PA 15510.

SHACKLED IN A PIT!!! Working class hooligan doing time…Looking for betties who want to write and shred. Some stories of love and hate…Don't be shy, give it a try. Jimmy Tigar, #P-26517.PO Box 290066.Represa, CA 95671.

K-9 CHRIST INCARNATE comes back down Geeking Dream 25 song CD with songs like Strap-On Sally, Butraped By Life for only $10 postage paid. To: CNF, PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA 23503. http://www.thestrap-ons.com

NOISE FREAKS – punk basher Mr. California and Noise Terrorist G.X. Jupitter (Haters) team up to make some serious substance abuse induced sonic mayhem noise. Collaboration LP 300 pressed with cover drawing by Mr. C. painstakingly affixed by hand. Peer Pressure Zombie, PO Box 410325, SF, CA 94141, USA.

PASSIN THRU? I need punk, hardcore, and noise bands for spring/summer shows. Gas, money and gready food, beer! Send promo shit to 711 Main Ave, SW, Hickory, NC 28602. Email: psfoff666@msn.com.

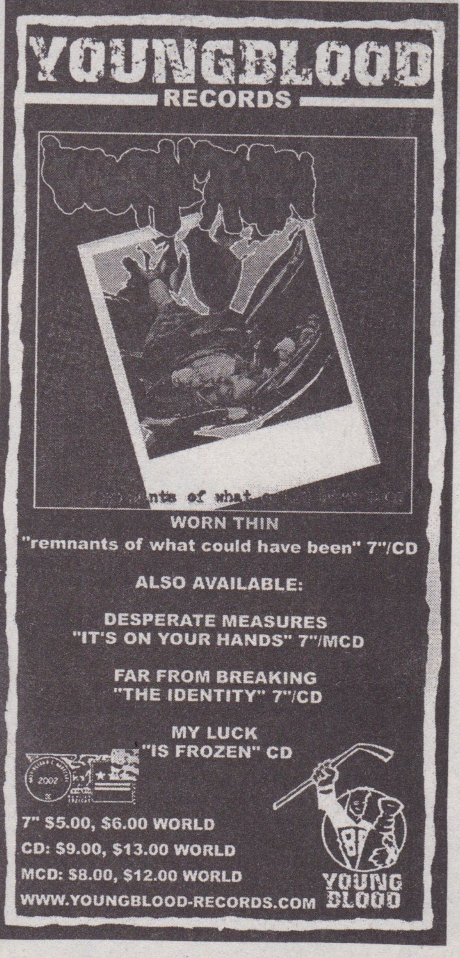
VILENTLY ILL New 111 song 1993-2003 comp. Tape – "Primitive Sounds". Contains 50 unreleased and 61 out of print 7" and comp trax. Fast, angry, raw, chaotic '82 style HC. $3 – ppd (US) or trade. Bathroom Renovations, PO Box 410325, San Francisco, CA 94141-0325.

SMASH THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX!!! Anarcho-punk serving 102 months for shoplifting. One pair of socks seeks anti'authoritarians everywhere to help support and uplift our incarcerated sisters/brothers worldwide. Please send your questions, comments, brilliant ideas, publications (direct from the publisher only), and words of love and solidarity to: Cassidy Wheeler #14282456, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914-8335, U$A.

CRACKSNAPPLE.COM, experimental musik, power electronics, noise, scum, polka, tejano, plunderphonics, glitch, blips n beeps, harsh beats, breakcore, drugs n bass, concrete jungle, anti-rave, video art, laptop filmmaking, photography, architecture, structure, design, discussion forums, don't mess with Houston, cracknsapple.com.

LET'S CREATE, NOT PERPETUATE THE HATE! They may say the worst is over, but it's no time to be quiet. Send $1 for two 1.25' Make Art Not War buttons to: Jessica, PO Box 7403, Roanoke, VA 24019.

WANTED: MRR issues: 0,1,31,33-36,39,40,43,44,46,50,51,54,68,70,72,73,75,76,79,80,82,85,86,97, 99,109,112,115,116,119,121,128,130,136-139,141,143,144. Welcome to Cruise Country. Also need issues of PURE FILTH. I'll buy/trade and have a handful of MRR back issue doubles. Dave Hyde, 26 Lacona Dr., Patterson, NY 12563, fightordie@hotmail.com.



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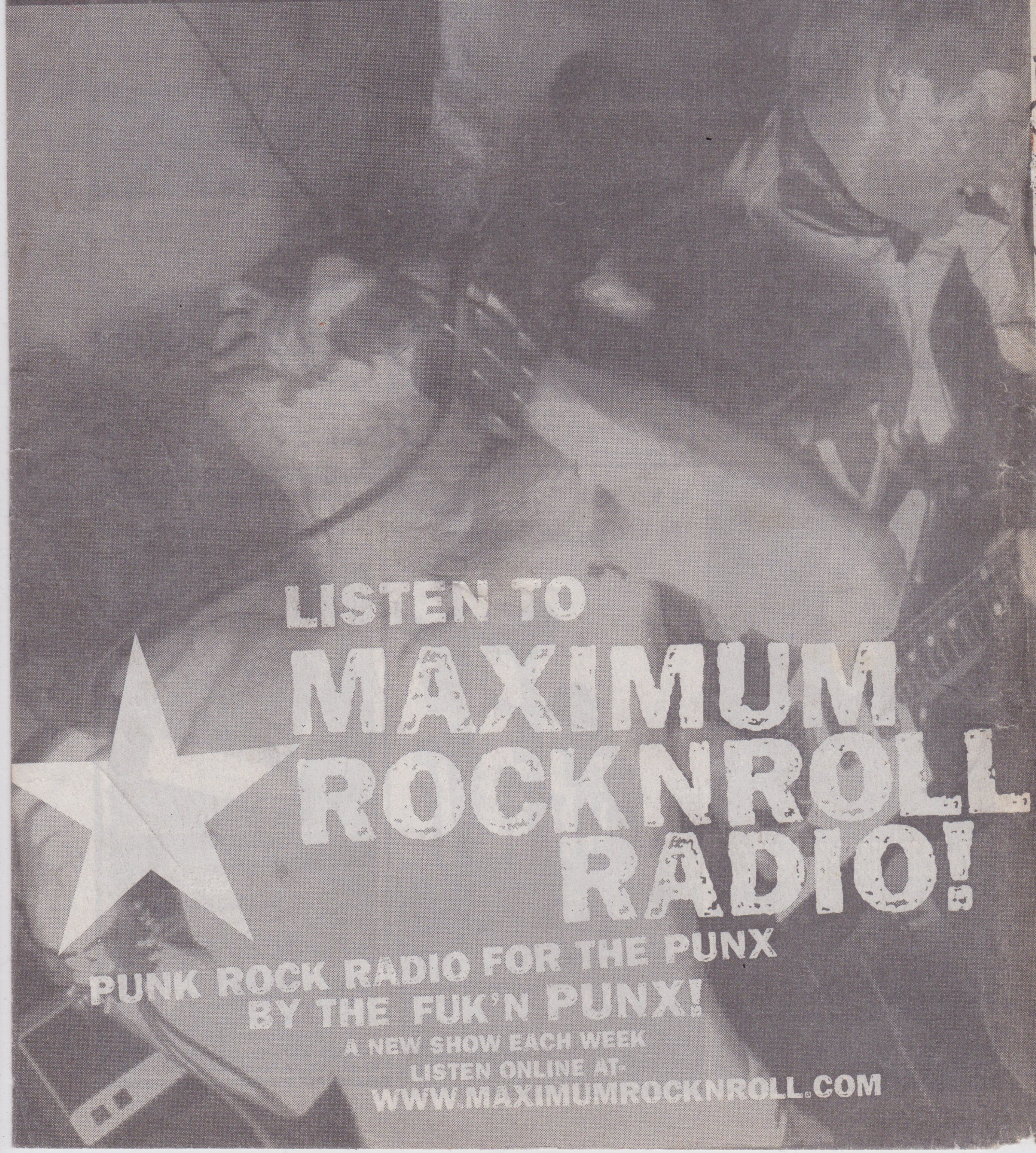
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